THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

Volume VIII — Clearfield, Pennsylvania, Thursday, April 23, 1914

ORDERED OUT OF MEXICO

O'Shaughnessy Dismissed From Country by Huerta

DECLARATION OF WAR COMING

Rebel Leader Carranza Says Seizure of Vera Cruz by Americans Was a Display of Hostility to All Mexicans—Dynamite Found in Proximity to American Torpedo Boats.

THE MEXICAN SITUATION.

Mexican troops were cleared out of Vera Cruz yesterday in a second fight in which six Americans were wounded, one fatally.

Washington was uneasy over a message from Carranza to President Wilson declaring the seizing of Vera Cruz to be a hostile act against Mexican people.

London received despatches that the Mexican cabinet had declared a general amnesty and that Huerta was preparing to unite all Mexico against the United States.

Mexico City in censored dispatches, was reported fairly quiet, but the state department was worried by failure to hear from Charge d'Affairs O'Shaughnessy, and thus set at rest rumors that he and his family had met violence.

Orders to seize Tampico were held back.

Responding to a message from President Wilson, the house of representative appropriated $500,000 for his use in bringing home American refugees from Mexico.

President Wilson signed the resolutions finally adopted by both houses of congress justifying his action in forcing Huerta and his followers to show respect for the United States flag.

Special to the Progress.

Washington, April 23—O'Shaughnessy, charge d'affairs for the United States government, has been ordered out of Mexico.

The formal declaration of war is expected hourly.

Dynamite Found In Proximity to American Vessels.

Galveston, Tex., April 23—Police last night discovered near the United States torpedo boats Reid, Preston and Flusser a large quantity of dynamite. Thirty-six sticks were found in a grip within 10 feet of the torpedo boats. In the grip were caps and fuses.

Three persons, two of whom are Mexicans, unknown here, have been arrested. They claim to be workmen who are blasting stumps on the mainland here and admitted to placing explosives on the wharf, but said the dynamite was left there while they sought transportation across the bay.

Says He'll Have 400,000 Men in the Field in Twenty Days.

Mexico City, April 21 (delayed). — General Huerta has given out the following statement:

"Mexico is defending not only her national sovereignty, but that of all Latin America as well. This is not a war between the Mexican and the American peoples, but between Mexico and the government of the United States, which is controlled by men who have forced this situation upon us in spite of our efforts to the contrary.

"We shall have 400,000 men in the field in twenty days."

General Huerta also assuredCharge O'Shaughnessy personally and in the friendliest tone that he and all Americans here would be defended against all attack.

Rebel Leader Says American Action Was Not Justified.

Washington, April 23—General Carranza's first statement of the rebel view of the seizure of Vera Cruz and the American program was received in Washington yesterday.

It avoids mention of rebel intentions in the matter but states that the United States erred in that the action intended to affect the individual Huerta, was in reality an act of hostility to the Mexican nation.

News that General Carranza had taken this attitude fell like a bombshell in official circles last night.

Amnesty Offered Rebels.

London, April 23—A dispatch to the Daily Mail from Mexico City sent on Tuesday night says that the Mexican cabinet on that night decided to promulgate a general amnesty so that all Mexicans may be united in the defense of their country.

Is O'Shaughnessey Safe?

Washington, April 23—After having exhausted numerous lines of inquiry as to the whereabouts and welfare of Nelson O'Shaughnessy, Secretary of State Bryan at 10 o'clock last night announced that no word had come from Mexico concerning the American Charge d'Affaires at Mexico City since Monday.

SWAT THE FLY

Uncle Walt Tells How to Get Rid of the Pests.

The early fly's the one to swat. It comes before the weather's hot, and sits around and flies its legs, and lays at least ten million eggs, and every egg will bring a fly to drive us crazy by and by. Oh, every fly that skips our swatters will have 5 million sons and daughters, and countless first and second cousins and aunts and uncles, scores of dozens, and fifty-seven million nieces; so knock the blamed thing all to pieces. And every niece and every aunt—unless we swat them so they can't—will lay enough dodgasted eggs to fill up ten five-gallon kegs, and all these eggs, ere summer flies, will bring forth twenty trillion flies.And thus it goes, an endless chain, so all our swatting is in vain unless we do that swatting soon, in Maytime and in early June. So, men and brothers, let us rise, gird up our loins and swat the flies! And sisters, leave your cozy bowers where you have wasted golden hours; with ardor in your souls and eyes, roll up your sleeves and swat the flies!—Walt Mason

FUNERAL OF W. A. PORTER

Remains Were Laid to Rest in Hillcrest Cemetery Yesterday.

The funeral of William A. Porter, whose death resulted from a stroke at Charleston, West Virginia, were laid to rest in Hillcrest cemetery Wednesday afternoon, services being held at the home of Harry B. Powell at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

The funeral services were in charge of Rev. Dr. Reeve, assisted by Dr. Fife, of Philadelhpia, and Dr. Waddell, of Bellevue, former pastors of the Presbyterian church here.

The pallbearers were: Alfred Graham, A. B. Reed, Allen Wrigley, Fred G. Betts, H. B. Hartswick, H. B. Powell, J. Blair Read and A. B. Weaver.

OPERATORS AND MEN ARE NOW IN SESSION

Conference Committees Met in Clearfield Today

The joint conference of committees of mine operators and miners called for the purpose of endeavoring to adjust the differences existing between the two bodies in the Clearfield bituminous district, opened in this place this afternoon at 1.30. The conference is being held behind closed doors, and as the sessions are likely to last until late this afternoon no information as to the progress of the negotiations can be secured at this time.

The scale committee of District No. 2 met here yesterday and discussed the questions which will be considered at the conference this week. It is the opinion of those who have been studying the situation that the conference this week will end with an amicable agreement on the more important matter in dispute and that mining will be resumed, probably about the first of May.

Retrenchment on R. R. & P.

The Buffalo Rochester and Pittsburgh Railway company has laid off many men in the Indiana, Pa., section owing to the shutting down of the mines. Only a couple of freights now run over the Indiana branch each day, whereas as high as 50 were moved in one day some weeks ago. Ten telegraph operators have been laid off temporarily.

Frost This Morning.

A slight frost this morning greeted the early riser and dampened the ardor of amateur gardeners.

U. S. TROOPS CONTROL CITY OF VERA CRUZ.

Port Falls After Two Days' Fighting.

BIG GUNS WERE USED

Six Thousand Bluejackets and Marines Landed.

SIX SHIPS SHELLED CITY.

After Intermittent Firing All Night American Officers Decided to Put a Stop to It—Vessels and Marines Drove All Mexican Troops From Their Positions—Residential Portion of City Under Guns of Prairie.

Washington, April 23.—American marines have been landed at Tampico. This was admitted by Secretary Bryan. When asked if marines had entered the city the secretary said:

"Yes, I think so. But you had better ask the navy department. I think it is better for all such information to come from one source."

Secretary Bryan was then asked if the Mexican federals resisted the landing of American troops.

"I don't want to discuss that," he replied.

A dispatch to the navy department says that there was no resistance at Tampico. The landing force is now in possession of the port and has taken over the custom house and the cable office.

It was announced at the White House that Vera Cruz is now entirely in the possession of the American forces and that no noncombatants had been injured.

The announcement said:

"Dispatch received from Consul Canada announced that the American forces are now in entire possession of the city, that apparently there are no fatalities among Americans and foreign noncombatants and that firing has ceased, except for occasional picket shots."

Consul Canada reported that "many arrests" were being made in Vera Cruz during "a house to house" search for armed citizens now being made.

Attack at Vera Cruz.

Vera Cruz, April 23. — After four hours of fierce fighting in Vera Cruz, during which the big guns on six of the large American battleships were trained on various parts of the city, every Mexican soldier was either captured or driven out of the city by United States marines and bluejackets, who had been landed in the early morning hours. The city is in complete control of the American officers, and not a bit of resistance has been met since noon on the second day of the first battle of the war with Mexico.

A Red Cross hospital has been set up in an adjacent hotel and also in a terminal of the National Railroad of Mexico. Captain Anderson is in command of the forces ashore.

The federal troops under General Maas evacuated the city. Machine guns taken ashore from the battleships command the principal streets, and American forces are in complete control of the city. The troops have begun a house to house search for combatants. Most of the casualties occurred in a public square adjacent to the terminal building.

Mexican snipers were sheltered in a tower at the police barracks which was subsequently riddled with the shells. Rear Admiral Badger issued a proclamation to the effect that the United States troops will not take aggressive action and that they have no wish to harm the customs building, the postoffice or consulates. The streets of the city were completely deserted and the city appeared to be a city of the dead. The condition of some of the wounded is serious. No further casualties were reported. Refugees are being taken on board the Esperanca.

It is also reported that General Maas has only retired a short distance from the city and expects re-enforcements shortly.

The landing of troops from Rear Admiral Badger's vessels was carried out in a most impressive and orderly manner and was not attended by a single accident. The night was a most beautiful one, and as boatload after boatload sped from ship to ship, the scene was not one likely soon to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The transfer of machine guns to the shore was also carried out with remarkable expedition and without a single hitch.

Canada's Report.

The following is the report made by Mr. Canada:

"Firing commenced from the Mexicans at daybreak. Our ships immediately began to shell the southern part of the city.

"A large force of bluejackets and marines from the fleet of Rear Admiral Badger, which arrived during the night, was landed before daylight to support Admiral Fletcher's men.

"At the same time I caused to be widely circulated copies of a proclamation signed by Admiral Fletcher requesting the local authorities and the population of the city to aid us in restoring order.

"Major Butler and his command from Tampico are now ashore, and the Florida, Utah, Arkansas, Vermont, New Hampshire, South Carolina and Prairie are lying in close, using their guns.

"The Hancock with its marines has been reported.

"The American forces, which commenced their general attack, operated under the guns of the war vessels. We have no details of Mexican casualties, but believe that up to 8 o'clock 150 Mexicans had been killed or wounded."

When day broke Captain Rush and Lieutenant Colonel Neville, commanding the landing force, controlled the water front and all streets in the vicinity of the consulate. They were content to hold what they had taken and make no advance toward the central part of the city.

General Maas Reported Fleeing

General Maas is reported to have fled from the city with his family. Many of the city officials are also said to have fled.

A scout returning from the center of the city reported that he understood General Maas and many of the city officials left town with their families in carriages shortly after noon.

The Mexican troops were left practically without officers to act as they chose.

Today what is left of Maas' command is scattered throughout the central portion of the city. A large number have deserted.

A Pleasant Moment.

"I am told," said a beautiful woman to a dub of a man the other day, "that my lovely cousin, Miss X., has made a deep impression on you."

"Is Miss X. your cousin?" barbled the dub excitedly. "Indeed she did! She is one of the loveliest girls I ever met. I'll tell you just what kind of a hit she made with me. I met her at the Dashes' dinner, and she sat on the other side of me, and I talked with her the whole time, and I can't even remember who my dinner partner was."

"I thought not," said the beautiful woman dryly. "I was your dinner partner."—New York Globe.

CAPTAIN RUSH.

Leader of United Forces That Entered Vera Cruz When City Was Captured.



Photo by American Press Association.

Captain Rush led the American troops when they entered Vera Cruz. He was in absolute command of the landing forces. To his caution is due the fact that but four American troops were killed. Captain Rush stated that he did everything possible to prevent the necessity of opening fire with the guns on the vessels, but found it unavoidable when the Mexicans entrenched themselves in strong positions and fired at the United States troops from ambush, so to speak. This is the most recent picture of Captain Rush.

OLD PARTIES ARE FAITHLESS

So Declares Gifford Pinchot at West Chester Chautauqua

LIVING UNDER THE MAGNATES

Says That Trusts are in Full Swing and Makes Earnest Plea for Laws to Save Country from the Dreaded Monopolies—Progressives Have the Remedy.

Gifford Pinchot was one of the drawing cards at the closing of the chautauqua sessions at West Chester Tuesday night.

Prior to the meeting a reception was given him at one of the town inns, which was largely attended. John J. Green, the Progressive party leader, entertained Mr. Pinchot and held a reception, with the customary forms of introduction to the callers.

Before a large audience, Mr. Pinchot, in opening, spoke of the valued services to the country of Dr. Joseph T. Rothrock, of West Chester, late forestry commissioner of Pennsylvania. He said that there areProgressives in this country nowadays because the Democratic and the Republican parties had failed to perform their pledged duty and both had become so corrupt that many of the people could no longer stand the conditions.

Living Under Magnates.

"We are now living under the magnates," he said, "as one-twentieth of all the land in this country is owned by 1641 persons, and 90 per cent of the coal lands of Pennsylvania is owned by forty persons. The Democrats have not fulfilled their pledge, form pledges and have done many things that they should not have done, and both the leading political parties have departed from partisan policies to avert panic during their respective administrations. The Republican party is controlled by the special interests, so all lovers of democratic government should vote for the Progressive party, for the Democratic party is no longer democratic. The Democratic party has violated the civil service regulations by displacing competent officials with inefficient job seekers."

He said that the trusts of all kinds are now in full swing, and made a plea for laws to save the country from the dreaded monopolies, and said that the Progressive policies provided this remedy. In referring to the Panama canal tolls question, Mr. Pinchot said that the Democrats have become the allies of the railroads against the coastwise shipping interests.

COMPENSATION BILL

Measure Provides Pay for Injured Government Employes.

The Kern-McGillicuddy bill to provide compensation for employes of the United States suffering accidents or occupational diseases in the course of their employment was favorably reported Tuesday by the national house judiciary committee. The bill has been urged by the American Association for Labor Legislation and is indorsed by numerous labor and civic bodies.

Existing act of 1908 which the Kern-McGillicuddy bill is designed to replace, is it is alleged, the worst compensation law ever enacted. According to former Commissioner of Labor Neill, "No other country offers to the widow and children of an employe killed in its service an amount so pitifully and disgracefully small".

More than one-third of a million men and women are employed by the government,many of them in hazardous undertakings, such as river and harbor work, navy yards and arsenals the reclamation and forestry services and in the canal zone.

Work Progressing Finely.

The rear wall of the original building of the Leitzinger Bros. Department store has been torn down and a hositing machine erected. Contractor Snoke is pushing the work of reconstructing the building.

A Good Catch.

Alexander Bell, of the West Side, braved the bad weather of yesterday, and went fishing, returning last evening with 18 trout.

SEGREGATION IS DENOUNCED

Akin Paper Read Before A. M. E. Conference

ILLUSTRIOUS OF THE PURPOSE

Rev. W. L. Brown, Ph. D., of [illegible] Condemns Proposed Congressional Legislation, Which Would Impose a Great Handicap Upon Negro Employees of the Government—Proceedings of Conference.

The sessions of the Pittsburg conference of the African M. E. church held in the West Side M. E. church were yesterday full of interest to the delegates and visitors.

In the morning able addresses were made by Rev. J. W. [illegible], John Logan and Rev. P. J. [illegible] burn. An interesting report on schools was made by Rev. P. M. [illegible] layne, B. D.

At the afternoon session papers were read by Rev. P. A. Dean, J. N. Gibbs and Rev. W. L. Brown, Ph. D. The latter discussed "Federal Segregation," his views being worthy of the extended notice given them in this article.

The thirty minute song service in the evening was heartily enjoyed and was followed by sermons by Rev. H. L. Hughes and an alter service by Rev. C. A. McGee.

The sessions will continue through out today.

Federal Segregation.

Following is the full text of the paper on "Federal Segregation," read by Rev. W. L. Brown, Ph. D.:

This eternal loathsome and [illegible] question has been a disturbing element in public and political affairs from the foundation of the government down to the present. The public mind may [illegible] rolling for [illegible] and material issues, the [illegible] statesman may put it aside for some more convenient season, but ever and anon it recurs with [illegible] aggravation. At the present [illegible] it appears in the form of the proposition to segregate the employes under the civil service of the federal government. Should this proposal become enacted into a law, it would more definitely indicate the inferior status of the negro race, before the law, than any single legislation [illegible] since the adoption of the constitution. It would, indeed, seriously affect the declared purpose and spirit of our national policy based upon absolute equality of citizens in all public considerations.

The federal statute books, as far, are free from race or class legislation. At the time of the founding of the constitution, one-fifth of the population was of African blood and servile status, but the far-seeing wisdom of the founders outwitted all racial designation, or discrimination in the organic law. A government based ing of equality as its basic principle that should deliberately debase the weak and helpless among its own citizens would be an anomaly in the eyes of the nations of the earth. Amid all of the passion and tumult of the anti-slavery conflict, the federal statutes were kept free from the odium of race distinction. The obiter-dictum of a chief justice of the supreme court which injected race distinction into the decision of that tribunal was swiftly repudiated by the moral indignation of the aroused conscience of the American people.

For this government today to declare that the negro shall not enjoy identical rights and privileges with the rest of his fellow citizens would be equivalent to the enactment of the discredited dogma of Judge Taney—that "A Negro has no rights that a white man is bound to respect." Indeed, the principle involved is just as vital to the ideal of the nation today as it was sixty years ago, although the public conscience may be less keenly alive to it.

The war amendments to the constitution reaffirmed the original intention that there should be no race distinction recognized by the national government. These great amendments written into the constitution by the point of the bayonet dipped in patriotic blood, can never be, nor their purpose ultimately defeated. Race discrimination is mentioned only to be forbidden. Mindful of

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SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson IV.—Second Quarter, For April 26, 1914.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Luke xv, 1-10. Memory Verses, 8-10—Golden Text, Luke xv, 10—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

There was something in His teaching which reached the hearts of these publicans and sinners who were so despised by the self righteous Pharisees. He was full of grace and truth: they knew the truth that they were sinners and they needed the grace that was in Him. He taught as one having authority and not as the scribes; never man spake like this man (Matt. vii, 29; John viii, 46). That which the Pharisees sneeringly said of Him, "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them," was, and still is, gloriously true. He is still saying, "If any man hear my voice and open the door I will come in to him and will sup with him and he with Me" (Rev. iii, 20).

The word here translated "receiveth" is generally translated "waiting or looking for." Weymouth's rendering is, "He gives a welcome to notorious sinners." Not only does He receive sinners when they come to Him (John vi, 37), but He is on the lookout for them. He came to seek and to save that which was lost (Luke xix, 10). If we are truly His disciples, as in the last lesson, we, too, will seek in all the world the lost ones whom He came to save, the "whosoevers" who will make up His body, the church.

Their murmuring led Him to speak the threefold parable of the lost sheep, the lost coin and the lost son, in which we see the love of the Son as the shepherd, the love of the Spirit and the love of the Father. The love of God is the greatest topic in all the Bible and was specially manifest in His giving His only Son for us that we might not perish, as it is written, "In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world that we might live through Him." "Hereby perceive we the love of God because He laid down His life for us" (I John iii, 16; iv, 9). The story of the shepherd and the lost sheep is found also in Matt. xviii, 11-14, and the record of the Good Shepherd is found most fully in John x, where He not only cares for the sheep, but gives His life for them. In our lesson He is seen seeking till He finds; laying it on His shoulders, rejoicing, bringing it safely home and calling others to rejoice with Him. In Heb. xiii, 20, 21, He is the Great Shepherd who, having found and saved, works in us that which is well pleasing in His sight. In I Pet. v, 1-4, He is the chief shepherd rewarding His own for faithful service. Thus we have again the threefold aspect of our relation to Him as in last lesson—saved, serving, waiting for Him. I have often been glad that when He finds His sheep He brings it home; He does not drop it by the way. And what a place it is to be on His shoulders, us and our burdens, too (Deut. xxxiii, 12; Isa. ix, 6, 7). There must be more significance than we have ever seen in these words, "The Lord is my shepherd," and if we fully believed we could not but rejoice (I Pet. i, 8).

Woman is a type of the church, both true and false, but here she represents the true church in the power of the Holy Spirit seeking diligently that which is lost. The sheep set before us one phase of the condition of the lost, as when we read, "I have gone astray like a lost sheep," "All we like sheep have gone astray" (Ps. cxix, 176; Isa. liii, 6). The piece of silver may suggest the indifference of the lost, as when we read of being dead in trespasses and sins (Eph. ii, 1). In both cases the Lord is the seeker, as He has always been ever since He sought Adam in the garden of Eden, after he had sinned, saying, "Where art thou?" (Gen. iii, 9.) He does not merely call us to come, but knowing that we are as helpless as Mephibosbeth, who was lame in both feet, He sends and fetches us into His presence and by His great love causes us to fall on our faces in true penitence, then gives us all (II Sam. ix, 3, 5, 6, 7, 13).

Like the good Samaritan, He finds us helpless and wounded and tenderly cares for us and puts us in His place and brings us to a place of rest and continues to care for us (Luke x, 33-35). Like Paul in the case of Onesimus, He says to His Father concerning the sinner, "Receive him as Myself; if he hath wronged thee or oweth thee aught, put that on mine account" (Phi. xvii, 18). "God commendeth His love toward us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v, 8).

In the story of both the sheep and the piece of money, note the conclusion, "Joy in heaven, * * * joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth" (verses 7, 10). Does it not seem that if we really believed that, we who are saved would have a greater desire to have others know and share the great salvation? How much of the spirit of Christ have we if we have not His heart of compassion for the lost? He became poor for us and suffered in our stead for our sins. How are we proving that we are His disciples? "He that winneth souls is wise." "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever." It was Paul's ambition "by all means to save some" (Prov. xi, 30; Dan. xii, 3; I Cor. ix, 22). What does the Lord see in our hearts in this matter?

Unwatched Men Are Honest.

There are restaurants downtown where thousands of men are put on their honor every week. They go into these luncheon rooms, select the food they wish, eat it and when they pass out pay the cashier whatever they want to.

"Do these men cheat?" I asked the proprietors of two such places.

"Not more than once in 200 times does anybody pay us too little," said one of them. "The loss is so trifling it is not worth while bothering about, let alone watching."

"The money we lose," said the other manager, "doesn't amount to a dollar a week."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Excuse Me."

With a record of nine months at the Gaiety Theatre in New York, and having every feature which caused it to be hailed at the best farce theatre-goers had been offered in years, "Excuse Me", the Rupert Hughes' play which has the subtitle of "A Pullman Carnival," comes to the New Opera house, Friday, April 24, for one night only. As a play "Excuse Me" has given to Rupert Hughes an eminence as a writer of farce that is shared by no contemporary playwright. It is emphatically a novelty. Throughout its action there is not one instance of mistaken identity, no male person is required to masquerade in feminine garments, and none of the other age-old and now tiresome rules for provoking laughter in this sort of play has been observed. The subtitle is aptly descriptive. Mr. Hughes has taken a score and a half persons from everyday American life, placed them aboard a Pullman sleeper on an Overland flyer bound from Chicago to the Pacific Coast, and let things happen. And the things that happen, while they are perfectly logical in their origin and their sequence, keep up laughter for three acts. There are a score of contrasting types in the Pullman's passenger roster and every one is interesting because of himself as well as because of his relation to his fellows. The action of the play is rapid and changeable. The fact that it kept New Yorkers laughing for nine consecutive months is a good argument as to its merits, to which can be added the runs of sixmonths in Chicago, and four months in Boston. Mail orders with money enclosed received now and filled in the order they are received.

WANTED—Woman to clean the opera house each morning. Apply at the Opera house office.

ELECTION DATA

Information of Interest to Candidates and Voters of State.

cluding members state committee.

April 24—Before 4 p. m. last day for withdrawal of candidates filing such petitions.

April 28—Last day for filing nominating petitions for party offices in counties.

May 1—Before 4 p. m. last day for withdrawal of candidates who have filed petitions for party offices in counties.

May 9—Last day to have errors in party enrollment corrected.

May 19—Primary election—7 a. m. to 7 p. m.

June 3—Last day for filing statement of primary expenses.

Sept. 2—Last day to be assessed for November election.

Oct. 3—Last day to pay tax to qualify for November election.

Nov. 3—General election—7 a. m. to 7 p. m.

Dec. 3—Last day for filing November election expenses.

CLEANUP DAY

Board of Health Issues Notice to the Clearfield Citizens.

The Board of Health has set Saturday, April 25, as the date forClearfield citizens to clean up their premises and place Clearfield in a spick and span condition. On or before that date every citizen should clean up his or her premises, removing and disposing of everything that would have a tendency to make the premises look unsightly or in any way would become unsanitary or create any unhealthful condition. Clearfield has earned the reputation of being one of the healthiest towns in the state, due in part to the earnest efforts of its citizens to make it so. Remember the day and the date and your duty as a good citizen.

After the date set for the general clean up any condition in the borough found unsanitary will immediately be declared a nuisance and corrected by the proper authorities at the expense of the maintainer, in addition to fines and costs imposed in such matters. Apr 20 1 wk.

Constipation

Impossible to be well. The foe to good health. Correct at once. *Ayer's Pills.* One at bedtime. Sold for 60 years.

Ask Your Doctor. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

TAKE SALTS TO FLUSH KIDNEYS

Eat less meat if you feel Backachy or have Bladder trouble.

Meat forms uric acid which excites and overworks the kidneys in their efforts to filter if from the system. Regular eaters of meat must flush the kidneys occasionally. You must relieve them like you relieve your bowels; removing all the acids, waste and poison, else you feel a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sours, tongue is coated and when the wheather 1 bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment; the channels often get irritated obliging you to get up two or three times during the night.

To neutralize these irritating acids and flush off the body's urinous waste get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine and bladder disorders disappear. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice combined with lithia and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys and stop bladder irritation. Jad Salts is inexpensive; harmless and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then, thus avoiding serious kidney and bladder diseases.

Automobile for sale. Cole 1913 touring car. Bargain to quick buyer. Address Mr. James, Dimeling hotel. April 22 2t.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

CONGRESS.

Clearfield, Pa., Feb. 24, 1914.

I hereby announce as a candidate for the Democratic nomination as Representative in Congress from the Twenty-first district. Your vote and influence respectfully solicited. Primary election Tuesday, May 19th.

WM. E. TOBIAS,
Clearfield, Pa.

For Congress—

CHARLES H. ROWLAND,
of Philipsburg,

announces his candidacy for nomination for congress in the 21st district, subject to the decision of the Republican voters of the district.

STATE SENATOR.

For State Senator—

A. S. MOULTHROP,
of DuBois Borough.,

subject to the decision of the Washington Party voters at the primary election to be held May 19,1914.

(Endorsed by the Prohibition Party of Clearfield county.)

I stand for and will support state prohibition, or any local option measure that offers relief to state, county, or smaller units.

I stand for and will support woman suffrage.

I stand for and will support a compensation bill, also a child labor bill

I am against Penrose first, last and all the time, and will seek by every honorable method to prevent his nomination and election.

ASSEMBLY.

For Assembly.—

G. H. PLANTEN,
of Westover Borough,

subject to the action of the Washington Party voters at the primary election to be held Tuesday, May 19, 1914.

(Endorsed by the Prohibition party of Clearfield county.)

For Assembly—

A. G. WOODWARD,
of Curwensville Borough.

subject to the will of the Washington Party voters at the primaries May 19, 1914.

I will work and vote for those laws that will bring credit and honor to our State as advanced in the State platform of the Washington Party at the Harrisburg conference.

For local option first, last and all the time.

For Assembly—

EDWARD LIPPART,
of Lawrence township,

subject to the decision of the Washington party voters at the primary election to be held Tuesday, May 19, 1914.

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF

WANTS

Eggs for Hatching.

Barred Rocks, Rhode Island Reds and Silver Wyandottes, 50 cts per setting. B. O. Williams, 605 Hannah street. H. & C. phone. April 1, tf.

Eggs for Hatching.

S. C. Mottled Anconas, $1.00 per setting of 15. Leslie F. Hopfer, 613 Dorey St., Clearfield. H. & C. Phone. March 23 1 mo.

Dressmaking.

For all kinds of dressmaking and ladies tailoring, call 416 E. Market street. Apr. 4. 1mo.

Awnings for sale and put up. Lee Hess, 17 S. 4th St. H. & C. phone 225. Mar. 31. tf.

LOST: a bunch of keys. Finder will please report same to Progress office.

Wood For Sale—Sawed to stove length. Apply to Witmer Steel Co., or C. L. Rishel, drayman. Apr. 14 tf.

Private Sale—Household goods. C. I. Evans, 437 West Locust street. Apr 17 1wk.

WANTED—Whitewashing and garden making. Work guaranteed satisfactory. Address "Garden", care of Progress. Apr. 17 3t. eod.

FOUND—Old Roman gold pin with initials. Loser can have same by calling at this office and paying for this notice.

FOR SALE—1913 four cylinder Hudson touring car, fully equipped cheap to quick byer. Address M., Progress office. Apr. 17 tf.

Let us demonstrate to you what our cleaner will do. No grease or other injurious ingredients used. Clearfield Sanitary Cleaning and Decorating company, No. 8, 4th St.

Rough Dry Washing done, 30 cts. per dozen. Mrs. Geppert, 312 South Third Street. Apr 20 2t

FOR SALE—Property on Locust street. Inquire of Mrs. J. C. Hollopeter on premises. Apr 21 6t.

FOUND—String of rosary beads. Owner call at 434 Spruce.

Church Dinner.

The Ladies Aid society will serve a dinner of shad or ham and eggs at the Baptist church on Friday, April 24, from 5 to 7 P. M. Supper, 35 cents. Ice cream and cake extra. Apr. 20 5t.

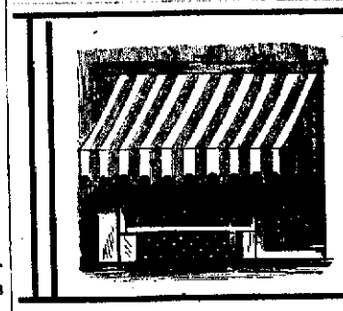
DISTRIBUTING AGENTS — Either sex. Earn $12.50 per 100. Giving free pkgs. Blumer's Perfumed Laundry Starch. All or spare time. 1528Blumer Bldg., Lincoln and Roscoe, Chicago.

Private Sale of Horses.

Twenty-five head heavy draft horses, brood mares, general purpose horses and driving horses, at private sale. Feister's livery stable, Clearfield, Pa.

MOELLER & ANDERSON.
Apr. 18 5t.

Get the Best...
Mother's Bread
Has no Superior. Few Equals.
CITY BAKERY
NO. 28 THIRD ST.
Clearfield, Penn'a.



A Residence Awning
Good Material and First Class Workmanship for
$2.35
Complete
Call on or Phone
A. LEA HESS,
17 S. Fourth Street

J. G. MAINS
AUCTIONEER
R. F. D. No. 1, Woodland, Pa.
Satisfaction Guaranteed

The Woman's Club

Owing to the lateness of the Spring, the Wild Flower Contest, fixed for May 1st, has been postponed. Announcement later.

PUBLICITY COMMITTEE

Good Advice

Spring Is at hand and there are many little things you need in the way of Tools to work about in the garden and lawn. We have anticipated your wants by laying in the most complete stock of Garden Tools ever carried by a Clearfield house. We have a full line of Keen Kutter Garden Tools, and in fact everything in the way of Garden Furniture. Pay us a visit and be convinced. You are welcome

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Artistic Wall Papers

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The choicest designs and colorings. Every pattern new.

We will deliver all purchases in town and to the Railroad Stations for out-of-town buyers.

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Painting and Paper Hanging Done Promptly

Store on Third Street Below Market

What are you going to do with your last Season's Tires . . . . ?

Bring them in and let us look 'em over carefully—we may be able to save those old ones. We know of many casings that have been sold to the junk dealer that could have been repaired by an expert vulcanizer. Yes, and given the owner at least another thousand miles or two of good service.

You don't want to discard your old tires by outside appearances---you may be throwing away actual dollars. We will honestly tell you if you need a new tire or if our **Vulcanizing Plant** can repair it. It is certainly to our interest to tell you the absolute truth and we will not tell you a repair can save a tire when the best move would be to buy a new casing. You can depend on our repairs---they're done with the best material, by a man who knows his work from A to Z.

Clearfield Vulcanizing Co.
18 South Third St. Clearfield, Pa.

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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
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POULTRY NOTES

BY

C. M. BARNITZ

RIVERSIDE PA.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED



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NATURAL NEST BEST FOR TURKEYS.

When Mother Turkey goes trilling round in the spring peeping here and peering there, and the boys come running in and shout, "Mother, the old turkey's huntin' a nest!" Now, don't you do as some of our grand and great grandmothers did.

They discounted the natural, wild turkey instinct of Mother Turkey, thought to improve on nature and made her nest in a barrel, or box, and though their nature fake nesting,



Photo by C. M. Barnitz.

A NATURAL TURKEY NEST.

breeding and feeding were done with best intentions, these finally placed our country in the turkey graveyard class.

Now, look at our pictures. In the first Mother Turkey had her choice. She hunted and twittered around a long time before she found a place to suit her—a big, leafy brush heap in the woods.

She knew that minks and weasels and skunks would be nosing around, and the sharp eyed hawk and crow and the fiery eyed, velvet feathered owl would be after her and her speckled eggs, and she didn't want humans around to bungle the job either, and not till she hatched was her nest found and the brush, torn away, revealed her leafy retreat.

That's grand, true, natural nesting, that is! She sat there in perfect comfort for four weeks, dreaming of the pretty bird babies to come. The oak leaves and forest mold afforded a perfectly clean nest, the natural moisture from the ground kept her eggs from drying out and the thick, leafy canopy overhead gave perfect protection from sun and rain.



Photo by C. M. Barnitz.

THE OLD OAKEN BARREL.

No wonder poults hatched in such lovely environment are the best, but look at the barrel. How would you like to sit in a barrel on a hot scorching day? Think of Mother Turkey sitting in there for a whole month.

Do you suppose eggs hatch such good poults in a dry, dusty barrel as they do in nature's way? Can Mother Turkey change her position when she gets tired and turn and cool her eggs in such an uncomfortable place without breaking her eggs?

And the bugs. Don't such barrels get hughouse quick, especially when used for several hatches in succession as they often are?

Yes, everybody must 'fess that it's best for Mother Turkey to choose her own nest. All a human need do is to free her from lice before she nests and keep some feed handy to her retreat and water if there is not a chattering brook puring by.

DON'TS.

Don't grow old ungracefully and may your last days be your best days.

Don't grow weary in well doing, but don't do the editor for what is due.

Don't let sentiment influence you to keep show birds that are past paying.

BUSTED AGAIN.

The Blanks when New Year came around
Both signed a resolution
That they wouldn't break—oh, no mistake—
Until their dissolution.

She would not say an unkind word
Nor never call him "Sis,"
And home henceforth she'd make for him
A heaven of sweet bliss.

His temper Blank henceforth would hold
Within an iron grip
And never pull her false hair off
Nor call her "You old rip!"

But she his razor used for corns.
He broke a china plate.
This complicated everything
And led to a debate.

Then her emergency wouldn't work;
Her tongue just flew round loose.
His temper blew the safety off
At such awful abuse.

There was a fearful blowout then.
They both joyrided rash.
The shebang took an awful skid
And busted all to smash.

C. M. BARNITZ.

OVERWORKING THE HEN.

Hens, where system is used, are as much harnessed as a horse and may be driven to death or rendered unfit for future profit, or their energy may be so conserved that a good profit on the investment may be returned. Many drive their hens too hard in winter.

To get eggs in quantity they feed much rich, forcing food to stimulate the ovary, and thus digestive system and egg machinery are both overtaxed. To get eggs many feed red pepper, fenugreek, mustard or patented egg dope. These may hurry a few eggs ahead of the natural schedule, but cause injury to oviduct and digestive system, often kill the hen or burn out her egg machinery so she never lays again. It does seem cowardly to sneak dope into an unsuspecting hen's food. It often causes suffering and certainly is unnecessary where hens are of good stock, the proper age and properly cared for. People should be satisfied with a fair return on the investment, but high egg prices influence some to thus drive their hens too fast. This is why breeding stock is often no good in the spring. They have been "worked to death" all winter, and what eggs they lay are generally small, infertile or hatch weak chicks.

FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.

Yes, turkeys like fresh air, and their thick feathers are a protection against cold. But there's a limit. They should be protected against fierce storms and fed regularly and well during the winter.

This is certainly a big country and most too large for the law to handle, and it certainly is a task to catch all the food dopers. Tuberculosis beef and meat fixed with preservatives are sold to the public without compunction or fear of detection. The best way to get ahead of such swindlers is to eat less meat or raise your own.

The shipments of poultry, eggs and feathers from the 114 counties of Missouri last year reached $30,902,416. Missouri's poultry product is $50,000,000 per year, the result of pushing poultry culture, and every state in the Union has the same chance.

There ought to be at least a nest to every four hens, and each nest should just fit one hen comfortably. Where two hens can get on the same nest a fight and broken eggs may be expected.

You fellows that raise wheat needn't hold your heads so high. The whole wheat crop of 50,184,000 acres was only $610,120,000. The American hen's egg crop was over $500,000,000, and that was only half her crop and from much less land than the wheat acreage and with less expense.

A brooder house pays best where a good number of chicks must be hatched.

Over 75,000 auto licenses were issued in Pennsylvania the past season, and mighty few of them didn't average killing one chicken. Pretty hard on farm poultry, but as an offset they paid a tax of $750,000, to be applied to road building.

When news came from the North American egg laying competition that an Englishman's White Leghorn had broken the world's record by laying 292 eggs in a year, English fanciers went glad and Americans got sad and mad. But read this, you cranks: An American hen, half Leghorn and White Rock, has just skinned them all by finishing her year's record at the Oregon experiment station to the tune of 303 eggs. She did not stop to celebrate, but kept right on laying. Next.

The oldest chicken thief to be apprehended in Pennsylvania is eighty years old, sentenced in December to the Lancaster jail. Think of it—so near the grave and yet a knave!

Where nests are dark and roomy and sufficient for the hens you seldom see egg eating. Hens will always rush for a broken egg because like most humans they know a good thing when they see it.

The state game farm at Forked River, N. J., is a success. Forty incubator hatched quail, 200 wild Mallard ducklings, thousands of English pheasants and a wild turkey gobbler and ten hens live in the wild natural surroundings and promise well for future extension of the work.

It is real amusing to hear the remarks of male kickers when women exhibit fowls at the shows as if women weren't the producers of the bulk of the poultry in this country. There should be three jackass classes at the shows. One should be for fellows that knock the judge, the next for the fellow who knocks the show management, the third, or big jackass class should be for the fellows who criticise women for exhibiting their birds.

L. M. Barnitz.

ASTOR AND HIS FIANCEE.

Illness of Owner of Many Millions May Delay His Wedding, Set For April 30.



Vincent Astor is seriously ill with acute congestion of the right lung at Hopeland House, Staatsburg, N. Y., the country home of Robert P. Huntington, the father of his bride to be. Present indications, Mr. Huntington said, are that the marriage of Mr. Astor and Miss Helen Dinsmore Huntington, which was planned to take place on April 30, will have to be postponed. How long a postponement will be necessary Mr. Huntington could not say. Mr. Astor's illness, which was grave on Monday night, came after an attack of bronchitis which he had two weeks ago and from which he never fully recovered.

When the Full Moon Lights Sahara.

The following description of the Egyptian full moon is quoted from "It Happened In Egypt:"

"The stars spoke to us as we walked soft footed through the sand, and the pure wind of the desert spoke other words of the same language—the language of the universe and of nature. Here and there yellow lights in a distant camp flashed out like fireflies; far away across the billowing sands rocks bleached like bone gave an effect of surf on an unseen shore; now and then a silent, swift moving Arab stealing out of shadow might have been the white woman who haunts the sphinx hurrying to a fatal tryst, and the great pyramid seemed to float between desert sand and cloudless sky like the golden palace of Aladdin being transported through air by the genie of the lamp. There never was such gold as this gold of sand and pyramids under the moon!"

Bird Ballast—a Storm Sign.

"What is all that great crowd of crows doing?" we asked the aged lighthouse keeper.

"Them crows there," the old man answered, "is takin' on ballast—a sign of storm."

The beach, white in the winter sunshine, was covered with crows. They seemed to be feeding busily.

"No; they ain't feedin'," said the keeper. "They're swallerin' sand; ballast, you know—ballast for the high winds that are comin'. Yep, a storm is doo."

The crows rose, a trifle heavily, and flew back inland again. Soon, however, a fresh lot made a second great black blot on the white beach.

"Yep, them's my barometer," said the old keeper; "crows swallerin' sand for ballast—a sign a storm is doo."—New York Tribune.

Proud of His Infamy.

When the Volturno burned in mid-ocean a few of the men rushed the boats and were knocked down by the captain. What becomes of such men in after days? Do they hide in shame from their fellows, fearful that they may be recognized and their infamy proclaimed? Not necessarily. A public librarian was once visited by a man who came to him for a book on notable shipwrecks. He searched the pages eagerly, then pointed out a passage referring to a seaman who tried to take a woman's place in a lifeboat and had been shot by the captain. "I'm that man," he declared, proud that his exploit should appear in print, and offered to show the shot wound to support his claim.—Chicago News.

From Many, One.

"This is our most valuable fowl," said the amateur hen farmer.

"A fine bird," remarked the visitor, trying to look wise.

"Yes, indeed. We have named her E Pluribus Unum."

"Why the name?" the visitor questioned.

"She came from the only egg that hatched of fifty in the incubator."—New York Times.

LOVE PUT TO SEVERE TEST

Wooer's Trick Nearly Spoiled a Wedding.

"Tell me frankly, Agnes, what do you think of my lover?"

"Personal appearance?"

"Yes. You can judge of his mind in one meeting."

"Frankly, then, I don't like the looks of his left eye."

"Oh, dear! Have you noticed that?"

"You appear to have noticed it yourself."

"I have been worried to death about it."

"Has he explained it?"

"I have not asked him to do so."

"My advice to you, Louise, is to give him an opportunity to explain. If he doesn't, I would break the engagement. I wouldn't marry a man who would keep anything back."

My resolution was taken. That very afternoon I asked Paul:

"Why do you wear a monocle? It is so frightfully English."

"Because, sweetheart, I consider it useless to wear two glasses when I can see as well with one."

"I notice you always wear it before your right eye."

"Yes. That is the better one of the two."

"Don't you think," I said, "that on the eve of a marriage it is the duty of each of the parties to it to explain every defect, no matter how trivial?"

His brow contracted slightly. "You mean that if I should be blind in one eye you would break the engagement?"

"You wrong me. I only wish for perfect confidence. I don't want to find out anything after we are married."

"You'll have it all to find out," he said coolly, "and more important matters than defective eyesight. You may find that I have an imperious disposition, a bad temper, a grasping nature—indeed faults enough to make me a poor husband for any woman."

"That is a risk we all have to take, and since we are unconscious of our own faults there is no deception in not confessing them. But if, for instance, I wear false teeth or my foot is made of wood"—

"I would love you just the same."

"It would be a fault for me not to confess it," I persisted.

He showed very plainly that I had offended him.

"Very well, I will make a confession which may cause you to break your engagement with me. But I will not place you in a position to be influenced in your decision. I will write my confession on a scrap of paper and leave it with you. Take plenty of time to come to a decision whether or no you can live with a man with such a defect as mine, then write me."

Going to my secretary, he took up a bit of paper and a pencil and wrote his message, then, without looking at me, hurried from the room. I waited breathlessly till I heard the front door close after him, then sprang eagerly for the paper he had left on the desk. Great heavens! What a revelation!

"I wear a glass eye."

I sank down on the sofa limp as a wet cloth. Never, never; I can never live with a man with a glass eye. The horrid thing would stare at me the first thing in the morning and continue its dreadful ogle till the last thing at night. No; it is all over between us.

But what a misfortune! Poor Paul! How sensitive he is about it! I don't wonder that he is so. If it is such a terrible thing for me to look at how much more terrible it must be for him! Besides, he suffers all in losing me that I suffer in losing him.

I must be as gentle as a dove in breaking my decision to him. There is no need to take time. My mind is made up. We must part forever.

I took up the pen that he had just laid down—I kissed it as I did so—then began to write a note which when I read it seemed very harsh. I wrote another, then another and another till I had written half a dozen, each growing more tender, more loving. The last was simply, "Come back and let me comfort you for life."

When he came I was alone in the room to which he was ushered. I looked for a serious, melancholy expression, but was astonished to see a very merry one. He clasped me in his arms, saying:

"Louise, pardon me if I am a little late. Just as I was about to read your note my glass eye fell on the floor, and as I am very nearsighted I spent some time hunting for it."

"Never mind, Paul, dear. You will always have me to find it for you."

"You see," he said, taking off his monocle, "when I hold it off there I'm as blind as a bat, for my left eye in addition to nearsightedness has astigmatism."

He looked at me, both his eyes fairly dancing. The truth rushed upon me. His glass eyes was his eyeglass.

I suppose that the knowledge that after all he had two natural eyes should have made me inexpressibly happy. On the contrary, it made me inexpressibly angry. I tore myself from his embrace and was fleeing from the room when he caught me in his arms and covered my face with a shower of kisses. I bitterly complained that he had played me a trick. He declared that I should thank him for giving me the opportunity to prove the nobility of my nature in standing by him in his supposed misfortune.

WARDEN CLANCY.

May Be Called to Stand In Becker's Second Trial To Tell of New Confession.



Photo by American Press Association.

Warden Clancy was in a large measure responsible for the confession of "Dago Frank" before his execution. The prison warden also signed the statement and sent it at once to Governor Glynn. It is probable that District Attorney Whitman will call Clancy as a witness at the second trial of Becker if the last words of "Dago Frank" are used in the trial.

Poor Alexander.

A high school freshman, asked to recite on the life of Alexander the Great, extemporized as follows:

"Alexander was a quick tempered man. Once when he had taken too much wine he got angry at his best friend and killed him. Alexander was very much grieved and did everything he could to help bury his friend."—Everybody's.

Public Aids to Efficiency.

Address your mail correctly.

Speak distinctly when you use a phone.

Walk on the right side of the sidewalk.

Cross the street on crosswalks.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Simplicity and Nobility.

Between simple and noble persons there is always a quick intelligence. They recognize at sight and meet on a better ground than the talents and skills they may chance to possess, namely, on sincerity and uprightness.—

SAGE TEA KEEPS YOUR HAIR DARK

When Mixed with Sulphur it Restores Lustre and Abundance.

Gray hair, however handsome, notes advancing age. We all desire the advantages of a youthful appearance. Your hair is your crowning glory, makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray and looks dull, thin and scraggly, just a few applications of Sage Tea and Sulphur restores its appearance a hundred-fold.

Don't stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the tonic at home, or get from any drug store a 50 cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy." Thousands of people recommend this ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully, and removes dandruff, stops scalp itching and falling hair. Besides, no one can possibly tell, for it darkens so naturally and evenly. You moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, its natural color is restored, and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous, and you appear years younger.

SEÑORA HUERTA

Wife of the Dictator Continues Social Life Even In Time of War.





Free

A 20c size can of

Chi-Namel

Colored Varnish
Clear Varnish
White Enamel
Colored Enamel

Chi-Namel Varnish is waterproof and heel proof—made in all colors of wood. Use it for floors, linoleum, furniture and woodwork.

Colored Enamels for porch and out-door furniture. One coat hides the color and gives a durable hard finish that never softens after once dry.

Use this 20c coupon

DURING OUR DEMONSTRATION

Good for one 20c can of Chi-Namel Varnish, any color you select, if holder will purchase a new 10c brush with which to give it a fair test.

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CLEARFIELD, PA.

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Thursday, April 23, 1914

COMING EVENTS.

Election of county superintendent of schools, May 5.

Pittsburgh conference A. M. E. church in West Side church, April 21, 22, 23.

Primary election Tuesday, May 19.

General election Tuesday, Nov. 3.

Good evening! Remember, a clean town means a healthy town.

WAR WITH MEXICO.

The United States is now at war with Mexico. Whatever the reasons that prompted President Wilson to order the seizure of Vera Cruz may be the American people indorse his action and will stand by him in his desire to bring peace to Mexico. ThatPeace cannot be had untilHuerta the dictator and butcher is forced to surrender his rule. Huerta himself no doubt welcomes war with the United States, for he was being hedged about so relentlessly by the rebels that his downfall was inevitable.

No one need expect a brief struggle in Mexico, if the natives rally to the support of Huerta. The country is a large one and the population is scattered to such an extent that subjugation of the country would be a long and tedious task. What position the rebels will take under the circumstances remains to be seen, but as none of the people of the republic ar to be trusted many of the rebels will undoubtedly go to the aid of Huerta.

The attitude of foreign nations is of some concern. That Japan would like to take advantage of the opportunity to mix in the fight there is no doubt, but Japan has sense enough to know that if she became involved with the United States Russia would take some action. Great Britain would readily go to Huerta's aid if she thought she could profit by aiding the dictator against the United States. Perfidious Albion is ever ready to prove that she is always looking out for the interests of Great Britain. There is so little to gain and so much to lose in trying to annoy the United States, however, that foreign nations will probably stand aloof, contenting themselves will selling arms and ammunition to the belligerents.

PINK TEA HEROES.

In looking over the roster of officers of army and navy who are expected to participate in the war with Mexico Pennsylvanians must be stricken with shame to learn that so few officers from this state are named as active commanders of soldiers or marines. An explanation of this disgraceful state of affairs is given in the statement that Senator Penrose takes such good care of the Pennsylvania officers that these are either occupying posts far removed from th danger zone or are dancing attendance upon butterflies of fashion at seashore resorts or the national capital.

The fact of the matter is that the American army and navy officers who owe their positions to their political pull are not inclined to go to the front when their country calls them. They prefer to dawdle their time away in drawing rooms or clubs to enduring the hardships of actual service. Many of these parlor officers know more about the tango than they do aboutUpton's tactics or navigation. To drag these tin soldiers to Mexico to fight the greasers would be inflicting upon them a hardship from which they might never recover.

Of course, the borough will set the citizens a good example by cleaning up the streets and alleys, and the work should begin on Third street between Market and Locust.

The railroads claim that, since the establishment of the parcel post they have been compelled to carry mail at a loss. The statement is well founded, and the people can afford to pay the railroads a reasonable rate for transporting the mail.

Six fishermen who were on Kettle creek proudly boasted that they caught seventy pounds of trout, although the water was high and the weather bad. Twelve pounds of trout ought to be sufficient for almost any kind of a trout hog.

It is not believed that it will be necessary to call out the Gum Swamp sharpshooters as aids in whipping Mexico.

If everybody goes to war, who will be left to fight the municipal ownership of the water works battle?

GENERAL MAAS.

His Whereabouts Are Unknown Since Capture Of Vera Cruz by U. S.



Photos by American Press Association.

General Maas, the federal commander at Vera Cruz, put up the best possible fight under the circumstances, but he left when things began to look bad for him. In the picture there is shown also the telegraph office at Vera Cruz, which was captured by the United States troops. Enough operators were retained to keep the lines open to the Mexican capital.

CONGRESS SUPPORTS PRESIDENT WILSON

Grants Executive Full Power to Control Situation.

Washington, April 23.—American blood flowing in battle in Mexico spurred congress to action. The senate by a vote of 72 to 13 passed the Mexican resolution "justifying" the president's course in Mexico. The substitute resolution was placed before the house by Representative Flood. The house passed the amended resolution, placing absolute power, authority and complete responsibility in the president's hands.

Bloodshed in Vera Cruz stemmed the flood of oratory and Republican opposition in the senate. Not since the Spanish war have such spectacular and dramatic scenes been viewed in the capitol.

Careworn, hollow eyed and weary from fourteen hours' continuous debate, it was a haggard and motley group of senators who dragged themselves from the senate.

Keyed to a bitter pitch of partisan strife, the talk ceased and voting began in the senate shortly after 2:30 o'clock. Every amendment to the committee substitute was rejected. The resolution finally adopted does not mention Huerta and disclaims hostility against Mexico or her people. This was the substitute accepted and approved by the president.

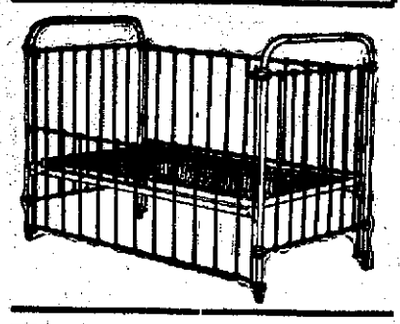
"Americans are dying while you are talking!" was the dramatic charge of Senator Reed of Missouri early in the morning, which stopped tongues in the senate and forced action. That a resolution in congress declaring war would soon follow the one "justifying" action was freely predicted at the capitol.

TELEGRAPHIC TICKS.

The Washington wage commission formally established $10 a week as a minimum wage for women employed in mercantile establishments. This is the highest amount yet fixed by any state for women so engaged.

"We want to enlist in the United States army," said three young women to Captain J. N. Shelton, officer in charge of the Louisville (Ky.) recruiting station. The officer told them that the men are still able to uphold the honor of the nation on the field of battle.

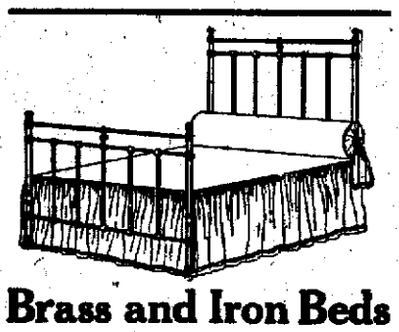
LEITZINGER BROS.



Foster's Baby Cribs

Famous all over the land. The sides slide down--held in place by a safety catch at each end--no chance for the baby to fall out. With each Foster Baby Crib purchased that sells for $7.50 up, you get free "Baby Days", the book that follows the baby through life. You paste the baby's picture in the book and when it is a month old you write the date the first tooth appeared; make a note of the baby's first word; you also name day of the baby's first step, and so on until the book is filled. When the baby grows up you would not take any amount of money for the book.

Foster Safety Cribs from $5.00 up. Mattresses to fit any size Foster Crib in stock.



Brass and Iron Beds

Here is where we can and do save you money. Your inspection of our stock of Brass and Iron Beds is all we ask. Brass and iron beds were never so low in price as you will find them today. We have fifty different patterns to show you that range in price from $2.50 to $40. a bed.

Iron and wood cots with mattresses and pads to fit from $1.50 to $4.00 each.

It is said that half of your life is spent in bed---whether this holds good in all cases or not we cannot say, but in any event a good mattress would surely make that part of your life more comfortable. We make a specialty of mattresses and springs. No where will you find a better assortment. We can show you all grades from $3 each to the Ostermoor make.

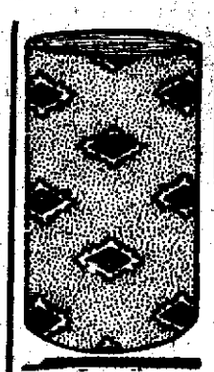


Heywood Gocarts and Carriages

This well-known make is sold here exclusively. This season the call is for Reed or Rattan Gocarts. The large roomy cart and light weight make the Reed Cart popular.

The Reversible Cart that you can turn either way without turning the wheels is one of the new improvements this season.

LEITZINGER BROS. LEITZINGER BROS. LEITZINGER BROS.



CARPETS



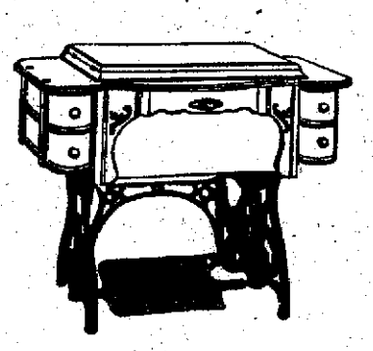
SEE TO THE FLOOR COVERINGS NOW

If you are not ready to lay your Carpet or Rugs now, come in and make your selection while the stock is complete. We will take care of whatever you buy and will deliver your purchases just when you want them. Try this plan. Many of our customers do this each season, and tell us it relieves the worry of housefurnishing a great deal. Save yourself; take your time; avoid worry and you will live longer. Don't wait until the last minute; that is what makes worry. Buy now.

Take the Elevator to the third floor and you will step into our Carpet and Rug section. 500 or more Rugs on this floor to choose from. Wood filler to fill in the space between your Rug and the wall, in all widths. Remember this is the store that cuts, matches, sews, lines and lays your Carpets and Rugs free.

You will also find here, Matting, Porch and Room Rugs, Porch Shades and Furniture, Window Shades and Curtain Poles, Matting by the yard and roll, Step Ladders, 3 to 14 feet high; Folding Clothes Racks, Ironing and Sleeve Boards, Curtain Stretchers, Carpet Sweepers and Brooms.

Sewing Machines at a Great Saving to You

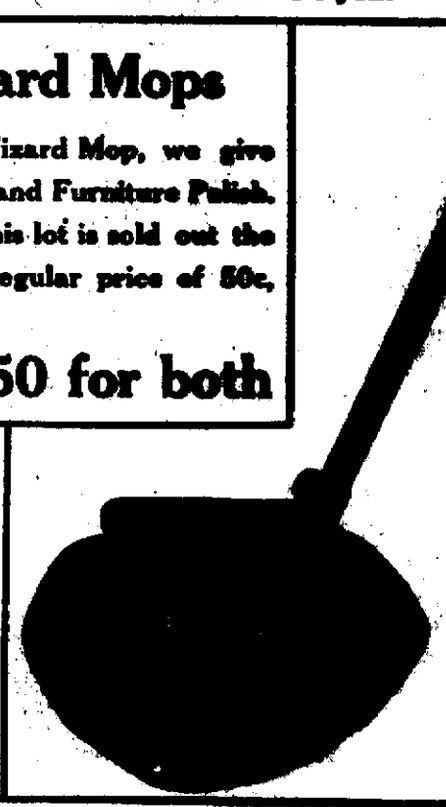


Every Sewing Machine sold by us is guaranteed for ten years. Why pay fifty dollars for a sewing machine to an agent when you can get a standard Machine from us at $15, $20 and $25. A lady told us last week that she bought a New Home Machine twenty-three years ago and it is as good as new. She paid us $25 for that machine, and one of her neighbors paid $60 for another make and her Machine does just as good work, does it just as fast, and is just as good today as the machine her neighbor paid $60 for. Why people let the agents fool them like this is what we cannot understand. Do you?

Special Sale on Wizard Mops

For the next month, with each Wizard Mop, we give you free, a can of Wizard Hardwood and Furniture Polish. The price is $1.50 for both. After this lot is sold out the free can of Polish will be sold at the regular price of 50c, or $2.00 for the Mop and Polish.

The Price is $1.50 for both



Bissell's Carpet Sweeper

We show no other make. Years of experience in selling Sweepers, selling this and that make, has convinced us that Bissell's is the one reliable make of Sweeper that we can recommend to our customers as the best.

Cook's Linoleums

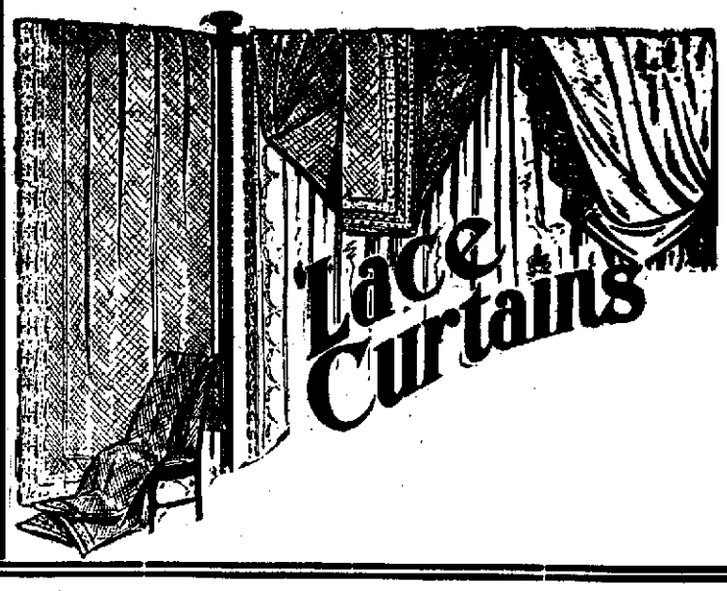
Fifty Patterns here in stock for you to select from. We lay it for you. The Cook's Linoleums are known everywhere for its durabiblity and splendid patterns. It does not get hard and brittle like many other makes. We have sold Cook's Linoleums for the past ten years and find them just as advertised by the manufacturers.

Window Shades

Made in all colors and widths. Every shade mounted on a Hartshorn spring roller. Our assortment is complete.

Curtain Poles

In white, oak and brass finish, from 10c to 50c each; from 3 to 12 feet long, also sash curtain rods.



Lace Curtains

Nothing more important than the getting of fresh new Curtains when housecleaning time comes for spring and summer.

The variety includes Scrim Muslin in all white and figured bordered, Lacet, Cluny Lace, Antique Lace, Macrame, Renaissance and Nottingham.

50c to $8.50 a pair.

Curtain materials in all kinds by the yard.

Market St. LEITZINGER BROS. Clearfield

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

ANTI-AMERICAN FEELING IS HIGH

Massacres Being Reported, and Washington Is Alarmed.

WILSON REMAINS OPTIMISTIC

Army Expected to Be Moved to Supplement Marines at Vera Cruz—Plans of the Administration Kept Secret. American Men and Women in Grave Danger.

Washington, April 23.—Overshadowing everything else in the Mexican situation was the position of the many Americans and other foreigners in the interior of that country.

Grave apprehension for them was felt by every officer of the administration. Sinister rumors of anti-American massacres at several points have been circulated.

They are fortunately not confirmed, but they served to add to the fear that a bloody story of treachery will yet be told in connection with the events immediately following the landing of marines and bluejackets at Vera Cruz.

President Wilson at the White House, Secretary Bryan at the state department and Secretary Daniels at the navy department are utilizing every avenue for news. They tried to maintain an air of optimism, but failed to convince.

They knew there were American men and women in Mexico City and all the interior of Mexico, and they realized that the savagery of the Mexican could hardly be restrained once he comprehended that Americans had invaded his country with arms in their hands.

Plans Are Kept Secret.

No word as to the plans of the administration was forthcoming. President Wilson sent strict injunctions to his subordinates not to talk. There was to be no warning to the defiant Mexicans.

They were to have no inkling of plans. But there was a business air at the navy and war departments that boded ill for the Mexicans who planned armed opposition to this government's demands.

It was certain that no orders to troops or further directions to Rear Admiral Badger would be made public until after the president had affixed his signature to the joint resolution passed by the senate in the gray dawn and later to be approved by the house, indorsing his past acts and approving in advance other steps he might take. But there was a direct wire set up from the war department to the army docks at Galveston, where four transports with a brigade in khaki aboard lay tugging at their anchors.

Military telegraphers manned each end of the wire—waiting, just waiting. It did not need any great gift of foresight to realize the orders they were waiting for.

COAST ARTILLERY MOVES.

Last of Twenty-eighth Company Leaves Fort Rosecrans For Tecate.

San Diego, Cal., April 23.—Lieutenant John W. Wallis and twenty men of the Twenty-eighth company, coast artillery corps, left Fort Rosecrans for Tecate. The rest of the Twenty-eighth company is already there under Captain J. M. Page. Provision wagons and rapid fire guns will follow them.

The One Hundred and Fifteenth company, commanded by Captain Condon, also left and is about equally divided between San Ysidro and Tiajuana, Cal.

A call has been sent out to all former naval men to report to the recruiting bureau here for possible service.

300 MARINES LEAVE NORFOLK.

Proceed to Philadelphia to Embark on the Morro Castle.

Norfolk, Va., April 23.—Three hundred marines from the navy yard barracks prepared to leave for Philadelphia to embark on the steamship Morro Castle for Vera Cruz.

The auxiliary Vestal, which has been engaged in target practice outside the Virginia capes, received orders to stand by for service in Mexico. She planned to get under way for Vera Cruz.

The collier Proteus, now undergoing repairs at the navy yard, also was ordered to be in readiness to proceed to Mexico by Sunday.

CARRANZA'S AGENTS SILENT.

Refuse to Discuss Developments at Vera Cruz.

Douglas, Ariz., April 23.—Constitutionalist leaders here refuse to talk for publication concerning the developments at Vera Cruz.

"I do not feel at liberty to express myself until General Carranza has issued a statement," was the way Francisco S. Elias, Sonora border spokesman for the Constitutionalists, expressed himself.

Guards have been placed over the waterworks, electric light and telephone plants here.

Censorship on the Prairie.

Vera Cruz, April 23.—Censorship established aboard Prairie, whither all dispatches must go, entailing perhaps great delay.

GENERAL BLISS.

Commander of Troops On Border Is Ready to Take Decisive Action.

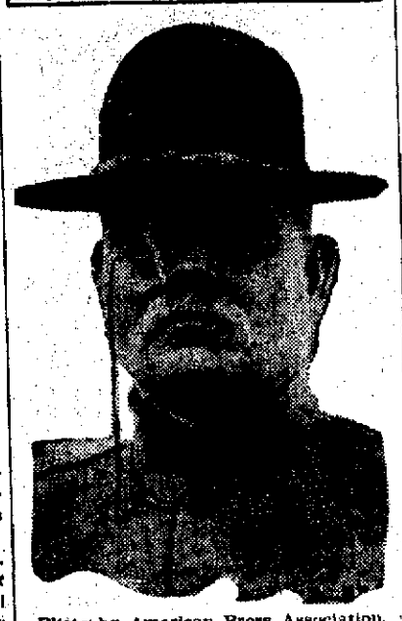


Photo by American Press Association.

The moment things look gloomy on the border and the rebels ally themselves with the federal troops General Bliss is ready to take a hand. The United States soldiers are anxious for some action. Some of them have been on the border for many months and never allowed to cross. The men under Bliss are in excellent shape for war today. He also has charge of the many refugees driven from Mexico during the fighting between the rebels and federals at Juarez and other points.

IRON CENSORSHIP ON AT MEXICO CITY

People of Capital In Dark About Recent Events.

Mexico City, via Havana, Cuba, April 23.—The following dispatch was sent by mail to Havana in order to avoid the censorship established by General Huerta, which is more strict than at any time during recent revolutions:

Every telegraph wire—commercial, railroad or [illegible] is watched over by one of the most reliable and intelligent men in the government telegraph service, who acts as censor. These men frankly inform would be senders of dispatches that it is not a question of the veracity of their messages or whether they disclose military movements, but is merely a question of suppressing all news not favorable to the government.

Code messages have been absolutely prohibited, with the exception only of bank telegrams. The bankers of Mexico succeeded in having the embargo on these messages raised, but only after they had proved that the retention of the dispatches was seriously embarrassing the financial department of the government.

Newspaper correspondents were given the hint that if they were detected in using subterfuges to evade the censorship they would very likely find themselves in jail.

While Nelson O'Shaughnessy was acting as the messenger of the United States government to President Huerta in the endeavor to avert war between the two countries, more than 99 per cent of the Mexican residents in the federal capital went about their affairs in total ignorance of the crisis.

NO APPROPRIATION NOW.

$50,000,000 Will Be Voted if Emergency Arises.

Washington, April 23.—Informal discussion was heard on the senate side of the capitol about an emergency appropriation to provide for the national defense, but the leaders contend that the time is not as yet quite ripe for such action.

At the outset of the Spanish war congress rushed through a $50,000,000 appropriation for an emergency fund for the unlimited, unconditional use in the discretion of President McKinley. Senator Chamberlain of Oregon has already introduced a bill to provide a $50,000,000 emergency appropriation. Chairmen Martin and Fitzgerald of the senate and house appropriations committees respectively said that an emergency appropriation was unnecessary yet, as there were plenty of men and vessels and equipment now in Mexican waters. Both, however, said that when the time came there would be no delay in providing the necessary funds.

A Frenchy Caprice.

A French nightgown seen at a lingerie shop has an ingenious contrivance for fastening a bow to it. There is a loop of buttonholed thread through which the ribbon may be drawn and tied into a bow. When the garment is to be washed the ribbon is simply untied. Since seeing this the girls have stopped sewing the made bows on their washable underwear.

PERSONAL MENTION

Raymond Willie, a former resident of Clearfield, was in town yesterday.

A Dunsmore, of St. Benedict, was stopping at the Dimeling yesterday.

J. H. Fulford and C. C. Todd, of DuBois, were visiting in town yesterday.

Important.

There will be a Junior Chautauqua meeting in the West Side school building, Saturday, April 25, at 10 o'clock. All members are urged to be present. No child who has not been there before will be permitted to take part in the May Fete.

April 23, 2t.

GRAMPIAN.

J. T. Davis and family visited S. L. Kester on Sunday.

Rush Mahlon and Miss Vesta Thomas were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Thomas in Bloom township, on Thursday evening.

Miss Laura Gulher spent Sunday with relatives in Curwensville.

Quite a number were to Clearfield on Saturday last, taking civil service examination in connection with their application for the postoffice.

Mrs. Fred Freeman is quite ill at this writing.

Taylor Mahlon visited his son, Cloyd, the past week.

Truman Davis and family Sundayed at S. L. Kester's.

Saturday, May 2, is May Day. Come to the Park and enjoy the May Fete.

You'll see some astonishing tests of Chi-Namel, the water-proof varnish at the special demonstration at the Clearfield Hardware Co's. store, on April 2, 234, 25.

Apr. 23, 2t.

Automobile Agent Clearfield district for moderate priced car. Mr. James, Dimeling Hotel.

Apr. 22 2t.

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF

Clearfield's Large General Store

The Walker & Whitman Shoes and Oxfords for "Men Who Care"

Oxfords, in tan and black, English and other lasts, at . $4.00
W. & W. Shoes, tan and black, at . . . $4.00 and $4.50
Joslin line of Shoes and Oxfords, at . $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00

Shoes, Oxfords, Pumps, etc, for Ladies.

Faunce & Spinneys makes, at . . . . . $3.00 and $3.50
Other manufacturers, at . . . . $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00
Black and tans in the new styles.

A Large New Stock of Tennis Shoes

For Men, $1.60 Boys, $1.35 Children, $1.25
Ladies, $1.50 Misses, $1.35

Ladies' Crepe and Mercerized Poupee Waists

Unusual good values, nine styles, at 98c

A Large Line of Summer Dress Materials

Crepes, the yard, ... 10c to 25c
Voiles, the yard, ... 10c to 25c
Ramie and Crash Linens, the yard . . . . . 25c to 50c

Plate Pleasing Groceries Pleasingly Priced

ROSS & WOODS.

Seven Days in the Week.

No time lost on Sundays or Holidays, but instead interest runs on automatically when money is deposited in our Savings Department

We'll take the best of care of it after you start to save. But you must make the start and the sooner you start the sooner you can put your money to work where it will work for you.

There is more to this but we would rather you would call and hear it personally.

Don't postpone your visit—come today.

Clearfield Trust Company

A. W. LEONARDSON CO. MARKET STREET A. W. LEONARDSON CO.

The Store is alive with Spring Bargains

April Sale of Spring Merchandise starts
Friday Morning, April 24
Important Event for Spring Shoppers

After-Easter Sale of Women's and Misses' Suits and Coats at extreme price concessions.

Our Big Sale of Plain and Fancy Silks at prices that will make the selling attractive.

Room-size Rugs and Lace Curtains at a big saving.

Colored wash fabrics, white goods and linens in excellent assortments, all underpriced.

Our April Sale of Trimmed Millinery, with a special showing of Trimmed Hats at the five dollar price.

Low Shoes and Orfords at prices that are sure to interest you at this time.

Hosiery and Underwear in complete assortments--every wanted kind for Spring and Summer at low-notch prices

Read carefully the full-page price-list and circular left at your home today, and take advantage of the new low prices prevailing during our April Sale.

A. W. Leonardson Company

SAFETY FIRST

FOR DEPOSITORS OF

Clearfield National Bank

Total Assets, - $1,500,000.00

OFFICERS

James Mitchell, President.
H. S. Whiteman, Jr., V-Pres. and Cashier.
W. L. McJunkin, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Singleton Bell W. I. Betts John Dimeling
W. P. Hopkins H. A. Kennedy
A. E. Leitzinger James Mitchell T. H. Murray
W. H. Patterson H. S. Whiteman, Jr.

"THE BANK OF SERVICE"

The County National Bank

OF CLEARFIELD, PA.

The Oldest Bank in Clearfield County

STATED ADDITIONS TO SURPLUS

For thirty-five years, at the declaration of each dividend, an addition to the Surplus has been made and the practice of thus strengthening the bank is still regularly followed. The results of this policy, noted below, are its own best commentary.

Paid in by Stockholders, - - $225,000.00
Saved from Earnings, - - - 225,000.00
Present Invested Capital, - - 1,000,000.00

Our Facilities for Serving Customers in Every Department of Banking are Unsurpassed.

We Welcome New Accounts Large or Small.

It Pays to Advertise in The Progress

The PLACE of HONEY-MOONS

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Pictures by C.D. RHODES

"Well, I am having a good time . . . Your dance? Thank you."

And a tender young American led her through the mazes of the waltz, as some poet who knew what he was about phrased it.

By way of parenthesis: Herr Rosen marched up the hill and down again, something after the manner of a certain warrior king celebrated in verse. The object of his visit had gone to the ball at Cadenabbia. At the hotel he demanded a motor-boat. There was none to be had. In a furious state of mind he engaged two oarsmen to row him across the lake.

And so it came to pass that when Nora, suddenly grown weary of the play, full of bitterness and distaste, hating herself and every one else in the world, stole out to the quay to commune with the moon, she saw him jump from the boat to the landing, scorning the steps. Instantly she drew her lace mantle closely about her face. It was useless. In the man the hunter's instinct was much too keen.

"So I have found you!"

"One would say that I had been in hiding?" coldly.

"From me, always. I have left everything—duty, obligations—to seek you."

"From any other man that might be a compliment."

"I am a prince," he said proudly.

She faced him with that quick resolution, that swift forming of purpose, which has made the Irish so difficult in argument and persuasion. "Will you marry me? Will you make me your wife legally? Before all the world? Will you surrender, for the sake of this love you profess, your right to a great inheritance? Will you risk the anger and the iron hand of your father for my sake?"

"Herr Gott! I am mad!" He covered his eyes.

"That expression proves that your Highness is sane again. Have you realized the annoyances, the embarrassments, you have thrust upon me by your pursuit? Have you not read the scandalous innuendoes in the newspapers? Your Highness, I was not born on the Continent, so I look upon my work from a point of view not common to those of your caste. I am proud of it, and I look upon it with honor, honor. I am a woman, but I am not wholly defenseless. There was a time when I thought I might number among my friends a prince; but you have made that impossible."

"Come," he said hoarsely; "let us go and find a priest. You are right. I love you; I will give up everything, everything!"

For a moment she was dumb. This absolute surrender appalled her. But that good fortune which had ever been at her side stepped into the breach. And as she saw the tall form of the Barone approach, she could have thrown her arms around his neck in pure gladness.

"Oh, Barone!" she called. "Am I making you miss this dance?"

"It does not matter, signorina." The Barone stared keenly at the erect and tense figure at the prima donna's side.

"You will excuse me, Herr Rosen," said Nora, as she laid her hand upon the Barone's arm.

Herr Rosen bowed stiffly; and the two left him standing uncovered in the moonlight.

"What is he doing here? What has he been saying to you?" the Barone demanded. Nora withdrew her hand from his arm. "Pardon me," said he contritely. "I have no right to ask you such questions."

It was not long after midnight when the motor-boat returned to its abiding place. On the way over conversation lagged, and finally died altogether. Mrs. Harrigan fell asleep against Celeste's shoulder, and the musician never deviated her gaze from the silver ripples which flowed out diagonally and magically from the prow of the boat. Nora watched the stars slowly ascend over the eastern range of mountains; and across the fire of his innumerable cigarettes the Barone watched her.

As the boat was made fast to the landing in front of the Grand hotel, Celeste observed a man in evening dress, lounging against the rail of the quay. The search light from the customs boat, hunting for tobacco smugglers, flashed over his face. She could not repress the little gasp, and her hand tightened upon Nora's arm.

"What is it?" asked Nora.

"Nothing. I thought I was slipping."

CHAPTER VII.

Colonel Caxley-Webster.

Abbott's studio was under the roof of one of the little hotels that stand timorously and humbly, yet expectantly, between the imposing cream-stucco of the Grand hotel at one end and the elaborate pink-stucco of the Grande Bretegne at the other. The hob-nailed shoes of the Teuton (who wears his mountain kit all the way from Hamburg to Palermo) wore up and down the stairs all day; and the racket from the hucksters' carts and hotel omnibuses, arriving and departing from the steamboat landing, the shouts of the begging boatmen, the quarreling of the children and the barking of unpedigreed dogs—these noises were incessant from dawn until sunset.

The artist glared down from his square window at the ruffled waters, or scowled at the fleeting snows on the mountains over the way. He passed some ten or twelve minutes in this useless occupation, but he could not get away from the bald fact that he had acted like a petulant child. To have shown his hand so openly, simply because the Barone had beaten him in the race for the motor-boat! And Nora would understand that he was weak and without backbone. Harrigan himself must have reasoned out the cause for such asinine plays as he had executed in the game of checkers. How many times had the old man called out to him to wake up and move? In spirit he had been across the lake, a spirit in Hades. He was not only a fool, but a coward likewise. He had not dared to

> . . . put it to the touch
> To gain or lose it all.

He saw it coming; before long he and that Italian would be at each other's throats.

"Come in!" he called, in response to a sudden thunder on the door.

The door opened and a short, energetic old man, purple-visaged and hawk-eyed, came in. "Why the devil don't you join the Trappist monks, Abbott? If I wasn't tough I should have died of apoplexy on the second landing."

"Good morning, Colonel!" Abbott laughed and rolled out the patent rocker for his guest. "What's on your mind this morning? I can give you one without ice."

"I'll take it neat, my boy. I'm not thirsty, I'm faint. These Italian architects; they call three ladders flights of stairs! . . . Ha! That's Irish whisky, and jolly fine. Want you to come over and take tea this afternoon. I'm going up presently to see the Harrigans. Thought I'd go around and do the thing informally. Taken a fancy to the old chap. He's a little bit of all right. I'm no older than he is, but look at the difference! Whisky and soda, that's the racket. Not by the tubful; just an ordinary half dozen a day, and a dem climate thrown in."

"Difference in training."

"Rot! It's the sized hat a man wears. I'd give fifty guineas to see the old fellow in action. But, I say; recall the argument we had before you went to Paris?"

"Yes."

"Well, I win. Saw him bang across the street this morning."

Abbott muttered something.

"What was that?"

"Nothing."

"Sounded like 'dem it' to me."

"Maybe it did."

"Heard about him in Paris?"

"No."

"The old boy had transferred his regiment to a lonesome post in the North to cool his blood. The youngster took the next train to Paris. He was there incognito for two weeks before they found him and bundled him back. Of course, every one knows that he is but a crazy lad who's had too much freedom." The colonel emptied his glass. "I feel dem sorry for Nora. She's the right sort. But a woman can't take a man by the scruff of his neck and chuck him."

"But I can," declared Abbott savagely.

"Tut, tut! He'd eat you alive. Besides, you will find him too clever to give you an opening. But he'll bear watching. He's capable of putting her on a train and running away with her. Between you and me, I don't blame him. What's the matter with sicking the Barone on him? He's the best man in southern Italy with foils and broadswords. Sic 'em, Towser; sic 'em!" The old fire-eater chuckled.

The subject was extremely distasteful to the artist. The colonel, a rough soldier, whose diplomacy had never risen above the heights of clubbing a recalcitrant hillman into submission, baldly inferred that he understood the artist's interest in the rose of the Harrigan family. He would have liked to talk more in regard to the interloper, but it would have been sheer folly. The colonel, in his blundering way, would have brought up the subject again at tea-time and put everybody on edge. He had, unfortunately for his friends, a reputation other than that of a soldier; he posed as a peacemaker. He saw trouble where none existed, and the way he patched up imaginary quarrels would have strained the patience of Job. Still, every one loved him, though they lived in mortal fear of him. So Abbott came about quickly and sailed against the wind.

"By the way," he said, "I wish you would let me sketch that servant of yours. He's got a profile like a medallion. Where did you pick him up?"

"In the Hills. He's a Sikh, and a first-class fighting man. Didn't know that you went for faces."

"Not as a usual thing. Just want it for my own use. How does he keep his beard combed that way?"

"I've never bothered myself about the curl of his whiskers. Are my clothes laid out? Luggage attended to? Guns shipshape? That's enough for me. Some day you have got to go out there with me."

"Never shot a gun in all my life. I don't know which end to hold at my shoulder."

"Teach you quick enough. Every man's a born hunter. Rao will have tigers eating out of your hand. He's a marvel; saved my hide more than once. Funny thing; you can't show 'em that you're grateful. Lose caste if you do I rather miss it. Get the East in your blood and you'll never get it out. Fascinating! But my liver turned over once too many times. Ha! Some one coming up to buy a picture."

The step outside was firm and unwearied by the climb. The door opened unceremoniously, and Courtlandt came in. He stared at the colonel and the colonel returned the stare.

"Caxley-Webster! Well, I say, this globe goes on shrinking every day!" cried Courtlandt.

The two pumped hands energetically, sizing each other up critically. Then they sat down and shot questions, while Abbott looked on bewildered. Elephants and tigers and chittahs and wild boar and quail-running and strange gutteral names; weltering nights in the jungles, freezing mornings in the Hills; stupendous card games; and what had become of so-and-so, who always drank his whisky neat; and what's-his-name, who invented cures for snake bites!

Abbott deliberately pushed over an oak bench. "Am I host here or not?"

"Abby, old man, how are you?" said Courtlandt, smiling warmly and holding out his hand. "My apologies; but the colonel and I never expected to see each other again. And I find him talking with you up here under this roof. It's marvelous."

"It's a wonder you wouldn't drop a fellow a line," said Abbott, in a faultfinding tone, as he righted the bench. "When did you come?"

"Last night. Came up from Como."

"Going to stay long?"

"That depends. I am really on my way to Zermatt. I've a hankering to have another try at the Matterhorn."

"Think of that!" exclaimed the colonel. "He says another try."

"You came a roundabout way," was the artist's comment.

"Oh, that's because I left Paris for Brescia. They had some good flights there. Wonderful year! They cross the channel in an airship and discover the North Pole."

"Pah! Neither will be of any use to humanity; merely a fine sporting proposition." The colonel dug into his pocket for his pipe. "But what do you think of Germany?"

"Fine country," answered Courtlandt, rising and going to a window; "fine people, too. Why?"

"Do you—er—think they could whip us?"

"On land, yes."

"The devil!"

"On water, no."

"Thanks. In other words, you believe our chances equal?"

"So equal that all this war-scare is piffle. But I rather like to see you English get up in the air occasionally. It will do you good. You've an idea because you walloped Napoleon that you're the same race you were then, and you are not. The English-speaking races, as the first soldiers, have ceased to be."

"Well, I be dem!" gasped the colonel.

"It's the truth. Take the American, he thinks there is nothing in the world but money. Take the Britisher, to him caste is everything. Take the money out of one man's mind and the importance of being well-born out of



"I'll Take It Neat, My Boy."

the other . . ." He turned from the window and smiled at the artist and the empurpling Anglo-Indian.

"Abbott," growled the soldier, "that man will some day drive me amuck. What do you think? One night, on a tiger hunt, he got me into an argument like this. A brute of a beast jumped into the middle of it. Courtlandt shot him on the second bound, and turned to me with—Well, as I was saying!' I don't know to this day whether it was nerve or what you Americans call gall."

"Divided by two," grunted Abbott.

"Ha, I see . . . I'll remember that. But we were talking of airships."

"I was" retorted Courtlandt. "You were the man who started the powwow." He looked down into the street with sudden interest. "Who is that?"

The colonel and Abbott hurried across the room.

"What did I say, Abbott? I told you I saw him. He's crazy; fact. Thinks he can travel around incognito when there isn't a magazine on earth that hasn't printed his picture."

"Well, why shouldn't he travel around if he wants to?" asked Courtlandt coolly.

The colonel nudged the artist.

"There happens to be an attraction in Bellaggio," said Abbott irritably.

"The moth and the candle," supplemented the colonel, peering over Courtlandt's shoulder. "He's well set up," grudgingly admitted the old fellow.

"The moth and the candle," mused Courtlandt. "That will be Nora Harrigan. How long has this infatuation been going on?"

"Year and a half."

"And the other side?"

"There isn't any other side," exploded the artist. "She's worried to death. Not a day passes but some scurrilous penny-a-liner springs some yarn, some beastly innuendo. She's been dodging the fellow for months. In Paris last year she couldn't move without running into him. This year she changed her apartment, and gave orders at the Opera to refuse her address to all who asked for it. Consequently she had some peace. I don't know why it is, but a woman in public life seems to be a target."

"The penalty of beauty, Abby. Homely women seldom are annoyed, unless they become suffragists." The colonel poured forth a dense cloud of smoke.

"What brand is that, Colonel?" asked Courtlandt, choking.

The colonel generously produced his pouch.

"No, no! I was about to observe that it isn't ambrosia."

"Rotter!" The soldier dug the offender in the ribs. "I am going to have the Harrigans over for tea this afternoon. Come over! You'll like the family. The girl is charming; and the father is a sportsman to the back bone. Some silly fools laugh behind his back, but never before his face. And my word, I know rafts of gentlemen who are not fit to stand in his shoes."

"I should like to meet Mr. Harrigan." Courtlandt returned his gaze to the window once more.

"And his daughter?" said Abbott, curiously.

"Oh, surely!"

"I may count on you, then?" The colonel stowed away the offending brier. "And you can stay to dinner."

"I'll take the dinner end of the invitation," was the reply. "I've got to go over to Menaggio to see about some papers to be signed. If I can make the three o'clock boat in returning, you'll see me at tea. Dinner at all events. I'm off."

Courtlandt walked up the street leisurely, idly pausing now and then before the shop windows. Apparently he had neither object nor destination; yet his mind was busy, so busy in fact that he looked at the various curios without truly seeing them at all. A delicate situation, which needed the lightest handling, confronted him. He must wait for an overt act, then he might proceed as he pleased. How really helpless he was! He could not force her hand because she held all the cards and he none. Yet he was determined this time to play the game to the end, even if the task was equal to all those of Hercules rolled into one, and none of the gods on his side.

At the hotel he asked for his mail, and was given a formidable packet which, with a sigh of discontent, he slipped into a pocket, strolled out into the garden by the water, and sat down to read. To his surprise there was a note, without stamp or postmark. He opened it, mildly curious to learn who it was that had discovered his presence in Bellaggio so quickly. The envelope contained nothing more than a neatly folded bank note for one hundred francs. He eyed it stupidly. What might this mean? He unfolded it and smoothed it out across his knee, and the haze of puzzlement drifted away. Three bars from La Boheme. He laughed. So the little lady of the Taverne Royale was in Bellaggio!

CHAPTER VIII.

Marguerites and Emeralds.

By eleven o'clock Courtlandt had finished the reading of his mail, and was now ready to hunt for the little lady of the Taverne Royale. It was necessary to find her. The whereabouts of Flora Desimone was of vital importance. If she had not yet arrived, the presence of her friend presaged her ultimate arrival.

He rose and proceeded on his quest. Before the photographer's shop he saw a dachel wrathfully challenging a cat on the balcony of the adjoining building. The cat knew, and so did the puppy, that it was all buncombe on the puppy's part; the usual European war scare, in which one of the belligerent parties refused to come down because it wouldn't have been worth while, there being the usual powers ready to intervene. Courtlandt did not bother about the cat; the puppy claimed his attention. He was very fond of dogs. So he reached down suddenly and put an end to the sharp challenge. The dachel struggled valiantly, for this breed of dog does not make friends easily.

"I say, you little Dutchman, what's the row? I'm not going to hurt you. Funny little codger! To whom do you belong?" He turned the collar around, read the inscription, and gently put the puppy on the ground.

Nora Harrigan!

His immediate impulse was to walk on, but somehow this impulse refused to act on his sense of locomotion. He waited, dully wondering what was going to happen when she came out. He had left her room that night in Paris, vowing that he would never intrude on her again. With the recollection of that bullet whizzing past his ear, he had been convinced that the play was done. True, she had testified that it had been accidental, but never would he forget the look in her eyes. It was not pleasant to remember. And



"We'd Look Fine Drinking Tea, Wouldn't We, Old Scout?"

still, as the needle is drawn by the magnet, here he was, in Bellaggio. He cursed his weakness.

. . . Ah, voices! He stepped aside quickly.

"Fritz, Fritz; where are you?"

And a moment later she came out, followed by her mother . . . and the little lady of the Taverne Royale. Did Nora see him? It was impossible to tell. She simply stooped and gathered up the puppy, who struggled determinedly to lick her face. Courtlandt lifted his hat. It was in nowise offered as an act of recognition; it was merely the mechanical courtesy that a man generally pays to any woman in whose path he chances to be for the breath of a second. The three women in immaculate white, hatless, but with sunshades, passed on down the street.

"Nora, who was that?" asked Mrs. Harrigan.

"Who was who?" countered Nora, snuggling the wriggling dachel under her arm and throwing the sunshade across her shoulder.

"That fine-looking young man who stood by the door as we passed out. He raised his hat."

"Oh, bother! I was looking at Fritz."

Celeste searched her face keenly, but Nora looked on ahead serenely; not a quiver of an eyelid, not the slightest change in color or expression.

"She did not see him!" thought the musician, curiously stirred. She knew her friend tolerably well. It would have been impossible for her to have seen that man and not to have given evidence of the fact.

In short, Nora had spoken truthfully. She had seen a man dressed in white flannels and canvas shoes, but her eyes had not traveled so far as his face.

Mrs. Harrigan took the omnibus up to the villa. It was generally too much of a climb for her. Nora and Celeste preferred to walk.

"What am I going to do, Celeste? He is here, and over at Cadenabbia last night I had a terrible scene with him. In heaven's name, why can't they let me be?"

"Herr Rosen?"

"Yes."

"Why not speak to your father?"

"And have a fisticuff which would appear in every newspaper in the world? No, thank you. There is enough scandalous stuff being printed as it is, and I am helpless to prevent it."

As the climb starts off stiffly, there wasn't much inclination in either to talk. Celeste had come to one decision, and that was that Nora should find out Courtlandt's presence here in Bellaggio herself. When they arrived at the villa gates, Celeste offered a suggestion.

"You could easily stop all this rumor and annoyance."

"And, pray, how?"

"Marry."

"I prefer the rumor and annoyance. I hate men. Most of them are beasts."

"You are prejudiced."

If Celeste expected Nora to reply that she had reason, she was disappointed. Nora quickened her pace, that was all.

At luncheon Harrigan innocently threw a bomb into camp by inquiring: "Say, Nora, who's this chump Herr Rosen? He was up here last night and again this morning. I was going to offer him the cot on the balcony, but I thought I'd consult you first."

"Herr Rosen!" exclaimed Mrs. Harrigan, a flutter in her throat. "Why, that's . . ."

"A charming young man who wishes me to sign a contract to sing to him in perpetuity," interrupted Nora, pressing her mother's foot warningly.

"Well, why don't you marry him?" laughed Harrigan. "There's worse things than frankfurters and sauerkraut."

"Not that I can think of just now," returned Nora.

* * * * * * *

Harrigan declared that he would not go over to Caxley-Webster's to tea.

"But I've promised for you!" expostulated his wife. "And he admires you so."

"Bosh! You women can gad about as much as you please, but I'm in wrong when it comes to eating sponge cake and knuckling by [illegible] a dinky willow table."

The women departed at three, for there was to be tennis until five o'clock. When Harrigan was reasonably sure that they were half the distance to the colonel's villa, he put on his hat, whistled to the dachel, and together they took the path to the village.

"We'd look fine drinking tea, wouldn't we, old scout?" reaching down and tweaking the dog's velvet ears. "They don't understand, and it's no use trying to make 'em. Nora gone as near as possible. Herr Rosen. Now, where have I seen his phiz before? I wish I had a real man to talk to. Abbott sulks half the time, and the Barone can't get a joke unless it's driven in with a mallet. On, your way, old scout, or I'll step on you. Let's see if we can scoot it down to the village at a trot without taking the count."

He had but two errands to execute. The first was accomplished expeditiously in the little tobacconist's shop under the arcade, where the purchase of a box of Minghetti cigars promised intense solace. The second errand took time and deliberation. He studied the long shelves of Tauchnitz. Having red corpuscles in superabundance, he naturally preferred them in his literature, in the same quantity.

"Ever read this?" asked a pleasant voice from behind, indicating "Rodney Stone" with the ferrule of a cane.

Harrigan looked up. "No. What's it about?"

"Best story of the London prize ring ever written. You're Mr. Harrigan, aren't you?"

"Yes," diffidently.

"My name is Edward Courtlandt. If I am not mistaken, you were a great friend of my father's."

"Are you Dick Courtlandt's boy?"

"I am."

"Well, say!" Harrigan held out his hand and was gratified to encounter a man's grasp. "So you're Edward Courtlandt? Now, what do you think of that! Why, your father was the best sportsman I ever met. Square as they make 'em. Not a kink anywhere in his make-up. He used to come to the bouts in his plug hat and dress suit; always had a seat by the ring. I could hear him tap with his cane when there happened to be a bit of pretty sparring. He was no slouch himself when it came to putting on the mitts. Many's the time I've had a round or two with him in my old gymnasium. Well, well! It's good to see a man again. I've seen your name in the papers, but I never knew you was Dick's boy. You've got an old grizzly's head in your dining room at home. Some day I'll tell you how it got there, when you're not in a hurry. I went out to Montana for a scrap, and your dad went along. After the mill was over, we went hunting. Come up to the villa and meet the folks. . . . Hang it, I forgot. They're up to Caxley-Webster's to tea; piffle water and sticky sponge cake. I want you to meet my wife and daughter."

"I should be very pleased to meet them." So this was Nora's father! "Won't you come along with me to the colonel's?" with sudden inspiration. Here was an opportunity not to be thrust aside lightly.

"Why, I just begged off. They won't be expecting me now."

"All the better. I'd rather have you introduce me to your family than to have the colonel. As a matter of fact, I told him I couldn't get up. But I changed my mind. Come along." The first rift in the storm-packed clouds; and to meet her through the kindly offices of this amiable man who was her father!

"But the pup and the cigar box?"

"Send them up."

Harrigan eyed his own spotless flannels and compared them with the other's. What was good enough for the son of a millionaire was certainly good enough for him. Besides, it would be a bully good joke on Nora and Molly.

"You're on!" he cried. Here was a lark. He turned the dog and the purchases over to the proprietor, who promised that they should arrive instantly at the villa.

Then the two men sought the quay to engage a boat. They walked shoulder to shoulder, flat-backed, with supple swinging limbs, tanned faces and clear animated eyes. Perhaps Harrigan was 10 or 15 pounds heavier, but the difference would have been noticeable only upon the scales.

* * * * * * *

"Padre, my shoe pinches," said Nora with a pucker between her eyes.

"My child," replied the padre, "never carry your vanity into a shoemaker's shop. The happiest man is he who walks in loose shoes."

"If they are his own, and not inherited," quickly.

To Be Continued.

CANAL READY, SAYS GOETHALS

In Dire Need During a War, It Could Now Be Used.

Colon, April 22.—A correspondent saw Governor Goethals and asked him whether or not the Panama canal could be used by the United States warships if necessary during the trouble with Mexico. Governor Goethals said that the canal was practically ready now, and if necessary 20,000 ton battleships could be sent through almost at once from the Atlantic to the Pacific. By the middle of May, he said, the canal could be ready to take the larger battleships.

Governor Goethals said that the fortifications of the canal were being made ready and would be in good shape soon, so that there was nothing to fear for the safety of the canal if the Mexican trouble involved us with other nations.

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VINDICATED

Story of a Man Who Was Believed a Thief

By WILLIAM CHANDLER

Among those who went to California when gold was discovered there in 1849 was Joseph Griffin. He was a married man with one child, a girl of ten.

Griffin decided to make the land journey. He went from Buffalo to St. Joseph, Mo., traveling most of the way by stage, and there outfitted with one of the "prairie schooners" of that day, a wagon with a canvas top, drawn by horses, which he filled with provisions, cooking utensils, bedding and such other articles as would be needed on the journey. When all was ready and



MR. GRIFFIN TOLD ZEB THEY MUST PART.

he was about to start a rawboned country boy stepped up to him and said:

"Say, mister, won't you take me along?"

"What's your name?" asked Griffin of the boy.

"Zeb."

"Zeb what?"

"I don't know. Father and mother were killed by Indians on the plains. I was picked up by buffalo hunters."

"Have you any home?"

"No."

Little Molly Griffin stood by the wagon listening to this dialogue, and her big blue eyes were filled with pity. She said nothing, but remained intent on what her father was saying.

"Have you no clothes but those you have on?" he asked the boy.

"No."

Griffin remained silent a few moments, deliberating. Then he said:

"I want a boy about your age to help with the horses and anything else there is to be done on the way. I'll give you your grub, but I've nothing else for you. If you want to go with us on those terms you may."

"I do."

"Well, come along with me. Those clothes wouldn't last you halfway. You'll need an overcoat when we get to the mountains, and I must have another blanket. Reckon we have buffalo robes enough."

Mrs. Griffin called her husband aside and expressed a doubt as to the propriety of taking with them a waif who was entirely unknown to them, but Griffin said he would need some one.

Zeb proved a valuable acquisition. He soon learned to harness and unharness the horses and was very useful in unloading and loading the wagons when the party camped under the stars. When Griffin was obliged to make repairs the boy proved very handy as an assistant. It was the first time in his life that he had been a member of a family, and he seemed delighted with the association, the duties and the experience of traveling all day and camping at night with the others.

A recital of the adventures of the party would fill a volume. There is only room here to say that after many mishaps and dangers they reached the mountains and after many more mishaps and dangers passed over them and finally struck the region of the gold diggings. By this time Zeb had become a fixture in the family. It would have been cruel to send him away; none of them wished to part with him.

Griffin had brought some money with him, which he invested in mines that had been partially developed. But for a long while none of these investments turned out to be very profitable. Meanwhile Zeb grew to be a young man and gave indications of having sprung from parents above the average in the social scale. He had outgrown doing chores for the Griffin family, but had not outgrown his interest in them. Mr. and Mrs. Griffin were the only parents he had ever known, and, as for Molly, he would at any time have given his head to gratify a whim of hers. But as he grew older he took his pick and shovel and started forth to try his luck as a prospector.

When Griffin had been in California six years he struck a bonanza. He bought a partly developed mine for a song and sold it for a fortune. The amount he received for it was 420 pounds of gold.

It must be remembered that California was still an inaccessible country. To reach the Atlantic coast by land the same perilous journey the Griffins had taken to reach the Pacific must be taken again. To go by sea meant something, though less dangerous, at any rate more tiresome. They desired to return to their home in New York state and carry their fortune with them, but dreaded either of these routes. After much deliberation it was decided that they would go southward by sea to Panama and there attempt to find transportation across the isthmus to Colon and thence by sea again to New York. They would avoid the necessity of a journey down the west coast and up the east coast of South America.

They made preparations for the journey, putting their gold in a box to take with them. It was carefully weighed, showing that there were exactly 420 pounds of gold, exclusive of the box. Just before the ship sailed on which they had taken passage, Mrs. Griffin was taken suddenly ill. After deliberation Mr. Griffin decided to send Zeb in advance with the treasure that he might investigate the means of getting across the isthmus. If he found it too difficult to warrant their going by that route he was to write the fact and they would make other arrangements. Zeb sailed on the ship that was to have taken the whole party and in due time reached Panama. He had been instructed by Griffin that if he found it best to turn in the gold at Panama and take a draft on New York he was to do so. As soon as he arrived he made inquiries as to crossing the isthmus and found it practicable, though dangerous, principally from the liability to contraction of disease.

He wrote Mr. Griffin the result of his inquiries, but the latter did not receive his letter, for Mrs. Griffin recovered as quickly as she had been taken ill, and, finding a ship about to sail that would touch at Panama, her husband, worrying about his gold, decided to follow Zeb to the isthmus.

When the party reached Panama they found Zeb in trouble. He had decided to buy a draft for the gold and had taken steps to do so. But on weighing the metal, instead of its weighing 420 pounds, it weighed 416. This was a sad blow to Zeb. So fearful had he been that some one might purloin some of it that he had had it placed in his stateroom on the ship and kept it there during the whole of the journey. He scrutinized the box to see if he could find a gimlet hole, a loose nail or any other evidence of an outlet for the gold, but none appeared, and his heart sank within him at the imputation that must necessarily rest upon him of having stolen the missing four pounds of gold himself.

When the Griffins arrived Zeb confessed the shortage which he was unable to account for. Loath as was Mr. Griffin to believe that Zeb had appropriated the missing four pounds of metal, he was forced to believe that the young man had lost the money gambling or in some other way and had been obliged to take the gold to save himself. Possibly he had hoped he might replace it. Mr. Griffin reverted to the time when they had taken Zeb in without any one to vouch for him and admitted that that had happened which might have been expected. Molly, now a girl of seventeen, was the only one of the three who in spite of the indisputable evidence believed in Zeb's innocence.

After a conference Mr. and Mrs. Griffin came to the conclusion that Zeb had been cornered in some way and had yielded to temptation. They cared little for the gold that was missing, but regretted that one they had grown fond of should have robbed them. Mr. Griffin told Zeb that they must part and handed him $500 for immediate use. Zeb declined to take the money.

Mr. Griffin decided to take his gold to New Orleans and succeeded in getting his family across the isthmus without one of them coming down with any of the fevers then prevalent in that region. On reaching the Crescent City he had the treasure carted to a bank and asked for a draft for its value on New York. The gold was counted and the draft made out. When Mr. Griffin saw it he remarked that there must be some mistake. He had figured the amount himself from the weight and had made it much less. The amount of the draft was the same as it would have been had the gold missed at Panama not been taken, whereupon he received the following statement:

"Gold sent from Washington to the mint at New Orleans has been found to weigh less at the latter than the former place. This is because New Orleans is nearer the equator than Washington, and the centrifugal force arising from the revolution of the earth is greater the nearer one approaches the equator, rendering objects lighter."

Here was an explanation of the missing four pounds of gold. Mr. Griffin hurried at once to his wife and daughter to announce that there had after all been no robbery. Zeb was communicated with and money sent to bring him to New Orleans. When he arrived he was received with open arms and from that time forward was a member of the Griffin family, taking their name in lieu of his own, which he never knew.

SHORT COATS.

They Are Attractive Features of New Spring Suits.



NEW CREPE SUIT.

Many coats for spring wear are cut on very abbreviated lines, like the one illustrated here. This chic little suit is of canton crepe with a very wide hip sash in satin, which is shown in all its amplitude by the very brief coat. The little straw hat in the shape of a cap has a very high trimming of gathered satin ribbon at one side.

The real straws pointing which way the winds of fashion will blow are the fabrics which are seen upon the shop counters.

If displays of this kind of merchandise are any indication we are to enjoy a season of beautiful modes.

The colors most frequently displayed in the shops appear to include the lighter tints of green, rose, orange, purple and red.

Somehow they suggest the soft artistic colors of the Roman stripes seen to best advantage in ribbons, shawls and sashes which are imported from Italy.

The most exclusive dry goods shops are displaying taffeta and bengaline silks. When arranged close together, representing the order of colors usually to be found in a Roman striped sash, such an effect is unusually lovely and especially decisive when seen against a background, provided by draped lengths of brilliantly colored Egyptian crapes, printed to reproduce old China and Indian flower and conventionalized motifs in bouquet and other forms.

Without doubt the vogue for taffetas of the better quality will be the most prominent feature of early spring fashions. But poplins, crapes and Shanghai silks will be tremendously demanded.

Poplins especially, either in brocaded, plain colored or printed styles, will be in excellent style for the spring. Brocaded homespuns, ratines and gaberdines will also be in demand.

For afternoon frocks and for semi-dress purposes the Egyptian crapes, either printed or embroidered, are destined to receive important consideration.

WHAT'S IN STYLE.

Sash draperies are shown on dresses and jackets.

Some of the spring coats are little more than boleros.

Many of the new blouses have peplums and coattails.

The expanse of tunic at hips is repeated in some of the coats which have godets.

Novelty cottons, taffetas, crapes, failles, gaberdines and serges are the spring fabrics.

Long stoles, soft and pliable, are wound about the figure in various ways, and fur turbans are trimmed with weird fantasies of plumage.

The new bustle effects promise ill for our old clothes of last season. The shoulder still droops, the waist is of goodly expanse, and narrowness draws in the ankles.

In collars the Japanese will last well into the summer, both in blouses and gowns. There will be a few hood effects also. Some flat ones will be draped. Soft, loose girdles with sash ends will be prominent.

Mending China.

Valuable china may be mended with the following mixture. When dry it will bear hot water and ordinary usage. Mix well a teaspoonful of alum and a tablespoonful of water. Place in the hot oven till quite transparent. Wash the broken pieces of china in hot water, dry and while still warm coat the broken edges thinly and quickly, as it sticks instantly with this mixture.

SMART ACCESSORIES.

Trinkets of Various Kinds Accepted Features of Modish Toilets.

Trinkets of all sorts may be worn with the fashionable afternoon gown. The handsome dress illustrated is clasped about the waist by a chatelaine belt in old silver and semiprecious stones.

This costume is of cedar green chiffon taffeta and is designed for afternoon wear. This gown offers excellent style points. The skirt shows a long panuier drapery, the several folds of which are weighted in order to control their position.

Plaits in the back are kept in place by means of the backs.

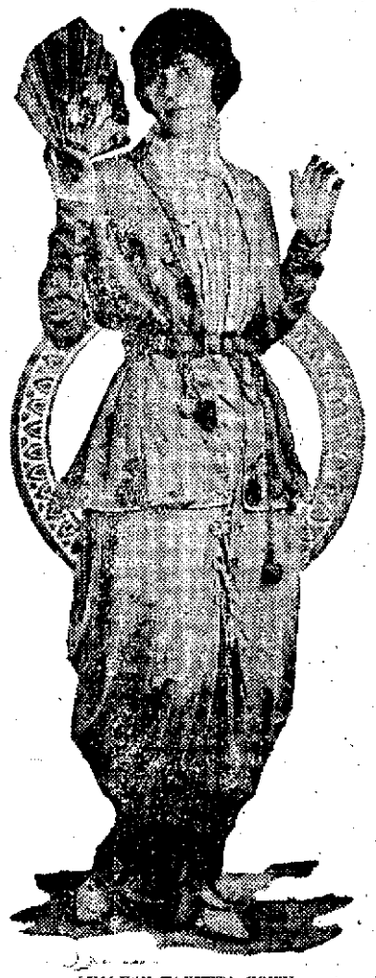
In the front the skirt folds are laced through green silk embroidered rings, with dark green cord, which ends in a heavy black and green beaded tassel.

An underskirt of dark green chiffon is worn with the gown.

The tunic opens over a plaited white net rest and is frilled with white net, picot edged.

Sleeves in two pieces are mousquetaire in effect and in one piece with the long waisted blouse.

Probably the cost of trying to make jewelry a part of the color scheme of the dress accounts to some extent for the fact that cheap beads, if only they



CHIFFON TAFFETA GOWN.

be of the right color, may be worn. Of course, these, like more costly beads, must be worn with discretion.

Some interesting new chains of beads are shown now, made to wear with silk waists. The beads are strung on a string about thirty inches long, and where the two ends are fastened together a long silk tassel is attached. When the chain is put about the neck the tassel hangs in the front, forming a deep V line of the beads.

Any woman can make such a chain. For use with a plaid taffeta waist of blue, green and brown, a chain made up of blue and green beads of dark shades, about as big as a pea, and of flat amber colored beads, each three-quarters of an inch long, would be handsome.

Three blue beads should be strung, then three green, then a yellow, then a green, then a yellow and then three blue again, and so on until the right length is made up. A little yellow silk tassel about four inches long is used.



Major General Wood.

Thrifty Paganini.

When Paganini was asked many years ago to play at Vauxhall Gardens he inquired how many persons the place would hold.

"That is impossible to say," said the manager. "It is a large, open space."

After some reflection the great violinist inquired, "How many will the space contain when quite full?"

"Perhaps 20,000."

"Ah, 20,000 people! And you ask how much?"

"Four shillings each."

"Four shillings each! Twenty thousand at 4 shillings make 80,000; 80,000 shillings, £4,000. Well, I will play in one concert for £3,000, and you may have the other thousand."

A Good Loser.

"Are you a good loser?" "I ought to be—I've had practice enough."—Town Topics.

WIN YOUR SPURS.

Young men talk of trusting to the spur of occasion. That trust is vain. Occasions cannot make spurs. If you expect to wear spurs you must win them. If you wish to use them you must buckle them to your own heels before you go into the fight. —James A. Garfield.

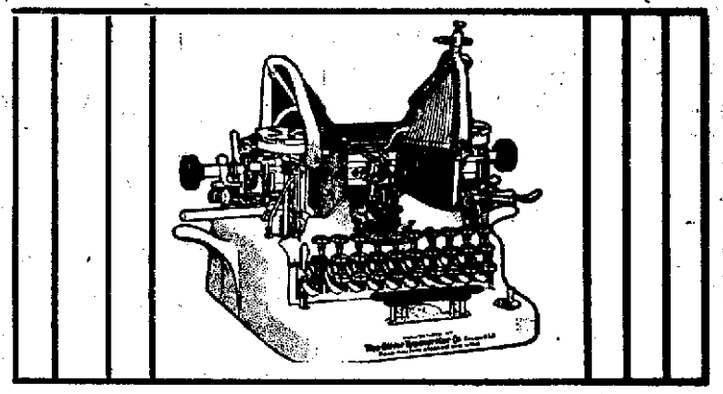
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S. T. KING OFFERS
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EXCUSE ME
UNLIMITED LAUGHTER ON A LIMITED EXPRESS THAT DOESN'T STOP DOESN'T EVEN HESITATE JUST RUSHES
Rupert Hughes' Furiously Funny Farce on a Fast Train
"A train load of laughs"—N. Y. Herald | "A laugh in every word"—N. Y. World
To be presented here with an Incomparable Company of Comedians from New York, where this play made a record of Nine Months.
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SEGREGATION IS DENOUNCED

Continued from First page.

these amendments, the states which have enacted laws repugnant to their spirit and letter have sought circumvention by cunningly devised phrases and tricky contrivances. Every such revised constitution bears the stamp of righteous condemnation in its very phraseology.

The policy of social separation of the races, alleged in justification of the pending measure, is a matter with which the federal government has nothing to do. The intimate social and personal relationship of citizens do not fall within the scope or purview of the federal authority. Its concern is with the comprehensive relations of all citizens. Matters of minor detail are left to local and subordinate jurisdictions. The general government can not find warrant for such action in the example of the several states.

Discriminatory laws in the states are sought to be justified by some on the ground of the relative number of negroes in the general population. It is alleged that the great number of negroes are unprepared for participation in government, or for free intermingling with the whites without seriously lowering the tone, and standard of civilization. The federal government has absolutely no such basis or excuse. The negro represents at present less than 11 per cent. of the total population. This ratio is growing less with the passing of the decades. So far no state with so slight a negro population has deemed it necessary to adop a code of Jim Crow laws. If the general government should be inclined to follow the example of the states, it would more wisely follow the lead of the more numerous and populous states, rather than the smaller number involved in exceptional circumstances.

The negroes at present constitute less than 5 per cent. of the federal employes. There is no discernable indication of an increase in this ratio. For forty years the negro has entered the civil service of the government on the basis of his merit. The fact that he retains his hold shows that his work is satisfactory.

It is not claimed that the negro has up to the present time been exempt from prejudice or from discrimination in the public service. Neither is it fair to charge that the present administration is the author and finisher of segregation. But this is the first time that the race, as a whole, has been humiliated by the threat that the iniquitous legislation would be enacted into a law and come a fixed policy of the government.

I was for some years connected with the civil service as personal clerk to the president of the United States; this under a Democratic administration. The colored employes were then relatively more numerous than they are today. At that time no such law was deemed desirale or even dreamed of. The Negro since that time has made great progress, both in culture and the substantial basis of respectability.

During all of these years the public service has suffered no detriment, nor his fellow employes any reasonable hardship by reason of his presence. If there have been cases of individual impropriety, these should be dealt with on the basis of desert. The segregation of the races is as unnecessary as a practical expedient, as it is subversive of the spirit of free institutions. Separate but equal accommodation for both races is the slogan of Jim Crow legislation. Experience shows that this is impracticable, as reflection would show it to be impossible.

Identity is the essence of equality in all public functions. Two now interchangable parts can not long maintain their original party. If some of our sagacious statesmen succeed in having the enactment of a law providing that there should be different weights and measures for the two races, but the two yard-sticks shall have the same length and the pound weights shall contain the same number of ounces, provided that no Negro shall be accommodated by the white man's units of weight and measure, and vice versa, under heavy penalty; in the short process of time, human nature, remaining what we know it to be, the Negro would be receiving the lighter weights and the shorter measures.

The man who can not protect himself will become the victim in every issue where his interests are separate from those of the community at large. If there were two standards of coinage of the same weight and fineness, only that the one set of coins must forever circulate among negroes and the other among white people, the black man's coins would immediately depreciate in comparison. The parity could only be maintained by free interchangeability. The Negro has supreme confidence in the American dollar, because he knows that the same coin that is in his pocket to day will be in the white man's pocket tomorrow. And so it is with rights and privileges under the law. There can be no equality of rights, where identity of rights is denied. To the casual observer the assignment of space in a government building to a hand full of colored civil service employes would seem to be a matter of trival importance. But, closer inspection reveals a deeper significance It is but the thin blade of the wedge whose entrance threatens to split the log asunder. Should the national government adopt this seemingly simple provision it would thereby sanction all of the discriminating legislation on the statute books of the several states and would suggest and justify all such enactments in the future.

The present plight of the negro is a significant commentary on the doctrine that the white race is good enough to become the benificent governor of the Negro, without his consent or participation.

There are 10,000,000 Negros in the United States who are rapidly progressing in intelligence and in responsible power. He has no voice in making administering or interpreting the laws by which he is governed Men in the highest public places, whose positions rest upon the basis of a Negro constituency, denounce their black constituents in language not to be found in the lexicon of decency. There is no voice answering back. Legislation is proposed to humiliate and degrade the negro, such as no officer of the government would dare whisper concerning any other element of the nation. But the Negro's tongue is tied and his voice is hushed, because of political nullity.

In his helpless need, the Negro can only say to the nation, that he has been loyal and devoted to her standards and ideals with the hope that she is too fair to be unjust, even to the least of her citizens. But in the face of the current trend of things he can only indulge in the query: "Is this the reward of loyalty?"

Hamilton W. Mabie, in his article in the Outlook for August, on "Americans and the Far East", says: "Race differences must be clearly and frankly recognized. Economical differences must be candidly faced, but race hatred must be driven beyond the pale of civilization, it is the survival of barbarism, and it must go back where it belongs."

The great White Race will some day in its second sober thought recognize the truth of these words and will augment its greatness by emancipting itself from this detestible spirit of race hatred.

It cannot be that this great American people is always going to be content to prostrate itself before this mean and degrading spirit. It owes it to itself as well as to this black race and to all other races to free itself from debasing an influence. If it is to maintain its influence in the world under the ever-growing influence of Christianity, which knows neither Greek nor Jew, Barbarian, Scythian, bond or free, it can not hope to do so with race prejudice inscribed on its banner.

The white man may be strong enough to fight the black man in this county, but he is not strong enough to fight God Almighty and His eternal and inexorable lrws of Rightness and Brotherhood. These laws will ultimately remake him or break him as rubbish to the void.

Right forever on the scaffold;
Wrong forever on the throne;
But that scaffold sways the future,
And behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keepeth watch above His own.

TRACED THE LOOT

Horse and Wagon Found at Rockton Traced to Owner.

Wednesday Dan Brandon and Arthur McCall were taken to Madera by Constable Stoddard of that place, to answer to the charge of stealing a horse, harness, wagon, etc., from a resident of that town. The prisoners were remanded to jail and will have to answer the charge at the next term of court.

Brandon and McCall are the two men who were arrested on the charg of breaking into and robbing Kirk's mill at Rockton, and were lodged in jail to answer that charge. The horse and wagon they are supposed to have stolen at Madera was left at Rockton when the thieves fled from that place.

FARMER ARRESTED

Pleads Guilty to Violating Inter-State Cattle Law.

J. A. Christie, of near Reynoldsville, pleaded guilty to charges brought by the State Livestock Sanitary board for violating the inter-state cattle law. Mr. Christie brought cattle into Pennsylvania from New York without being accompanied by the required health certificate.

When examined at Mr. Christie's farm by state agents, who were assisted by Dr. Frank A. Hamilton, of DuBois, most of the cattle were found to be badly diseased and were condemned and disposed of under state supervision.

MIXUP OF NAMES

Man Murdered at Cataract WasNamed Dunkle, Not Burfield.

Through some inexplainable mixup of names by those who reported the murder at Cataract the next day after the crime was committed, the name of the man who was killed by Clay Hoston was given as Burfield. It now transpires that the murdered man was James Dunkle, and that the information upon which Hoston was arrested was sworn to by Clyde Lanagans and Henry Burfield.

BROKE INTO CAR

Four Men Arrested on Charge of Entering Freight on the N. Y. C.

Four men were arrested in the New York Central railroad yards in Clearfield Wednesday evening, charged with having broken open a door in a freight train in the vicinity of Lock Haven. There were nine men in the gang at the start, but all but four left the train further down the River line.

The men were placed in the lockup here and will be taken to Lock Haven today.

Still Bigger Egg.

Alex Bell, of the West Side, says that when one of his hens read about the big egg a hen at Stone House farm laid his own hen got busy and laid an egg that measured 7 inches one way and 8 inches the other Some egg, that.

Mrs. Harry Forcey Stricken.

Mrs. Harry Forcey, of Second street, is lying seriously ill at her home suffering from a stroke of paralysis. Her recovery cannot be predicted at this time.

CONFINE ACTIVE OPERATIONS.

Vera Cruz and Tampico Scene—Campaign Against Huerta.

Washington, April 23.—It is the present intention of the administration to confine the bed of active operations in Mexico to the ports of Tampico and Vera Cruz and not to attempt to send forces into the interior to Mexico City unless the lives of the Americans and other foreigners now there are in danger.

A lull in active hostilities is looked for after the two ports are occupied. President Wilson has made it clear that the single point of attack in the whole campaign is Huerta and nobody but Huerta. The forces of the United States will be used to pull Huerta from power and for no other purpose.

While senators were calling for the subjugation of Mexico from Juarez to Yucatan the president told his advisers he will not order the army to act in territory held by the Constitutionalists. An army force, if sent, will detour northern Mexico in all its movements. This means that the two-thirds of Mexico held by Huerta will be the only fighting ground and that Chihuahua, Sonora, Coahuila and the city of Torreon will not be fighting ground as long as they are held by Villa and Carranza.

COAL FOR ARMY TRANSPORTS

Fuel Sent to Galveston and Ammunition Distributed Along Border.

New Orleans, April 23.—Heavy shipments of coal and ammunition were made by the United States quartermaster's department from here. One hundred and twenty-five cars of coal went direct to Galveston to be used for coaling transports.

Ten cars of ammunition went to points along the Mexican border. It is understood that other large shipments will follow.

PRESIDENT WILSON SORRY.

Disheartened by News of Shedding of Blood at Vera Cruz.

Washington, April 23.—"I'm sorry; terribly sorry," were President Wilson's words when news of loss of life in taking Vera Cruz first reached him.

The president was sad and disheartened. As he walked slowly to his office through the White House his head was bowed and his face a study of deep feeling and gravity.

Tolstoy's Handwriting.

In the Revue de Paris Count Elie Tolstoy describes his mother's experiences as his father's amanuensis:

"Being very shortsighted, my mother had to bring her eyes close to the paper to decipher my father's frightful scrawl. The work often took her the whole evening and kept her busy until long after the rest of the household had gone to bed. When she found a passage which was quite illegible she used to go to papa and ask him to explain it. But that seldom happened, for she was very reluctant to disturb him. When she did so he took the manuscript from her and asked, with evident irritation: 'Well, what is it you can't understand?' Then he began to read it himself, but when he arrived at the puzzling passage he was invariably pulled up and had the greatest difficulty in even guessing what he had written."

Count Elie Tolstoy adds that while the spelling was often very bad, the countess never failed to put it right.

Elephant Skin.

Elephant skin is very beautiful. Moreover it is durable. But it is hard to get.

The price of a live elephant is not small, and, besides that, elephants do not grow within a stone's throw of our front doors. So the leather manufacturer that contracted to furnish many elephant skin bags at a given time would probably find himself under a big burden. He must wait until some tame, pet elephant, so to speak, dies.

The unlimited Free Chi-Namel offer made on page 4 by Clearfield Hardware Co. during the special demonstration shows the extent of their confidence in the make-good quality of that brand of varnish.

April 23-2t.

Threat to Kill Charged.

Joseph Bilik is in jail charged with assault and battery and threatening to kill Frank Hoczik, at Carnwath. Both men are Slavs.

Funeral of Murdered Italian.

The funeral of the Italian who was murdered on the West Side Sunday was held this morning and was largely attended.

Sugar, Coffee and Butter Cheaper

We are glad to announce a reduction on the above staple groceries. We can now sell 100 lbs Granulated Sugar $4.40
White House Coffee, lb for 30c
3 lbs for $1.00
Excelsior Coffee, 1 lb for 30c
3-lb can for 85c.
We reduced Alba Butter to 30c

R. C. Shaw Grocery Co.

BIG LOAF FLOUR

IS FOR SALE BY THE FOLLOWING MERCHANTS IN CLEARFIELD AND VICINITY

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Ross & Wehle,.. ....Clearfield
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McCloskey Bros., ...Clearfield
C. E. Shirey, ... Clearfield
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Bickford Store Co., Curwensville
T. C. Hile,.....Curwensville
Harry Tests, ...Curwensville
W. B. Fee & Son, Curwensville
G. M. Chase, ... Curwensville
C. F. Hays, ...Curwensville
T. D. Small & Son, Curwensville
W. A. Hipps, ...Curwensville
Rafferty Bros.....Grampian
Grampian Supply Co..Grampian
W. E. Derrick,. .... .Grampian
A. McGrath, ... Grampian
H. P. Wrigleswerth, ..Grampian
F. M. Hartsfield, ... Grampian
J. T. Pichles, ...Woodland
W. D. Walker & Bro.. .Bigler
Ed. Shaw,. ..... Shawville
C. P. Rowles, ... Ofeola
D. B. Hile, ... Lumber City
F. B. Johnston, ... Curry Run

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Manufacturer's Agents for Pennsylvania.

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ON
Coats and Suits Before Easter

Men's Suits			Ladie's Coats and Suits		
$ 8.50 Suits, only		$ 5.75	$ 8.00 Coat or Suit		$ 5.98
10.00	" "	7.25	10.00	" "	6.75
12.50	" "	9.00	12.50	" "	8.89
15.00	" "	11.00	15.00	" "	9.95
18.00	" "	13.25	16.50	" "	10.75
20.00	" "	15.00	18.00	" "	12.75
22.00	" "	16.50			
25.00	" "	18.50			

The Kirschbaum & Co. and Schloss Bros. Clothes
Shoes, Oxfords, Shirts, Hosiery, Hats, Etc., For Easter.

All the newest shades and styles
New Waists, Shoes, Oxfords and Hosiery
Big reduction on all Hats in the Millinery Dept.

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CLEARFIELD CURWENSVILLE



April 15 to July 31

This is the Trout Fishing Season, the time in which it is lawful to catch the Speckled Beauties. We have the Tackle that will help get the big ones

DRY FLY FISHERMEN
We have the Genuine English Eyed Dri-Fly and the English Tapered Dri-Fly Leaders

Rods from 75c up
Silk Lines 15c up
Flies 1c up
Rod Cases 85c
Fly Books 25c to $4.50
Leaders from 5c to 50c
Baskets from 90c to $1.25
Landing Nets $1.25
Leader Boxes 25c
Everything for the Fisherman

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THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

Volume VIII — Clearfield, Pennsylvania, Thursday, April 23, 1914 — Number 215

ORDERED OUT OF MEXICO

O'Shaughnessey Dismissed From Country by Huerta

DECLARATION OF WAR COMING

Rebel Leader Carranza Says Seizure of Vera Cruz by Americans Was a Display of Hostility to All Mexicans—Dynamite Found in Proximity to American Torpedo Boats.

THE MEXICAN SITUATION.

Mexican troops were cleared out of Vera Cruz yesterday in a second fight in which six Americans were wounded, one fatally.

Washington was uneasy over a message from Carranza to President Wilson declaring the seizing of Vera Cruz to be a hostile act against Mexican people.

London received despatches that the Mexican cabinet had declared a general amnesty and that Huerta was preparing to unite all Mexico against the United States.

Mexico City in censored dispatches, was reported fairly quiet, but the state department was worried by failure to hear from Charge d'Affairs O'Shaughnessy, and thus set at rest rumors that he and his family had met violence.

Orders to seize Tampico were held back.

Responding to a message from President Wilson, the house of representative appropriated $500,000 for his use in bringing home American refugees from Mexico.

President Wilson signed the resolutions finally adopted by both houses of congress justifying his action in forcing Huerta and his followers to show respect for the United States flag.

Special to the Progress.

Washington, April 23—O'Shaughnessey, charge d'affairs for the United States government, has been ordered out of Mexico.

The formal declaration of war is expected hourly.

Dynamite Found in Proximity to American Vessels.

Galveston, Tex., April 23—Police last night discovered near the United States torpedo boats Reid, Preston and Flusser a large quantity of dynamite. Thirty-six sticks were found in a grip within 10 feet of the torpedo boats. In the grip were caps and fuses.

Three persons, two of whom are Mexicans, unknown here, have been arrested. They claim to be workmen who are blasting stumps on the mainland here and admitted to placing explosives on the wharf, but said the dynamite was left there while they sought transportation across the bay.

Says He'll Have 400,000 Men in the Field in Twenty Days.

Mexico City, April 21 (delayed). — General Huerta has given out the following statement:

"Mexico is defending not only her national sovereignty, but that of all Latin Aemerica as well. This is not a war between the Mexican and the American peoples, but between Mexico and the government of the United States, which is controlled by men who have forced this situation upon us in spite of our efforts to the contrary.

"We shall have 400,000 men in the field in twenty days."

General Huerta also assuredCharge O'Shaughnessy personally and in the friendliest tone that he and all Americans here would be defended against all attack.

Rebel Leader Says American Action Was Not Justified.

Washington, April 23—General Carranza's first statement of the rebel view of the seizure of Vera Cruz and the American program was received in Washington yesterday.

It avoids mention of rebel intentions in the matter but states that the United States erred in that the action intended to affect the individu. Huerta, was in reality an act of hostility to the Mexican nation.

News that General Carranza had taken this attitude fell like a bombshell in official circles last night.

Amnesty Offered Rebels.

London, April 23—A dispatch to th Daily Mail from Mexico City sent on Tuesday night says that the Mexican cabinet on that night decided to promulgate a general amnesty so that all Mexicans may be united in the defense of their country.

Is O'Shaugnessey Safe?

Washington, April 23—After having exhausted numerous lines of inquiry as to the whereabouts and welfare of Nelson O'Shaughnessy, Secretary of State Bryan at 10 o'clock last night announced that no word had come from Mexico concerning the American Charge d'Affaires at Mexico City since Monday.

SWAT THE FLY

Uncle Walt Tells How to Get Rid of the Pests.

The early fly's the one to swat. It comes before the weather's hot, and sits around and flies its legs, and lays at least ten million eggs, and every egg will bring a fly to drive us crazy by and by. Oh, every fly that skips our swatters will have 5 million sons and daughters, and countless first and second cousins and aunts and uncles, scores of dozens, and fifty-seven million nieces; so knock the blamed thing all to pieces. And every niece and every aunt—unless we swat them so they can't—will lay enough dodgasted eggs to fill up ten five-gallon kegs, and all these eggs, ere summer hies, will bring forth twenty trillion flies.And thus it goes, an endless chain, so all our swatting is in vain unless we do that swatting soon, in Maytime and in early June. So, men and brothers, let us rise, gird up our loins and swat the flies! And sisters, leave your cozy bowers where you have wasted golden hours; with ardor in your souls and eyes, roll up your sleeves and swat the flies!—Walt Mason

FUNERAL OF W. A. PORTER

Remains Were Laid to Rest in Hillcrest Cemetery Yesterday.

The funeral of William A. Porter, whose death resulted from a stroke at Charleston, West Virginia, were laid to rest in Hillcrest cemetery Wednesday afternoon, services being held at the home of Harry B. Powell at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

The funeral services were in charge of Rev. Dr. Reeve, assisted by Dr. Fife, of Philadelhpia, and Dr. Waddell, of Bellevue, former pastors of the Presbyterian church here.

The pallbearers were: Alfred Graham, A. B. Reed, Allen Wrigley, Fred G. Betts, H. B. Hartswick, H. B. Powell, J. Blair Read and A. B. Weaver.

OPERATORS AND MEN ARE NOW IN SESSION

Conference Committees Met in Clearfield Today

The joint conference of committees of mine operators and miners called for the purpose of endeavoring to adjust the differences existing between the two bodies in the Clearfield bituminous district, opened in this place this afternoon at 1.30. The conference is being held behind closed doors, and as the sessions are likely to last until late this afternoon no information as to the progress of the negotiations can be secured at this time.

The scale committee of District No. 2 met here yesterday and discussed the questions which will be considered at the conference this week. It is the opinion of those who have been studying the situation that the conference this week will end with an amicable agreement on the more important matter in dispute and that mining will be resumed, probably about the first of May.

Retrenchment on R. R. & P.

The Buffalo Rochester and Pittsburgh Railway company has laid off many men in the Indiana, Pa., section owing to the shutting down of the mines. Only a couple of freights now run over the Indiana branch each day, whereas as high as 50 were moved in one day some weeks ago. Ten telegraph operators have been laid off temporarily.

Frost This Morning.

A slight frost this morning greeted the early riser and dampened the ardor of amateur gardeners.

U. S. TROOPS CONTROL CITY OF VERA CRUZ.

Port Falls After Two Days' Fighting.

BIG GUNS WERE USED

Six Thousand Bluejackets and Marines Landed.

SIX SHIPS SHELLED CITY.

After Intermittent Firing All Night American Officers Decided to Put a Stop to It—Vessels and Marines Drove All Mexican Troops From Their Positions—Residential Portion of City Under Guns of Prairie.

Washington, April 23.—American marines have been landed at Tampico. This was admitted by Secretary Bryan. When asked if marines had entered the city the secretary said:

"Yes, I think so. But you had better ask the navy department. I think it is better for all such information to come from one source."

Secretary Bryan was then asked if the Mexican federals resisted the landing of American troops.

"I don't want to discuss that," he replied.

A dispatch to the navy department says that there was no resistance at Tampico. The landing force is now in possession of the port and has taken over the custom house and the cable office.

It was announced at the White House that Vera Cruz is now entirely in the possession of the American forces and that no noncombatants had been injured.

The announcement said:

"Dispatch received from Consul Canada announced that the American forces are now in entire possession of the city, that apparently there are no fatalities among Americans and foreign noncombatants and that firing has ceased, except for occasional picket shots."

Consul Canada reported that "many arrests" were being made in Vera Cruz during "a house to house" search for armed citizens now being made.

Attack at Vera Cruz.

Vera Cruz, April 23. — After four hours of fierce fighting in Vera Cruz, during which the big guns on six of the large American battleships were trained on various parts of the city, every Mexican soldier was either captured or driven out of the city by United States marines and bluejackets, who had been landed in the early morning hours. The city is in complete control of the American officers, and not a bit of resistance has been met since noon on the second day of the first battle of the war with Mexico.

A Red Cross hospital has been set up in an adjacent hotel and also in a terminal of the National Railroad of Mexico. Captain Anderson is in command of the forces ashore.

The federal troops under General Maas evacuated the city. Machine guns taken ashore from the battleships command the principal streets, and American forces are in complete control of the city. The troops have begun a house to house search for combatants. Most of the casualties occurred in a public square adjacent to the terminal building.

Mexican snipers were sheltered in a tower at the police barracks which was subsequently riddled with the shells. Rear Admiral Badger issued a proclamation to the effect that the United States troops will not take aggressive action and that they have no wish to harm the customs building, the postoffice or consulates. The streets of the city were completely deserted and the city appeared to be a city of the dead. The condition of some of the wounded is serious. No further casualties were reported. Refugees are being taken on board the Espe ranca.

It is also reported that General Maas has only retired a short distance from the city and expects re-enforcements shortly.

The landing of troops from Rear Admiral Badger's vessels was carried out in a most impressive and orderly manner and was not attended by a single accident. The night was a most beautiful one, and as boatload after boat load sped from ship to ship, the scene was not one likely soon to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The transfer of machine guns to the shore was also carried out with remarkable expedition and without a single hitch.

Canada's Report.

The following is the report made by Mr. Canada:

"Firing commenced from the Mexicans at daybreak. Our ships immediately began to shell the southern part of the city.

"A large force of bluejackets and marines from the fleet of Rear Admiral Badger, which arrived during the night, was landed before daylight to support Admiral Fletcher's men.

"At the same time I caused to be widely circulated copies of a proclamation signed by Admiral Fletcher requesting the local authorities and the population of the city to aid us in restoring order.

"Major Butler and his command from Tampico are now ashore, and the Florida, Utah, Arkansas, Vermont, New Hampshire, South Carolina and Prairie are lying in close, using their guns.

"The Hancock with its marines has been reported.

"The American forces, which commenced their general attack, operated under the guns of the war vessels. We have no details of Mexican casualties, but believe that up to 8 o'clock 150 Mexicans had been killed or wounded."

When day broke Captain Rush and Lieutenant Colonel Neville, commanding the landing force, controlled the water front and all streets in the vicinity of the consulate. They were content to hold what they had taken and make no advance toward the central part of the city.

General Maas Reported Fleeing

General Maas is reported to have fled from the city with his family. Many of the city officials are also said to have fled.

A scout returning from the center of the city reported that he understood General Maas and many of the city officials left town with their families in carriages shortly after noon.

The Mexican troops were left practically without officers to act as they chose.

Today what is left of Maas' command is scattered throughout the central portion of the city. A large number have deserted.

A Pleasant Moment.

"I am told," said a beautiful woman to a dub of a man the other day, "that my lovely cousin, Miss X., has made a deep impression on you."

"Is Miss X. your cousin?" burbled the dub excitedly. "Indeed she did! She is one of the loveliest girls I ever met. I'll tell you just what kind of a hit she made with me. I met her at the Dashes' dinner, and she sat on the other side of me, and I talked with her the whole time, and I can't even remember who my dinner partner was."

"I thought not," said the beautiful woman dryly. "I was your dinner partner."—New York Globe.

CAPTAIN RUSH.

Leader of United Forces That Entered Vera Cruz When City Was Captured.



Photo by American Press Association.

Captain Rush led the American troops when they entered Vera Cruz. He was in absolute command of the landing forces. To his caution is due the fact that but four American troops were killed. Captain Rush stated that he did everything possible to prevent the necessity of opening fire with the guns on the vessels, but found it unavoidable when the Mexicans entrenched themselves in strong positions and fired at the United States troops from ambush, so to speak. This is the most recent picture of Captain Rush.

OLD PARTIES ARE FAITHLESS

So Declares Gifford Pinchot at West Chester Chautauqua

LIVING UNDER THE MAGNATES

Says That Trusts are in Full Swing and Makes Earnest Plea for Laws to Save Country from the Dreaded Monopolies—Progressives Have the Remedy.

Gifford Pinchot was one of the drawing cards at the closing of the chautauqua sessions at West Chester Tuesday night.

Prior to the meeting a reception was given him at one of the town inns, which was largely attended. John J. Green, the Progressive party leader, entertained Mr. Pinchot and held a reception, with the customary forms of introduction to the callers.

Before a large audience, Mr. Pinchot, in opening, spoke of the valued services to the country of Dr. Joseph T. Rothrock, of West Chester, late forestry commissioner of Pennsylvania. He said that there areProgressives in this country nowadays because the Democratic and the Republican parties had failed to perform their pledged duty and both had become so corrupt that many of the people could no longer stand the conditions.

Living Under Magnates.

"We are now living under the magnates," he said, "as one-twentieth of all the land in this country is owned by 1641 persons, and 90 per cent of the coal lands of Pennsylvania is owned by forty persons. The Democrats have not fulfilled their platform pledges and have done many things that they should not have done, and both the leading political parties have departed from partisan policies to avert panic during their respective administrations. The Republican party is controlled by the special interests, so all lovers of democratic government should vote for the Progressive party, for the Democratic party is no longer democratic. The Democratic party has violated the civil service regulations by displacing competent officials with inefficient job seekers."

He said that the trusts of all kinds are now in full swing, and made a plea for laws to save the country from the dreaded monopolies, and said that the Progressive policies provided this remedy. In referring to the Panama canal tolls question, Mr. Pinchot said that the Democrats have become the allies of the railroads against the coastwise shipping interests.

COMPENSATION BILL

Measure Provides Pay for Injured Government Employes.

The Kern-McGillicuddy bill to provide compensation for employes of the United States suffering accidents or occupational diseases in the course of their employment was favorably reported Tuesday by the national house judiciary committee. The bill has been urged by the American Association for Labor Legislation and is indorsed by numerous labor and civic bodies.

Existing act of 1908 which the Kern-McGillicuddy bill is designed to replace, is it is alleged, the worst compensation law ever enacted. According to former Commissioner of Labor Neill, "No other country offers to the widow and children of an employe killed in its service an amount so pitifully and disgracefully small".

More than one-third of a million men and women are employed by the government,many of them in hazardous undertakings, such as river and harbor work, navy yards and arsenals the reclamation and forestry services and in the canal zone.

Work Progressing Finely.

The rear wall of the original building of the Leitzinger Bros. Department store has been torn down and a hositing machine erected. Contractor Snokel is pushing the work of reconstructing the building.

A Good Catch.

Alexander Bell, of the West Side, braved the bad weather of yesterday, and went fishing, returning last evening with 18 trout.

SEGREGATION IS DENOUNCED

Able Paper Read Before [illegible] A. M. E. Conference

INJUSTICE OF THE PROPOSITION

Rev. W. L. Brown, Ph. D., of Bedford Condemns Proposed Congressional Legislation, Which Would Impose a Great Handship Upon the Negro Employees of the Government—Proceedings of Conference.

The sessions of the Pittsburgh conference of the African M. E. church held in the West Side M. E. church were yesterday full of interest to the delegates and visitors.

In the morning able addresses were made by Rev. J. W. Hagan, John Logan and Rev. P. J. Blackburn. An interesting report on schools was made by Rev. F. H. Alleyne, B. D.

At the afternoon session papers were read by Rev. P. A. Scott, Rev. J. N. Gibbs and Rev. W. L. Brown, Ph. D. The latter discussed "Federal Segregation," his views being worthy of the extended notice given them in this article.

The thirty minute song service in the evening was heartily enjoyed and was followed by sermon by Rev. H. L. Hughes and an altar service by Rev. C. A. McGee.

The sessions will continue throughout today.

Federal Segregation.

Following is the full text of the paper on "Federal Segregation," read by Rev. W. L. Browne, Ph. D.:

This eternal bugaboo and negro question has been a disturbing element in public and political discussion from the foundation of the government down to the present hour. The public mind may seek temporary relief by focusing attention on economic and material issues, the perplexed statesman may put it aside for some more convenient season, yet ever and anon it recurs with unabated aggravation. At the present time it appears in the form of the pending proposition to segregate the employes under the civil service of the federal government. Should this proposal become enacted into a law, it would more definitely indicate the inferior status of the negro race, before the law, than any single legislation act since the adoption of the constitution. It would, indeed, seriously affect the declared purpose and spirit of our national policy based upon absolute equality of citizens in all public considerations.

The federal statute books, so far, are free from race or class legislation. At the time of the founding of the constitution, one-fifth of the population was of African blood and servile status, but the far-seeing wisdom of the founders outwitted all racial designation, or discrimination in the organic law. A government boasting of equality as its basic principle that should deliberately debase the weak and helpless among its own citizens would be an anomoly in the eyes of the nations of the earth. Amid all of the passion and tumult of the anti-slavery conflict, the federal statutes were kept free from the odium of race distinction. The obiter-dictum of a chief justice of the supreme court which injected race distinction into the decision of that tribunal was swiftly repudiated by the moral indignation of the aroused conscience of the American people.

For this government today to declare that the negro shall not enjoy identical rights and privileges with the rest of his fellow citizens would be equivalent to the enactment of the discredited dogma of Judge Taney—that "A Negro has no rights that a white man is bound to respect." Indeed, the principle involved is just as vital to the ideal of the nation today as it was sixty years ago, although the public conscience may be less keenly alive to it.

The war amendments to the constitution reaffirmed the original intention—that there should be no race distinction recognized by the national government. These great amendments written into the constitution by the point of the bayonet dipped in patriotic blood, can never be, nor their purpose ultimately defeated. Race discrimination is mentioned only to be forbidden. Mindful of

Continued on 4th page

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson IV.—Second Quarter, For April 26, 1914.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Luke xv, 1-10. Memory Verses, 8-10—Golden Text, Luke xv, 10—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

There was something in His teaching which reached the hearts of these publicans and sinners who were so despised by the self righteous Pharisees. He was full of grace and truth: they knew the truth that they were sinners and they needed the grace that was in Him. He taught as one having authority and not as the scribes; never man spake like this man (Matt. vii, 29; John viii, 46). That which the Pharisees sneeringly said of Him, "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them," was, and still is, gloriously true. He is still saying, "If any man hear my voice and open the door I will come in to him and will sup with him and he with Me" (Rev. iii, 20).

The word here translated "receiveth" is generally translated "waiting or looking for." Weymouth's rendering is, "He gives a welcome to notorious sinners." Not only does He receive sinners when they come to Him (John vi, 37), but He is on the lookout for them. He came to seek and to save that which was lost (Luke xix, 10). If we are truly His disciples, as in the last lesson, we, too, will seek in all the world the lost ones whom He came to save, the "whosoevers" who will make up His body, the church.

Their murmuring led Him to speak the threefold parable of the lost sheep, the lost coin and the lost son, in which we see the love of the Son as the shepherd, the love of the Spirit and the love of the Father. The love of God is the greatest topic in all the Bible and was specially manifest in His giving His only Son for us that we might not perish, as it is written, "In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world that we might live through Him." "Hereby perceive we the love of God because He laid down His life for us" (I John iii, 16; iv, 9). The story of the shepherd and the lost sheep is found also in Matt. xviii, 11-14, and the record of the Good Shepherd is found most fully in John x, where He not only cares for the sheep, but gives His life for them. In our lesson He is seen seeking till He finds; laying it on His shoulders, rejoicing, bringing it safely home and calling others to rejoice with Him.

In Heb. xiii, 20, 21, He is the Great Shepherd who, having found and saved, works in us that which is well pleasing in His sight. In I Pet. v, 1-4, He is the chief shepherd rewarding His own for faithful service. Thus we have again the threefold aspect of our relation to Him as in last lesson—saved, serving, waiting for Him. I have often been glad that when He finds His sheep He brings it home; He does not drop it by the way. And what a place it is to be on His shoulders, us and our burdens, too (Deut. xxxiii, 12; Isa. ix, 6, 7). There must be more significance than we have ever seen in these words, "The Lord is my shepherd," and if we fully believed we could not but rejoice (I Pet. i, 8).

Woman is a type of the church, both true and false, but here she represents the true church in the power of the Holy Spirit seeking diligently that which is lost. The sheep set before us one phase of the condition of the lost, as when we read, "I have gone astray like a lost sheep," "All we like sheep have gone astray" (Ps. cxix, 176; Isa. liii, 6). The piece of silver may suggest the indifference of the lost, as when we read of being dead in trespasses and sins (Eph. ii, 1). In both cases the Lord is the seeker, as He has always been ever since He sought Adam in the garden of Eden, after he had sinned, saying, "Where art thou?" (Gen. iii, 9.) He does not merely call us to come, but knowing that we are as helpless as Mephibosbeth, who was lame in both feet, He sends and fetches us into His presence and by His great love causes us to fall on our faces in true penitence, then gives us all (II Sam. ix, 3, 5, 6, 7, 13).

Like the good Samaritan, He finds us helpless and wounded and tenderly cares for us and puts us in His place and brings us to a place of rest and continues to care for us (Luke x, 33-35). Like Paul in the case of Onesimus, He says to His Father concerning the sinner, "Receive him as Myself; if he hath wronged thee or oweth thee aught, put that on mine account" (Phi. xvii, 18). "God commendeth His love toward us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v, 8).

In the story of both the sheep and the piece of money, note the conclusion, "Joy in heaven, * * * joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth" (verses 7, 10). Does it not seem that if we really believed that, we who are saved would have a greater desire to have others know and share the great salvation? How much of the spirit of Christ have we if we have not His heart of compassion for the lost? He became poor for us and suffered in our stead for our sins. How are we proving that we are His disciples? "He that winneth souls is wise." "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever." It was Paul's ambition "by all means to save some" (Prov. xi, 30; Dan. xii, 3; I Cor. ix, 22). What does the Lord see in our hearts in this matter?

Unwatched Men Are Honest.

There are restaurants downtown where thousands of men are put on their honor every week. They go into these luncheon rooms, select the food they wish, eat it and when they pass out pay the cashier whatever they want to.

"Do these men cheat?" I asked the proprietors of two such places.

"Not more than once in 200 times does anybody pay us too little," said one of them. "The loss is so trifling it is not worth while bothering about, let alone watching."

"The money we lose," said the other manager, "doesn't amount to a dollar a week."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Excuse Me."

With a record of nine months at the Gaiety Theatre in New York, and having every feature which caused it to be hailed at the best farce theatregoers had been offered in years, "Excuse Me", the Rupert Hughes' play which has the subtitle of "A Pullman Carnival," comes to the New Opera house, Friday, April 24, for one night only. As a play "Excuse Me" has given to Rupert Hughes an eminence as a writer of farce that is shared by no contemporary playwright. It is emphatically a novelty. Throughout its action there is not one instance of mistaken identity, no male person is required to masquerade in feminine garments, and none of the other age-old and now tiresome rules for provoking laughter in this sort of play has been observed. The subtitle is aptly descriptive. Mr. Hughes has taken a score and a half persons from everyday American life, placed them aboard a Pullman sleeper on an Overland flyer bound from Chicago to the Pacific Coast, and let things happen. And the things that happen, while they are perfectly logical in their origin and their sequence, keep up laughter for three acts. There are a score of contrasting types in the Pullman's passenger roster and every one is interesting because of himself as well as because of his relation to his fellows. The action of the play is rapid and changeable. The fact that it kept New Yorkers laughing for nine consecutive months is a good argument as to its merits, to which can be added the runs of sixmonths in Chicago, and four months in Boston. Mail orders with money enclosed received now and filled in the order they are received.

WANTED—Woman to clean the opera house each morning. Apply at the Opera house office.

ELECTION DATA

Information of Interest to Candidates and Voters of State.

cluding members state committee.

April 24—Before 4 p. m. last day for withdrawal of candidates filing such petitions.

April 28—Last day for filing nominating petitions for party offices in counties.

May 1—Before 4 p. m. last day for withdrawal of candidates who have filed petitions for party offices in counties.

May 9—Last day to have errors in party enrollment corrected.

May 19—Primary election—7 a. m. to 7 p. m.

June 3—Last day for filing statement of primary expenses.

Sept. 2—Last day to be assessed for November election.

Oct. 3—Last day to pay tax to qualify for November election.

Nov. 3—General election—7 a. m. to 7 p. m.

Dec. 3—Last day for filing November election expenses.

CLEANUP DAY

Board of Health Issues Notice to the Clearfield Citizens.

The Board of Health has set Saturday, April 25, as the date forClearfield citizens to clean up their premises and place Clearfield in a spick and span condition. On or before that date every citizen should clean up his or her premises, removing and disposing of everything that would have a tendency to make the premises look unsightly or in any way would become unsanitary or create any unhealthful condition. Clearfield has earned the reputation of being one of the healthiest towns in the state, due in part to the earnest efforts of its citizens to make it so. Remember the day and the date and your duty as a good citizen.

After the date set for the general clean up any condition in the borough found unsanitary will immediately be declared a nuisance and corrected by the proper authorities at the expense of the maintainer, in addition to fines and costs imposed in such matters. Apr 20 1 wk.

Constipation

Impossible to be well. The foe to good health. Correct at once. *Ayer's Pills.* One at bedtime. Sold for 60 years.

Ask Your Doctor. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

TAKE SALTS TO FLUSH KIDNEYS

Eat less meat if you feel Backachy or have Bladder trouble.

Meat forms uric acid which excites and overworks the kidneys in their efforts to filter if from the system. Regular eaters of meat must flush the kidneys occasionally. You must relieve them like you relieve your bowels; removing all the acids, waste and poison, else you feel a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sours, tongue is coated and when the wheather i bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment; the channels often get irritated obliging you to get up two or three times during the night.

To neutralize these irritating acids and flush off the body's urinous waste get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine and bladder disorders disappear. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice combined with lithia and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys and stop bladder irritation. Jad Salts is inexpensive; harmless and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then, thus avoiding serious kidney and bladder diseases.

Automobile for sale. Cole 1913 touring car. Bargain to quick buyer. Address Mr. James, Dimeling hotel. April 22 2t.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

CONGRESS.

Clearfield, Pa., Feb. 24, 1914.

I hereby announce as a candidate for the Democratic nomination as Representative in Congress from the Twenty-first district. Your vote and influence respectfully solicited. Primary election Tuesday, May 19th.

WM. E. TOBIAS,
Clearfield, Pa.

For Congress—

CHARLES H. ROWLAND,
of Philipsburg,

announces his candidacy for nomination for congress in the 21st district, subject to the decision of the Republican voters of the district.

STATE SENATOR.

For State Senator—

A. S. MOULTHROP,
of DuBois Borough.,

subject to the decision of the Washington Party voters at the primary election to be held May 19,1914.

(Endorsed by the Prohibition Party of Clearfield county.)

I stand for and will support state prohibition, or any local option measure that offers relief to state, county, or smaller units.

I stand for and will support woman suffrage.

I stand for and will support a compensation bill, also a child labor bill

I am against Penrose first, last and all the time, and will seek by every honorable method to prevent his nomination and election.

ASSEMBLY.

For Assembly.—

G. H. PLANTEN,
of Westover Borough,

subject to the action of the Washington Party voters at the primary election to be held Tuesday, May 19, 1914.

(Endorsed by the Prohibition party of Clearfield county.)

For Assembly—

A. G. WOODWARD,
of Curwensville Borough.

subject to the will of the Washington Party voters at the primaries May 19, 1914.

I will work and vote for those laws that will bring credit and honor to our State as advanced in the State platform of the Washington Party at the Harrisburg conference.

For local option first, last and all the time.

For Assembly—

EDWARD LIPPART,
of Lawrence township,

subject to the decision of the Washington party voters at the primary election to be held Tuesday, May 19, 1914.

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF

WANTS

Eggs for Hatching.

Barred Rocks, Rhode Island Reds and Silver Wyandottes, 50 cts per setting. B. O. Williams, 605 Hannah street. H. & C. phone. April 1, tf.

Eggs for Hatching.

S. C. Mottled Anconas, $1.00 per setting of 15. Leslie F. Hopfer, 613 Dorey St., Clearfield. H. & C. Phone. March 23 1 mo.

Dressmaking.

For all kinds of dressmaking and ladies tailoring, call 416 E. Market street. Apr. 4. 1mo.

Awnings for sale and put up. Lee Hess, 17 S. 4th St. H. & C. phone 225. Mar. 31. tf.

LOST: a bunch of keys. Finder will please report same to Progress office.

Wood For Sale—Sawed to stove length. Apply to Witmer Steel Co., or C. L. Rishel, drayman. Apr. 14 tf.

Private Sale—Household goods. C. I. Evans, 437 West Locust street. Apr 17 1wk.

WANTED—Whitewashing and garden making. Work guaranteed satisfactory. Address "Garden", care of Progress. Apr. 17 3t. eod.

FOUND—Old Roman gold pin with initials. Loser can have same by calling at this office and paying for this notice.

FOR SALE—1913 four cylinder Hudson touring car, fully equipped cheap to quick byer. Address M., Progress office. Apr. 17 tf.

Let us demonstrate to you what our cleaner will do. No grease or other injurious ingredients used. Clearfield Sanitary Cleaning and Decorating company, No. 8, 4th St.

Rough Dry Washing done, 30 cts. per dozen. Mrs. Geppert, 312 South Third Street. Apr 20 2t

FOR SALE—Property on Locust street. Inquire of Mrs. J. C. Hollopeter on premises. Apr 21 6t.

FOUND—String of rosary beads. Owner call at 434 Spruce.

Church Dinner.

The Ladies Aid society will serve a dinner of shad or ham and eggs at the Baptist church on Friday, April 24, from 5 to 7 P. M. Supper, 35 cents. Ice cream and cake extra. Apr. 20 5t.

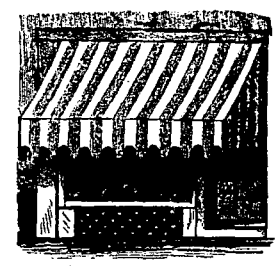
DISTRIBUTING AGENTS — Eithe sex. Earn $12.50 per 100. Giving free pkgs. Blumer's Perfumed Laundry Starch. All or spare time. 1528Blumer Bldg., Lincoln and Roscoe, Chicago.

Private Sale of Horses.

Twenty-five head heavy draft horses, brood mares, general purpose horses and driving horses, at private sale. Feister's livery stable, Clearfield, Pa.

MOELLER & ANDERSON.
Apr. 18 5t.

Get the Best...
Mother's Bread
Has no Superior; Few Equals.
CITY BAKERY
NO. 12 THIRD ST.
Clearfield, Penn'a.



A Residence Awning

Good Material and First Class Workmanship for

$2.35

Complete

Call on or Phone

A. LEA HESS,
17 S. Fourth Street

J. G. MAINS
AUCTIONEER
R. F. D. No. 1, Woodland, Pa.
Satisfaction Guaranteed

The Woman's Club

Owing to the lateness of the Spring, the Wild Flower Contest, fixed for May 1st, has been postponed. Announcement later.

PUBLICITY COMMITTEE

Good Advice

Spring Is at hand and there are many little things you need in the way of Tools to work about in the garden and lawn. We have anticipated your wants by laying in the most complete stock of Garden Tools ever carried by a Clearfield house. We have a full line of Keen Kutter Garden Tools, and in fact everything in the way of Garden Furniture. Pay us a visit and be convinced. You are welcome

BOTH PHONES

A SQUARE DEAL
WILLIAM F. POWELL
23 SO. SECOND ST.

CLEARFIELD DECORATING CO.

Open all day and evenings until 9 o'clock.



Artistic Wall Papers

Shown In Your Own Home

The choicest designs and colorings. Every pattern new.

We will deliver all purchases in town and to the Railroad Stations for out-of-town buyers.

CLEARFIELD DECORATING CO.

Painting and Paper Hanging Done Promptly

Store on Third Street Below Market

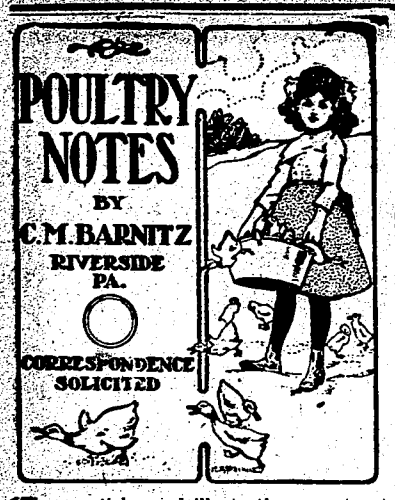
What are you going to do with your last Season's Tires . . . . ?

Bring them in and let us look 'em over carefully—we may be able to save those old ones. We know of many casings that have been sold to the junk dealer that could have been repaired by an expert vulcanizer. Yes, and given the owner at least another thousand miles or two of good service.

You don't want to discard your old tires by outside appearances—you may be throwing away actual dollars. We will honestly tell you if you need a new tire or if our **Vulcanizing Plant** can repair it. It is certainly to our interest to tell you the absolute truth and we will not tell you a repair can save a tire when the best move would be to buy a new casing. You can depend on our repairs—they're done with the best material, by a man who knows his work from A to Z.

Clearfield Vulcanizing Co.
18 South Third St. Clearfield, Pa.

TRY AN AD IN THE PROGRESS. IT WILL PLEASE YOU



[These articles and illustrations must not be reprinted without special permission.]

NATURAL NEST BEST FOR TURKEYS.

When Mother Turkey goes trilling round in the spring peeping here and peering there, and the boys come running in and shout, "Mother, the old turkey's huntin' a nest!" Now, don't you do as some of our grand and great grandmothers did.

They discounted the natural, wild turkey instinct of Mother Turkey, thought to improve on nature and made her nest in a barrel, or box, and though their nature fake nesting,



Photo by C. M. Barnitz.

A NATURAL TURKEY NEST.

breeding and feeding were done with best intentions, these finally placed our country in the turkey graveyard class.

Now, look at our pictures. In the first Mother Turkey had her choice. She hunted and twittered around a long time before she found a place to suit her—a big, leafy brush heap in the woods.

She knew that minks and weasels and skunks would be nosing around, and the sharp eyed hawk and crow and the fiery eyed, velvet feathered owl would be after her and her speckled eggs, and she didn't want humans around to bungle the job either, and not till she hatched was her nest found and the brush, torn away, revealed her leafy retreat.

That's grand, true, natural nesting, that is! She sat there in perfect comfort for four weeks, dreaming of the pretty bird babies to come. The oak leaves and forest mold afforded a perfectly clean nest, the natural moisture from the ground kept her eggs from drying out and the thick, leafy canopy overhead gave perfect protection from sun and rain.



Photo by C. M. Barnitz.

THE OLD OAKEN BARREL.

No wonder poults hatched in such lovely environment are the best, but look at the barrel. How would you like to sit in a barrel on a hot scorching day? Think of Mother Turkey sitting in there for a whole month.

Do you suppose eggs hatch such good poults in a dry, dusty barrel as they do in nature's way? Can Mother Turkey change her position when she gets tired and turn and cool her eggs in such an uncomfortable place without breaking her eggs?

And the bugs. Don't such barrels get bughouse quick, especially when used for several hatches in succession as they often are?

Yes, everybody must 'fess that it's best for Mother Turkey to choose her own nest. All a human need do is to free her from lice before she nests and keep some feed handy to her retreat and water if there is not a chattering brook purling by.

DON'TS.

Don't grow old ungracefully and may your last days be your best days.

Don't grow weary in well doing, but don't do the editor for what is due.

Don't let sentiment influence you to keep show birds that are past paying.

BUSTED AGAIN.

The Blanks when New Year came around
Both signed a resolution
That they wouldn't break—oh, no mistake—
Until their dissolution.

She would not say an unkind word
Nor never call him "Sis,"
And home henceforth she'd make for him
A heaven of sweet bliss.

His temper Blank henceforth would hold
Within an iron grip
And never pull her false hair off
Nor call her "You old rip!"

But she his razor used for corns,
He broke a china plate.
This complicated everything
And led to a debate.

Then her emergency wouldn't work;
Her tongue just flew round loose.
His temper blew the safety off
At such awful abuse.

There was a fearful blowout then.
They both joyrided rash.
The shebang took an awful skid
And busted all to smash.

C. M. BARNITZ.

OVERWORKING THE HEN.

Hens, where system is used, are as much harnessed as a horse and may be driven to death or rendered unfit for future profit, or their energy may be so conserved that a good profit on the investment may be returned. Many drive their hens too hard in winter.

To get eggs in quantity they feed much rich, forcing food to stimulate the ovary, and thus digestive system and egg machinery are both overtaxed. To get eggs many feed red pepper, fenugreek, mustard or patented egg dope. These may hurry a few eggs ahead of the natural schedule, but cause injury to oviduct and digestive system, often kill the hen or burn out her egg machinery so she never lays again. It does seem cowardly to sneak dope into an unsuspecting hen's food. It often causes suffering and certainly is unnecessary where hens are of good stock, the proper age and properly cared for. People should be satisfied with a fair return on the investment, but high egg prices influence some to thus drive their hens too fast. This is why breeding stock is often no good in the spring. They have been "worked to death" all winter, and what eggs they lay are generally small, infertile or hatch weak chicks.

FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.

Yes, turkeys like fresh air, and their thick feathers are a protection against cold. But there's a limit. They should be protected against fierce storms and fed regularly and well during the winter.

This is certainly a big country and most too large for the law to handle, and it certainly is a task to catch all the food dopers. Tuberculosis beef and meat fixed with preservatives are sold to the public without compunction or fear of detection. The best way to get ahead of such swindlers is to eat less meat or raise your own.

The shipments of poultry, eggs and feathers from the 114 counties of Missouri last year reached $30,902,416. Missouri's poultry product is $50,000,000 per year, the result of pushing poultry culture, and every state in the Union has the same chance.

There ought to be at least a nest to every four hens, and each nest should just fit one hen comfortably. Where two hens can get on the same nest a fight and broken eggs may be expected.

You fellows that raise wheat needn't hold your heads so high. The whole wheat crop of 50,184,000 acres was only $610,120,000. The American hen's egg crop was over $500,000,000, and that was only half her crop and from much less land than the wheat acreage and with less expense.

A brooder house pays best where a good number of chicks must be hatched.

Over 75,000 auto licenses were issued in Pennsylvania the past season, and mighty few of them didn't average killing one chicken. Pretty hard on farm poultry, but as an offset they paid a tax of $750,000, to be applied to road building.

When news came from the North American egg laying competition that an Englishman's White Leghorn had broken the world's record by laying 292 eggs in a year, English fanciers went glad and Americans got sad and mad. But read this, you cranks: An American hen, half Leghorn and White Rock, has just skinned them all by finishing her year's record at the Oregon experiment station to the tune of 303 eggs. She did not stop to celebrate, but kept right on laying. Next.

The oldest chicken thief to be apprehended in Pennsylvania is eighty years old, sentenced in December to the Lancaster jail. Think of it—so near the grave and yet a knave!

Where nests are dark and roomy and sufficient for the hens you seldom see egg eating. Hens will always rush for a broken egg because like most humans they know a good thing when they see it.

The state game farm at Forked River, N. J., is a success. Forty incubator hatched quail, 200 wild Mallard ducklings, thousands of English pheasants and a wild turkey gobbler and ten hens live in the wild natural surroundings and promise well for future extension of the work.

It is real amusing to hear the remarks of male kickers when women exhibit fowls at the shows as if women weren't the producers of the bulk of the poultry in this country. There should be three jackass classes at the shows. One should be for fellows that knock the judge, the next for the fellow who knocks the show management, the third, or big jackass class should be for the fellows who criticise women for exhibiting their birds.

C. M. Barnitz.

ASTOR AND HIS FIANCEE.

Illness of Owner of Many Millions May Delay His Wedding, Set For April 30.



Vincent Astor is seriously ill with acute congestion of the right lung at Hopeland House, Staatsburg, N. Y., the country home of Robert P. Huntington, the father of his bride to be. Present indications, Mr. Huntington said, are that the marriage of Mr. Astor and Miss Helen Dinsmore Huntington, which was planned to take place on April 30, will have to be postponed. How long a postponement will be necessary Mr. Huntington could not say. Mr. Astor's illness, which was grave on Monday night, came after an attack of bronchitis which he had two weeks ago and from which he never fully recovered.

When the Full Moon Lights Sahara.

The following description of the Egyptian full moon is quoted from "It Happened In Egypt:"

"The stars spoke to us as we walked soft footed through the sand, and the pure wind of the desert spoke other words of the same language—the language of the universe and of nature. Here and there yellow lights in a distant camp flashed out like fireflies; far away across the billowing sands rocks bleached like bone gave an effect of surf on an unseen shore; now and then a silent, swift moving Arab stealing out of shadow might have been the white woman who haunts the sphinx hurrying to a fatal tryst, and the great pyramid seemed to float between desert sand and cloudless sky like the golden palace of Aladdin being transported through air by the genie of the lamp. There never was such gold as this gold of sand and pyramids under the moon!"

Bird Ballast—a Storm Sign.

"What is all that great crowd of crows doing?" we asked the aged lighthouse keeper.

"Them crows there," the old man answered, "is takin' on ballast—a sign of storm."

The beach, white in the winter sunshine, was covered with crows. They seemed to be feeding busily.

"No; they ain't feedin'," said the keeper. "They're swallerin' sand; ballast, you know—ballast for the high winds that are comin'. Yep, a storm is doo."

The crows rose, a trifle heavily, and flew back inland again. Soon, however, a fresh lot made a second great black blot on the white beach.

"Yep, them's my barometer," said the old keeper; "crows swallerin' sand for ballast—a sign a storm is doo."—New York Tribune.

Proud of His Infamy.

When the Volturno burned in mid-ocean a few of the men rushed the boats and were knocked down by the captain. What becomes of such men in after days? Do they hide in shame from their fellows, fearful that they may be recognized and their infamy proclaimed? Not necessarily. A public librarian was once visited by a man who came to him for a book on notable shipwrecks. He searched the pages eagerly, then pointed out a passage referring to a seaman who tried to take a woman's place in a lifeboat and had been shot by the captain. "I'm that man," he declared, proud that his exploit should appear in print, and offered to show the shot wound to support his claim.—Chicago News.

From Many, One.

"This is our most valuable fowl," said the amateur hen farmer.

"A fine bird," remarked the visitor, trying to look wise.

"Yes, indeed. We have named her E Pluribus Unum."

"Why the name?" the visitor questioned.

"She came from the only egg that hatched of fifty in the incubator"—New York Times.

LOVE PUT TO SEVERE TEST

Wooer's Trick Nearly Spoiled a Wedding.

"Tell me frankly, Agnes, what do you think of my lover?"

"Personal appearance?"

"Yes. You can judge of his mind in one meeting."

"Frankly, then, I don't like the looks of his left eye."

"Oh, dear! Have you noticed that?"

"You appear to have noticed it yourself."

"I have been worried to death about it."

"Has he explained it?"

"I have not asked him to do so."

"My advice to you, Louise, is to give him an opportunity to explain. If he doesn't, I would break the engagement. I wouldn't marry a man who would keep anything back."

My resolution was taken. That very afternoon I asked Paul:

"Why do you wear a monocle? It is so frightfully English."

"Because, sweetheart, I consider it useless to wear two glasses when I can see as well with one."

"I notice you always wear it before your right eye."

"Yes. That is the better one of the two."

"Don't you think," I said, "that on the eve of a marriage it is the duty of each of the parties to it to explain every defect, no matter how trivial?"

His brow contracted slightly. "You mean that if I should be blind in one eye you would break the engagement?"

"You wrong me. I only wish for perfect confidence. I don't want to find out anything after we are married."

"You'll have it all to find out," he said coolly, "and more important matters than defective eyesight. You may find that I have an imperious disposition, a bad temper, a grasping nature—indeed faults enough to make me a poor husband for any woman."

"That is a risk we all have to take, and since we are unconscious of our own faults there is no deception in not confessing them. But if, for instance, I wear false teeth or my foot is made of wood"—

"I would love you just the same."

"It would be a fault for me not to confess it," I persisted.

He showed very plainly that I had offended him.

"Very well, I will make a confession which may cause you to break your engagement with me. But I will not place you in a position to be influenced in your decision. I will write my confession on a scrap of paper and leave it with you. Take plenty of time to come to a decision whether or no you can live with a man with such a defect as mine, then write me."

Going to my secretary, he took up a bit of paper and a pencil and wrote his message, then, without looking at me, hurried from the room. I waited breathlessly till I heard the front door close after him, then sprang eagerly for the paper he had left on the desk. Great heavens! What a revelation!

"I wear a glass eye."

I sank down on the sofa limp as a wet cloth. Never, never; I can never live with a man with a glass eye. The horrid thing would stare at me the first thing in the morning and continue its dreadful ogle till the last thing at night. No; it is all over between us.

But what a misfortune! Poor Paul! How sensitive he is about it! I don't wonder that he is so. If it is such a terrible thing for me to look at how much more terrible it must be for him! Besides, he suffers all in losing me that I suffer in losing him.

I must be as gentle as a dove in breaking my decision to him. There is no need to take time. My mind is made up. We must part forever.

I took up the pen that he had just laid down—I kissed it as I did so—then began to write a note which when I read it seemed very harsh. I wrote another, then another and another till I had written half a dozen, each growing more tender, more loving. The last was simply, "Come back and let me comfort you for life."

When he came I was alone in the room to which he was ushered. I looked for a serious, melancholy expression, but was astonished to see a very merry one. He clasped me in his arms, saying:

"Louise, pardon me if I am a little late. Just as I was about to read your note my glass eye fell on the floor, and as I am very nearsighted I spent some time hunting for it."

"Never mind, Paul, dear. You will always have me to find it for you."

"You see," he said, taking off his monocle, "when I hold it off there I'm as blind as a bat, for my left eye in addition to nearsightedness has astigmatism."

He looked at me, both his eyes fairly dancing. The truth rushed upon me. His glass eyes was his eyeglass.

I suppose that the knowledge that after all he had two natural eyes should have made me inexpressibly happy. On the contrary, it made me inexpressibly angry. I tore myself from his embrace and was fleeing from the room when he caught me in his arms and covered my face with a shower of kisses. I bitterly complained that he had played me a trick. He declared that I should thank him for giving me the opportunity to prove the nobility of my nature in standing by him in his supposed misfortune.

WARDEN CLANCY.

May Be Called to Stand In Becker's Second Trial To Tell of New Confession.



Photo by American Press Association.

Warden Clancy was in a large measure responsible for the confession of "Dago Frank" before his execution. The prison warden also signed the statement and sent it at once to Governor Glynn. It is probable that District Attorney Whitman will call Clancy as a witness at the second trial of Becker if the last words of "Dago Frank" are used in the trial.

Poor Alexander.

A high school freshman, asked to recite on the life of Alexander the Great, extemporized as follows:

"Alexander was a quick tempered man. Once when he had taken too much wine he got angry at his best friend and killed him. Alexander was very much grieved and did everything he could to help bury his friend."—Everybody's.

Public Aids to Efficiency.

Address your mail correctly.

Speak distinctly when you use a phone.

Walk on the right side of the sidewalk.

Cross the street on crosswalks.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Simplicity and Nobility.

Between simple and noble persons there is always a quick intelligence. They recognize at sight and meet on a better ground than the talents and skills they may chance to possess, namely, on sincerity and uprightness.—

SAGE TEA KEEPS YOUR HAIR DARK

When Mixed with Sulphur It Brings Back Its Lustre and Abundance.

Gray hair, however handsome, denotes advancing age. We all know the advantages of a youthful appearance. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray and looks dry, wispy and scraggly, just a few applications of Sage Tea and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundred-fold.

Don't stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the tonic at home or get from any drug store a 50 cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy." Thousands of folks recommend this ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully, and removes dandruff, stops scalp itching and falling hair; besides, no one can possibly tell, as it darkens so naturally and evenly. You moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, its natural color is restored and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous, and you appear years younger

SEÑORA HUERTA.

Wife of the Dictator Continues Social Life Even In Time of War.





Free

A 20c size can of

Chi-Namel

Colored Varnish
Clear Varnish
White Enamel
Colored Enamel

Chi-Namel Varnish is waterproof and heel proof—made in all colors of wood. Use it for floors, linoleum, furniture and woodwork.

Colored Enamels for porch and out-door furniture. One coat hides the color and gives a durable hard finish that never softens after once dry.

Use this 20c coupon

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Good for one 20c can of Chi-Namel Varnish, any color you select, if holder will purchase a new 10c brush with which to give it a fair test.

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Good during Special Demonstration at our Store APRIL, 23, 24, 25.

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CLEARFIELD, PA.

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Entered at the Post Office at Clearfield, Pa., as mail matter of the Second class.

Thursday, April 23, 1914

COMING EVENTS.

Election of county superintendent of schools, May 5.

Pittsburgh conference A. M. E. church in West Side church, April 21, 22, 23.

Primary election Tuesday, May 19.

General election Tuesday, Nov. 3.

Good evening! Remember, a clean town means a healthy town.

WAR WITH MEXICO.

The United States is now at war with Mexico. Whatever the reasons that prompted President Wilson to order the seizure of Vera Cruz may be the American people indorse his action and will stand by him in his desire to bring peace to Mexico. ThatPeace cannot be had untilHuerta the dictator and butcher is forced to surrender his rule. Huerta himself no doubt welcomes war with the United States, for he was being hedged about so relentlessly by the rebels that his downfall was inevitable.

No one need expect a brief struggle in Mexico, if the natives rally to the support of Huerta. The country is a large one and the population is scattered to such an extent that subjugation of the country would be a long and tedious task. What position the rebels will take under the circumstances remains to be seen, but as none of the people of the republic ar to be trusted many of the rebels will undoubtedly go to the aid of Huerta.

The attitude of foreign nations is of some concern. That Japan would like to take advantage of the opportunity to mix in the fight there is no doubt, but Japan has sense enough to know that if she became involved with the United States Russia would take some action. Great Britain would readily go to Huerta's aid if she thought she could profit by aiding the dictator against the United States. Perfidious Albion is ever ready to prove that she is always looking out for the interests of Great Britain. There is so little to gain and so much to lose in trying to annoy the United States, however, that foreign nations will probably stand aloof, contenting themselves will selling arms and ammunition to the belligerents.

PINK TEA HEROES.

In looking over the roster of officers of army and navy who are expected to participate in the war with Mexico Pennsylvanians must be stricken with shame to learn that so few officers from this state are named as active commanders of soldiers or marines. An explanation of this disgraceful state of affairs is given in the statement that Senator Penros takes such good care of the Pennsylvania officers that these are either occupying posts far removed from the danger zone or are dancing attendance upon butterflies of fashion at seashore resorts or the national capital.

The fact of the matter is that the American army and navy officers who owe their positions to their political pull are not inclined to go to the front when their country calls them. They prefer to dawdle their time away in drawing rooms or clubs to enduring the hardships of actual service. Many of these parlor officers know more about the tango than they do aboutUpton's tactics or navigation. To drag these tin soldiers to Mexico to fight the greasers would be inflicting upon them a hardship from which they might never recover.

Of course, the borough will set the citizens a good example by cleaning up the streets and alleys, and the work should begin on Third street between Market and Locust.

The railroads claim that, since the establishment of the parcel post they have been compelled to carry mail at a loss. The statement is well founded, and the people can afford to pay the railroads a reasonable rate for transporting the mail.

Six fishermen who were on Kettle creek proudly boasted that they caught seventy pounds of trout, although the water was high and the weather bad. Twelve pounds of trout ought to be sufficient for almost any kind of a trout hog.

It is not believed that it will be necessary to call out the Gum Swamp sharpshooters as aids in whipping Mexico.

If everybody goes to war, who will be left to fight the municipal ownership of the water works battle?

GENERAL MAAS.

His Whereabouts Are Unknown Since Capture Of Vera Cruz by U. S.



Photos by American Press Association.

General Maas, the federal commander at Vera Cruz, put up the best possible fight under the circumstances, but he left when things began to look bad for him. In the picture there is shown also the telegraph office at Vera Cruz, which was captured by the United States troops. Enough operators were retained to keep the lines open to the Mexican capital.

CONGRESS SUPPORTS PRESIDENT WILSON

Grants Executive Full Power to Control Situation.

Washington, April 23.—American blood flowing in battle in Mexico spurred congress to action. The senate by a vote of 72 to 13 passed the Mexican resolution "justifying" the president's course in Mexico. The substitute resolution was placed before the house by Representative Flood. The house passed the amended resolution, placing absolute power, authority and complete responsibility in the president's hands.

Bloodshed in Vera Cruz stemmed the flood of oratory and Republican opposition in the senate. Not since the Spanish war have such spectacular and dramatic scenes been viewed in the capitol.

Careworn, hollow eyed and weary from fourteen hours' continuous debate, it was a haggard and motley group of senators who dragged themselves from the senate.

Keyed to a bitter pitch of partisan strife, the talk ceased and voting began in the senate shortly after 2:30 o'clock. Every amendment to the committee substitute was rejected. The resolution finally adopted does not mention Huerta and disclaims hostility against Mexico or her people. This was the substitute accepted and approved by the president.

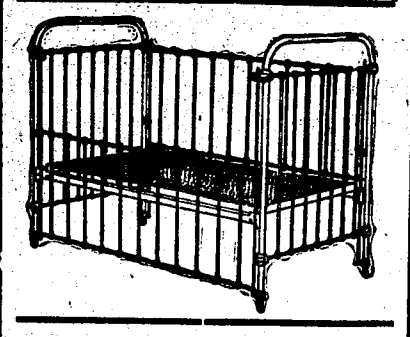
"Americans are dying while you are talking!" was the dramatic charge of Senator Reed of Missouri early in the morning, which stopped tongues in the senate and forced action. That a resolution in congress declaring war would soon follow the one "justifying" action was freely predicted at the capitol.

TELEGRAPHIC TICKS.

The Washington wage commission formally established $10 a week as a minimum wage for women employed in mercantile establishments. This is the highest amount yet fixed by any state for women so engaged.

"We want to enlist in the United States army," said three young women to Captain J. N. Shelton, officer in charge of the Louisville (Ky.) recruiting station. The officer told them that the men are still able to uphold the honor of the nation on the field of battle.

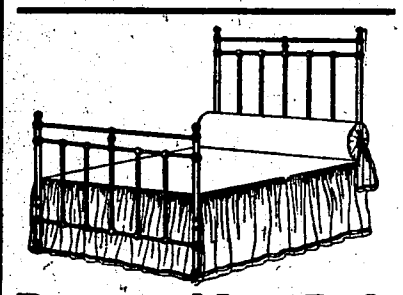
LEITZINGER BROS.



Foster's Baby Cribs

Famous all over the land. The sides slide down--held in place by a safety catch at each end--no chance for the baby to fall out. With each Foster Baby Crib purchased that sells for $7.50 up, you get free "Baby Days", the book that follows the baby through life. You paste the baby's picture in the book and when it is a month old you write the date the first tooth appeared; make a note of the baby's first word; you also name day of the baby's first step, and so on until the book is filled. When the baby grows up you would not take any amount of money for the book.

Foster Safety Cribs from $5.00 up. Mattresses to fit any size Foster Crib in stock.

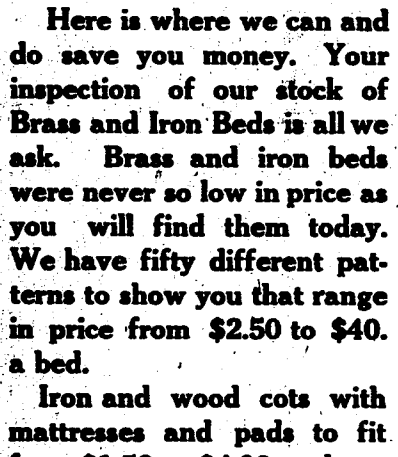


Brass and Iron Beds

Here is where we can and do save you money. Your inspection of our stock of Brass and Iron Beds is all we ask. Brass and iron beds were never so low in price as you will find them today. We have fifty different patterns to show you that range in price from $2.50 to $40. a bed.

Iron and wood cots with mattresses and pads to fit from $1.50 to $4.00 each.

It is said that half of your life is spent in bed---whether this holds good in all cases or not we cannot say, but in any event a good mattress would surely make that part of your life more comfortable. We make a specialty of mattresses and springs. No where will you find a better assortment. We can show you all grades from $3 each to the Ostermoor make.

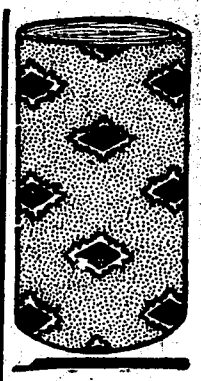


Heywood Gocarts and Carriages

This well-known make is sold here exclusively. This season the call is for Reed or Rattan Gocarts. The large roomy cart and light weight make the Reed Cart popular.

The Reversible Cart that you can turn either way without turning the wheels is one of the new improvements this season.

LEITZINGER BROS. LEITZINGER BROS. LEITZINGER BROS.



CARPETS



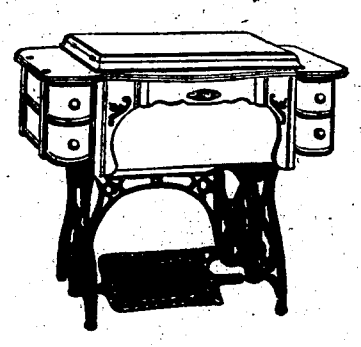
SEE TO THE FLOOR COVERINGS NOW

If you are not ready to lay your Carpet or Rugs now, come in and make your selection while the stock is complete. We will take care of whatever you buy and will deliver your purchases just when you want them. Try this plan. Many of our customers do this each season, and tell us it relieves the worry of house-furnishing a great deal. Save yourself; take your time; avoid worry and you will live longer. Don't wait until the last minute; that is what makes worry. Buy now.

Take the Elevator to the third floor and you will step into our Carpet and Rug section. 500 or more Rugs on this floor to choose from. Wood filler to fill in the space between your Rug and the wall, in all widths. Remember this is the store that cuts, matches, sews, lines and lays your Carpets and Rugs free.

You will also find here, Matting, Porch and Room Rugs, Porch Shades and Furniture, Window Shades and Curtain Poles, Matting by the yard and roll, Step Ladders, 3 to 14 feet high; Folding Clothes Racks, Ironing and Sleeve Boards, Curtain Stretchers, Carpet Sweepers and Brooms.

Sewing Machines at a Great Saving to You

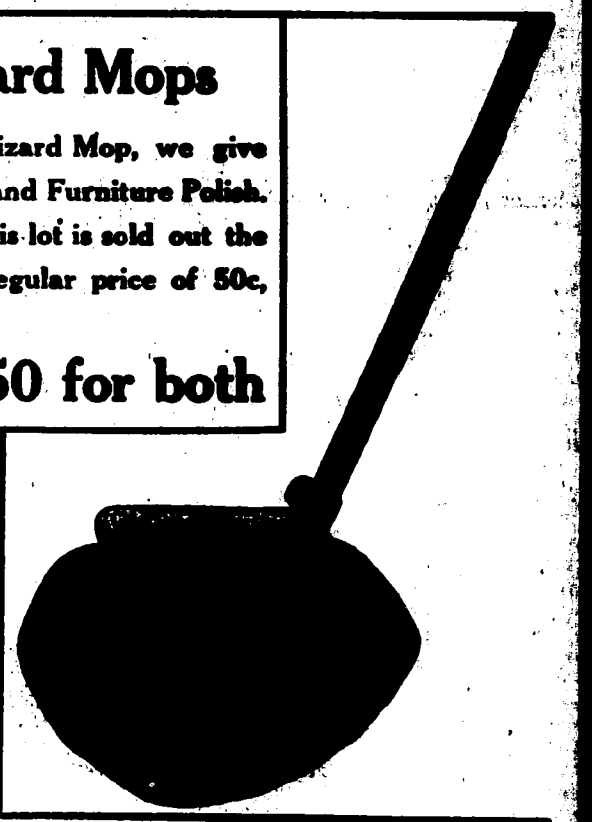


Every Sewing Machine sold by us is guaranteed for ten years. Why pay fifty dollars for a sewing machine to an agent when you can get a number one Machine from us at $15, $20 and $25. A lady told us last week that she bought a New Ideal Machine twenty-three years ago and it is as good as new. She paid us $25 for that machine, and one of her neighbors paid $60 for another make and her Machine does just us good work, does it just as fast, and is just as good today as the machine her neighbor paid $60 for. Why people let the agents fool them like this is what we cannot understand. Do you?

Special Sale on Wizard Mops

For the next month, with each Wizard Mop, we give you free, a can of Wizard Hardwood and Furniture Polish. The price is $1.50 for both. After this lot is sold out the free can of Polish will be sold at the regular price of 50c, or $2.00 for the Mop and Polish.

The Price is $1.50 for both



Bissell's Carpet Sweeper

We show no other make. Years of experience in selling Sweepers, selling this and that make, has convinced us that Bissell's is the one reliable make of Sweeper that we can recommend to our customers as the best.

Cook's Linoleums

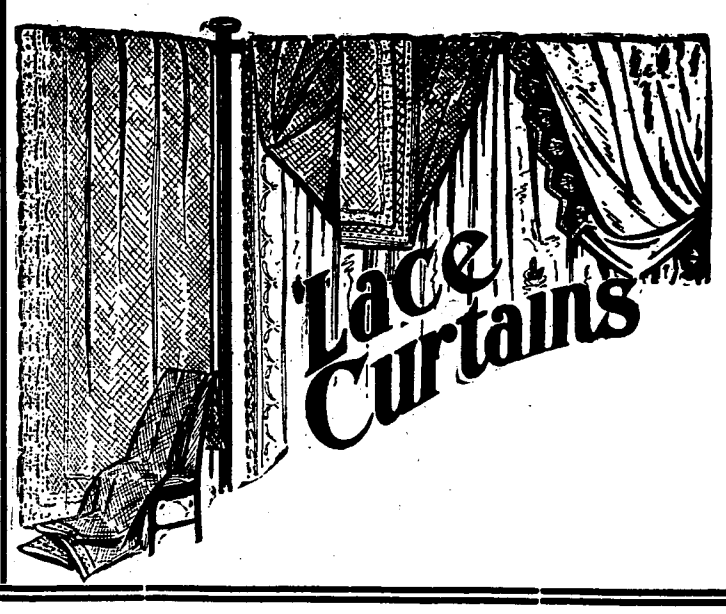
Fifty Patterns here in stock for you to select from. We lay it for you. The Cook's Linoleums are known everywhere for its durabiblity and splendid patterns. It does not get hard and brittle like many other makes. We have sold Cook's Linoleums for the past ten years and find them just as advertised by the manufacturers.

Window Shades

Made in all colors and widths. Every shade mounted on a Hartshorn spring roller. Our assortment is complete.

Curtain Poles

In white, oak and brass finish, from 10c to 50c each; from 3 to 12 feet long, also sash curtain rods.



Lace Curtains

Nothing more important than the getting of fresh new Curtains when housecleaning time comes for spring and summer.

The variety includes Scrim Muslin in all white and figured bordered. Lacet, Cluny Lace, Antique Lace, Macrame, Rennaisance and Nottingham.

50c to $8.50 a pair.

Curtain materials in all kinds by the yard.

Market St. LEITZINGER BROS. Clearfield

ANTI-AMERICAN FEELING IS HIGH

Massacres Being Reported, and Washington Is Alarmed.

WILSON REMAINS OPTIMISTIC

Army Expected to Be Moved to Supplement Marines at Vera Cruz—Plans of the Administration Kept Secret. American Men and Women in Grave Danger.

Washington, April 23.—Overshadowing everything else in the Mexican situation was the position of the many Americans and other foreigners in the interior of that country.

Grave apprehension for them was felt by every officer of the administration. Sinister rumors of anti-American massacres at several points have been circulated.

They are fortunately not confirmed, but they served to add to the fear that a bloody story of treachery will yet be told in connection with the events immediately following the landing of marines and bluejackets at Vera Cruz.

President Wilson at the White House, Secretary Bryan at the state department and Secretary Daniels at the navy department are utilizing every avenue for news. They tried to maintain an air of optimism, but failed to convince.

They knew there were American men and women in Mexico City and all the interior of Mexico, and they realized that the savagery of the Mexican could hardly be restrained once he comprehended that Americans had invaded his country with arms in their hands.

Plans Are Kept Secret.

No word as to the plans of the administration was forthcoming. President Wilson sent strict injunctions to his subordinates not to talk. There was to be no warning to the defiant Mexicans.

They were to have no inkling of plans. But there was a business air at the navy and war departments that boded ill for the Mexicans who planned armed opposition to this government's demands.

It was certain that no orders to troops or further directions to Rear Admiral Badger would be made public until after the president had affixed his signature to the joint resolution passed by the senate in the gray dawn and later to be approved by the house indorsing his past acts and approving in advance other steps he might take. But there was a direct wire set up from the war department to the army docks at Galveston, where four transports with a brigade in khaki aboard lay tugging at their anchors.

Military telegraphers manned each end of the wire—waiting, just waiting. It did not need any great gift of foresight to realize the orders they were waiting for.

COAST ARTILLERY MOVES.

Last of Twenty-eighth Company Leaves Fort Rosecrans For Tecate.

San Diego, Cal., April 23.—Lieutenant John W. Wallis and twenty men of the Twenty-eighth company, coast artillery corps, left Fort Rosecrans for Tecate. The rest of the Twenty-eighth company is already there under Captain J. M. Page. Provision wagons and rapid fire guns will follow them.

The One Hundred and Fifteenth company, commanded by Captain Condon, also left and is about equally divided between San Ysidro and Tiajuana, Cal.

A call has been sent out to all former naval men to report to the recruiting bureau here for possible service.

300 MARINES LEAVE NORFOLK.

Proceed to Philadelphia to Embark on the Morro Castle.

Norfolk, Va., April 23.—Three hundred marines from the navy yard barracks prepared to leave for Philadelphia to embark on the steamship Morro Castle for Vera Cruz.

The auxiliary Vestal, which has been engaged in target practice outside the Virginia capes, received orders to stand by for service in Mexico. She planned to get under way for Vera Cruz.

The collier Proteus, now undergoing repairs at the navy yard, also was ordered to be in readiness to proceed to Mexico by Sunday.

CARRANZA'S AGENTS SILENT.

Refuse to Discuss Developments at Vera Cruz.

Douglas, Ariz., April 23.—Constitutionalist leaders here refuse to talk for publication concerning the developments at Vera Cruz.

"I do not feel at liberty to express myself until General Carranza has issued a statement," was the way Francisco S. Elias, Sonora border spokesman for the Constitutionalists, expressed himself.

Guards have been placed over the waterworks, electric light and telephone plants here.

Censorship on the Prairie.

Vera Cruz, April 23.—Censorship established aboard Prairie, whither all dispatches must go, entailing perhaps great delay.

GENERAL BLISS.

Commander of Troops On Border Is Ready to Take Decisive Action.

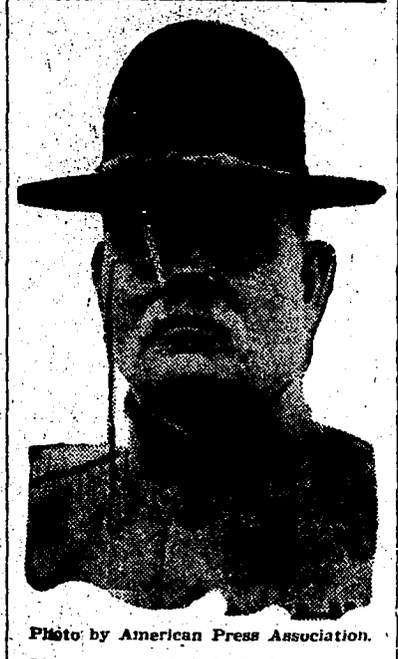


Photo by American Press Association.

The moment things look gloomy on the border and the rebels ally themselves with the federal troops General Bliss is ready to take a hand. The United States soldiers are anxious for some action. Some of them have been on the border for many months and never allowed to cross. The men under Bliss are in excellent shape for war today. He also has charge of the many refugees driven from Mexico during the fighting between the rebels and federals at Juarez and other points.

IRON CENSORSHIP ON AT MEXICO CITY

People of Capital In Dark About Recent Events.

Mexico City, via Havana, Cuba, April 23.—The following dispatch was sent by mail to Havana in order to avoid the censorship established by General Huerta, which is more strict than at any time during recent revolutions:

Every telegraph wire—commercial, railroad or [illegible] is watched over by one of the most reliable and intelligent men in the government telegraph service, who acts as censor. These men frankly inform would be senders of dispatches that it is not a question of the veracity of their messages or whether they disclose military movements, but is merely a question of suppressing all news not favorable to the government.

Code messages have been absolutely prohibited, with the exception only of bank telegrams. The bankers of Mexico succeeded in having the embargo on these messages raised, but only after they had proved that the retention of the dispatches was seriously embarrassing the financial department of the government.

Newspaper correspondents were given the hint that if they were detected in using subterfuges to evade the censorship they would very likely find themselves in jail.

While Nelson O'Shaughnessy was acting as the messenger of the United States government to President Huerta in the endeavor to avert war between the two countries, more than 99 per cent of the Mexican residents in the federal capital went about their affairs in total ignorance of the crisis.

NO APPROPRIATION NOW.

$50,000,000 Will Be Voted if Emergency Arises.

Washington, April 23.—Informal discussion was heard on the senate side of the capitol about an emergency appropriation to provide for the national defense, but the leaders contend that the time is not as yet quite ripe for such action.

At the outset of the Spanish war congress rushed through a $50,000,000 appropriation for an emergency fund for the unlimited, unconditional use in the discretion of President McKinley. Senator Chamberlain of Oregon has already introduced a bill to provide a $50,000,000 emergency appropriation. Chairmen Martin and Fitzgerald of the senate and house appropriations committees respectively said that an emergency appropriation was unnecessary yet, as there were plenty of men and vessels and equipment now in Mexican waters. Both, however, said that when the time came there would be no delay in providing the necessary funds.

A Frenchy Caprice.

A French nightgown seen at a lingerie shop has an ingenious contrivance for fastening a bow to it. There is a loop of buttonholed thread through which the ribbon may be drawn and tied into a bow. When the garment is to be washed the ribbon is simply untied. Since seeing this the girls have stopped sewing the made bows on their washable underwear.

PERSONAL MENTION

Raymond Willie, a former resident of Clearfield, was in town yesterday.

A Dunsmore, of St. Benedict, was stopping at the Dimeling yesterday.

J. H. Fulford and C. C. Todd, of DuBois, were visiting in town yesterday.

Important.

There will be a Junior Chautauqua meeting in the West Side school building, Saturday, April 25, at 10 o'clock. All members are urged to be present. No child who has not been there before will be permitted to take part in the May Fete.

April 23, 2t.

GRAMPIAN.

J. T. Davis and family visited S. L. Kester on Sunday.

Rush Mahlon and Miss Vesta Thom as were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Thomas in Bloom township, on Thursday evening.

Miss Laura Gulher spent Sunday with relatives in Curwensville.

Quite a number were to Clearfield on Saturday last, taking civil service examination in connection with their application for the postoffice.

Mrs. Fred Freeman is quite ill at this writing.

Taylor Mahlon visited his son, Cloyd, the past week.

Truman Davis and family Sundayed at S. L. Kester's.

Saturday, May 2, is May Day. Come to the Park and enjoy the May Fete.

You'll see some astonishing tests of Chi-Namel, the water-proof varnish at the special demonstration at the Clearfield Hardware Co's. store, on April 2, 234, 25.

Apr. 23, 2t.

Automobile Agent Clearfield district for moderate priced car. Mr. James, Dimeling Hotel.
Apr. 22 2t.

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF

A. W. LEONARDSON CO. MARKET STREET A. W. LEONARDSON CO.

The Store is alive with Spring Bargains

April Sale of Spring Merchandise starts
Friday Morning, April 24
Important Event for Spring Shoppers

After-Easter Sale of Women's and Misses' Suits and Coats at extreme price concessions.

Our Big Sale of Plain and Fancy Silks at prices that will make the selling attractive.

Room-size Rugs and Lace Curtains at a big saving.

Colored wash fabrics, white goods and linens in excellent assortments, all underpriced.

Our April Sale of Trimmed Millinery, with a special showing of Trimmed Hats at the five dollar price.

Low Shoes and Orfords at prices that are sure to interest you at this time.

Hosiery and Underwear in complete assortments--every wanted kind for Spring and Summer at low-notch prices

Read carefully the full-page price-list and circular left at your home today, and take advantage of the new low prices prevailing during our April Sale.

A. W. Leonardson Company

Clearfield's Large General Store

The Walker & Whitman Shoes and Oxfords for "Men Who Care"

Oxfords, in tan and black, English and other lasts, at . $4.00
W. & W. Shoes, tan and black, at . . . $4.00 and $4.50
Joslin line of Shoes and Oxfords, at . $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00

Shoes, Oxfords, Pumps, etc, for Ladies.

Faunce & Spinneys makes, at . . . . . $3.00 and $3.50
Other manufacturers, at . . . . $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00
Black and tans in the new styles.

A Large New Stock of Tennis Shoes

For Men, $1.60 Boys, $1.35 Children, $1.35
Ladies, $1.50 Misses, $1.35

Ladies' Crepe and Mercerized Pongee Waists

Unusual good values, nine styles, at 98c

A Large Line of Summer Dress Materials

Crepes, the yard, ... 10c to 25c
Voiles, the yard, ... 15c to 25c
Ramie and Crash Linens, the yard . . . . . 25c to 35c

Plate Pleasing Groceries Pleasingly Priced

ROSS & WOODS.

Seven Days in the Week.

No time lost on Sundays or Holidays, but instead interest runs on automatically when money is deposited in our Savings Department

We'll take the best of care of it after yau start to save. But you must make the start and the sooner you start the sooner you can put your money to work where it will work for you.

There is more to this but we would rather you would call and hear it personally.

Don't postpone your visit—come today.

Clearfield Trust Company

SAFETY FIRST

FOR DEPOSITORS OF

Clearfield National Bank

Total Assets, - $1,500,000.00

OFFICERS

James Mitchell, President.
H. S. Whiteman, Jr., V-Pres. and Cashier.
W. L. McJunkin, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Singleton Bell W. I. Betts John Dimeling
W. P. Hopkins H. A. Kennedy
A. E. Leitzinger James Mitchell T. H. Murray
W. H. Patterson H. S. Whiteman, Jr.

"THE BANK OF SERVICE"

The County National Bank

OF CLEARFIELD, PA.

The Oldest Bank in Clearfield County

STATED ADDITIONS TO SURPLUS

For thirty-five years, at the declaration of each dividend, an addition to the Surplus has been made and the practice of thus strengthening the bank is still regularly followed. The results of this policy, noted below, are its own best commentary.

Paid in by Stockholders, - - $225,000.00
Saved from Earnings, - - - 225,000.00
Present Invested Capital, - - 1,000,000.00

Our Facilities for Serving Customers in Every Department of Banking are Unsurpassed.

We Welcome New Accounts Large or Small.

It Pays to Advertise in The Progress

The PLACE of HONEY-MOONS

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Pictures by C.D. RHODES

"Well, I am having a good time . . . Your dance? Thank you."

And a tender young American led her through the mazes of the waltz, as some poet who knew what he was about phrased it.

By way of parenthesis: Herr Rosen marched up the hill and down again, something after the manner of a certain warrior king celebrated in verse. The object of his visit had gone to the ball at Cadenabbia. At the hotel he demanded a motor-boat. There was none to be had. In a furious state of mind he engaged two oarsmen to row him across the lake.

And so it came to pass that when Nora, suddenly grown weary of the play, full of bitterness and distaste, hating herself and every one else in the world, stole out to the quay to commune with the moon, she saw him jump from the boat to the landing, scorning the steps. Instantly she drew her lace mantle closely about her face. It was useless. In the man the hunter's instinct was much too keen.

"So I have found you!"

"One would say that I had been in hiding?" coldly.

"From me, always. I have left everything—duty, obligations—to seek you."

"From any other man that might be a compliment."

"I am a prince," he said proudly.

She faced him with that quick resolution, that swift forming of purpose, which has made the Irish so difficult in argument and persuasion. "Will you marry me? Will you make me your wife legally? Before all the world? Will you surrender, for the sake of this love you profess, your right to a great inheritance? Will you risk the anger and the iron hand of your father for my sake?"

"Herr Gott! I am mad!" He covered his eyes.

"That expression proves that your Highness is sane again. Have you realized the annoyances, the embarrassments, you have thrust upon me by your pursuit? Have you not read the scandalous innuendoes in the newspapers? Your Highness, I was not born on the Continent, so I look upon my work from a point of view not common to those of your caste. I am proud of it, and I look upon it with honor, honor. I am a woman, but I am not wholly defenseless. There was a time when I thought I might number among my friends a prince; but you have made that impossible."

"Come," he said hoarsely; "let us go and find a priest. You are right. I love you; I will give up everything, everything!"

For a moment she was dumb. This absolute surrender appalled her. But that good fortune which had ever been at her side stepped into the breach. And as she saw the tall form of the Barone approach, she could have thrown her arms around his neck in pure gladness.

"Oh, Barone!" she called. "Am I making you miss this dance?"

"It does not matter, signorina." The Barone stared keenly at the erect and tense figure at the prima donna's side.

"You will excuse me, Herr Rosen," said Nora, as she laid her hand upon the Barone's arm.

Herr Rosen bowed stiffly; and the two left him standing uncovered in the moonlight.

"What is he doing here? What has he been saying to you?' the Barone demanded. Nora withdrew her hand from his arm. "Pardon me," said he contritely. "I have no right to ask you such questions."

It was not long after midnight when the motor-boat returned to its abiding place. On the way over conversation lagged, and finally died altogether. Mrs. Harrigan fell asleep against Celeste's shoulder, and the musician never deviated her gaze from the silver ripples which flowed out diagonally and magically from the prow of the boat. Nora watched the stars slowly ascend over the eastern range of mountains; and across the fire of his innumerable cigarettes the Barone watched her.

As the boat was made fast to the landing in front of the Grand hotel, Celeste observed a man in evening dress, lounging against the rail of the quay. The search light from the customs boat, hunting for tobacco smugglers, flashed over his face. She could not repress the little gasp, and her hand tightened upon Nora's arm.

"What is it?" asked Nora.

"Nothing. I thought I was slipping."

CHAPTER VII.

Colonel Caxley-Webster.

Abbott's studio was under the roof of one of the little hotels that stand timorously and humbly, yet expectantly, between the imposing cream-stucco of the Grand hotel at one end and the elaborate pink-stucco of the Grande Bretegne at the other. The hob-nailed shoes of the Teuton (who wears his mountain kit all the way from Hamburg to Palermo) wore up and down the stairs all day; and the racket from the hucksters' carts and hotel omnibuses, arriving and departing from the steamboat landing, the shouts of the begging boatmen, the quarreling of the children and the barking of unpedigreed dogs—these noises were incessant from dawn until sunset.

The artist glared down from his square window at the ruffled waters, or scowled at the fleeting snows on the mountains over the way. He passed some ten or twelve minutes in this useless occupation, but he could not get away from the bald fact that he had acted like a petulant child. To have shown his hand so openly, simply because the Barone had beaten him in the race for the motor-boat! And Nora would understand that he was weak and without backbone. Harrigan himself must have reasoned out the cause for such asinine plays as he had executed in the game of checkers. How many times had the old man called out to him to wake up and move? In spirit he had been across the lake, a spirit in Hades. He was not only a fool, but a coward likewise. He had not dared to

> . . . put it to the touch
> To gain or lose it all.

He saw it coming; before long he and that Italian would be at each other's throats.

"Come in!" he called, in response to a sudden thunder on the door.

The door opened and a short, energetic old man, purple-visaged and hawk-eyed, came in. "Why the devil don't you join the Trappist monks, Abbott? If I wasn't tough I should have died of apoplexy on the second landing.'

"Good morning, Colonel!" Abbott laughed and rolled out the patent rocker for his guest. "What's on your mind, this morning? I can give you one without ice."

"I'll take it neat, my boy. I'm not thirsty, I'm faint. These Italian architects; they call three ladders flights of stairs! . . . Ha! That's Irish whisky, and jolly fine. Want you to come over and take tea this afternoon. I'm going up presently to see the Harrigans. Thought I'd go around and do the thing informally. Taken a fancy to the old chap. He's a little bit of all right. I'm no older than he is, but look at the difference! Whisky and soda, that's the racket. Not by the tubful; just an ordinary half dozen a day, and a dem climate thrown in."

"Difference in training."

"Rot! It's the sized hat a man wears. I'd give fifty guineas to see the old fellow in action. But, I say; recall the argument we had before you went to Paris?"

"Yes."

"Well, I win. Saw him bang across the street this morning."

Abbott muttered something.

"What was that?"

"Nothing."

"Sounded like 'dem it' to me."

"Maybe it did."

"Heard about him in Paris?"

"No."

"The old boy had transferred his regiment to a lonesome post in the North to cool his blood. The youngster took the next train to Paris. He was there incognito for two weeks before they found him and bundled him back. Of course, every one knows that he is but a crazy lad who's had too much freedom." The colonel emptied his glass. "I feel dem sorry for Nora. She's the right sort. But a woman can't take a man by the scruff of his neck and chuck him."

"But I can," declared Abbott savagely.

"Tut, tut! He'd eat you alive. Besides, you will find him too clever to give you an opening. But he'll bear watching. He's capable of putting her on a train and running away with her. Between you and me, I don't blame him. What's the matter with sicking the Barone on him? He's the best man in southern Italy with foils and broadswords. Sic 'em, Towser; sic 'em!" The old fire-eater chuckled.

The subject was extremely distasteful to the artist. The colonel, a rough soldier, whose diplomacy had never risen above the heights of clubbing a recalcitrant hillman into submission, baldly inferred that he understood the artist's interest in the rose of the Harrigan family. He would have liked to talk more in regard to the interloper, but it would have been sheer folly. The colonel, in his blundering way, would have brought up the subject again at tea-time and put everybody on edge. He had, unfortunately for his friends, a reputation other than that of a soldier; he posed as a peacemaker. He saw trouble where none existed, and the way he patched up imaginary quarrels would have strained the patience of Job. Still, every one loved him, though they lived in mortal fear of him. So Abbott came about quickly and sailed against the wind.

"By the way," he said, "I wish you would let me sketch that servant of yours. He's got a profile like a medallion. Where did you pick him up?"

"In the Hills. He's a Sikh, and a first-class fighting man. Didn't know that you went for faces."

"Not as a usual thing. Just want it for my own use. How does he keep his beard combed that way?"

"I've never bothered myself about the curl of his whiskers. Are my clothes laid out? Luggage attended to? Guns shipshape? That's enough for me. Some day you have got to go out there with me."

"Never shot a gun in all my life. I don't know which end to hold at my shoulder."

"Teach you quick enough. Every man's a born hunter. Rao will have tigers eating out of your hand. He's a marvel; saved my hide more than once. Funny thing; you can't show 'em that you're grateful. Lose caste if you do I rather miss it. Get the East in your blood and you'll never get it out. Fascinating! But my liver turned over once too many times. Ha! Some one coming up to buy a picture."

The step outside was firm and unwearied by the climb. The door opened unceremoniously, and Courtlandt came in. He stared at the colonel and the colonel returned the stare.

"Caxley-Webster! Well, I say, this globe goes on shrinking every day!" cried Courtlandt.

The two pumped hands energetically, sizing each other up critically. Then they sat down and shot questions, while Abbott looked on bewildered. Elephants and tigers and chittahs and wild boar and quail-running and strange guttural names; weltering nights in the jungles, freezing mornings in the Hills; stupendous card games; and what had become of so-and-so, who always drank his whisky neat; and what's-his-name, who invented cures for snake bites!

Abbott deliberately pushed over an oak bench. "Am I host here or not?"

"Abby, old man, how are you?" said Courtlandt, smiling warmly and holding out his hand. "My apologies; but the colonel and I never expected to see each other again. And I find him talking with you up here under this roof. It's marvelous."

"It's a wonder you wouldn't drop a fellow a line," said Abbott, in a fault-finding tone, as he righted the bench. "When did you come?"

"Last night. Came up from Como."

"Going to stay long?"

"That depends. I am really on my way to Zermatt. I've a hankering to have another try at the Matterhorn."

"Think of that!" exclaimed the colonel. "He says another try."

"You came a roundabout way," was the artist's comment.

"Oh, that's because I left Paris for Brescia. They had some good flights there. Wonderful year! They cross the channel in an airship and discover the North Pole."

"Pah! Neither will be of any use to humanity; merely a fine sporting proposition." The colonel dug into his pocket for his pipe. "But what do you think of Germany?"

"Fine country," answered Courtlandt, rising and going to a window; "fine people, too. Why?"

"Do you—er—think they could whip us?"

"On land, yes."

"The devil!"

"On water, no."

"Thanks. In other words, you believe our chances equal?"

"So equal that all this war-scare is piffle. But I rather like to see you English get up in the air occasionally. It will do you good. You've an idea because you walloped Napoleon that you're the same race you were then, and you are not. The English-speaking races, as the first soldiers, have ceased to be."

"Well, I be dem!" gasped the colonel.

"It's the truth. Take the American, he thinks there is nothing in the world but money. Take the Britisher, to him caste is everything. Take the money out of one man's mind and the importance of being well-born out of



"I'll Take It Neat, My Boy."

the other . . " He turned from the window and smiled at the artist and the empurpling Anglo-Indian.

"Abbott," growled the soldier, "that man will some day drive me amuck. What do you think? One night, on a tiger hunt, he got me into an argument like this. A brute of a beast jumped into the middle of it. Courtlandt shot him on the second bound, and turned to me with—Well, as I was saying!' I don't know to this day whether it was nerve or what you Americans call gall."

"Divided by two" grinned Abbott.

"Ha. I see [illegible]

I'll remember that. But we were talking of airships."

"I was" retorted Courtlandt. "You were the man who started the powwow." He looked down into the street with sudden interest. "Who is that?"

The colonel and Abbott hurried across the room.

"What did I say, Abbott? I told you I saw him. He's crazy; fact. Thinks he can travel around incognito when there isn't a magazine on earth that hasn't printed his picture."

"Well, why shouldn't he travel around if he wants to?" asked Courtlandt coolly.

The colonel nudged the artist.

"There happens to be an attraction in Bellaggio," said Abbott irritably.

"The moth and the candle," supplemented the colonel, peering over Courtlandt's shoulder. "He's well set up," grudgingly admitted the old fellow.

"The moth and the candle," mused Courtlandt. "That will be Nora Harrigan. How long has this infatuation been going on?"

"Year and a half."

"And the other side?"

"There isn't any other side," exploded the artist. "She's worried to death. Not a day passes but some scurrilous penny-a-liner springs some yarn, some beastly innuendo. She's been dodging the fellow for months. In Paris last year she couldn't move without running into him. This year she changed her apartment, and gave orders at the Opera to refuse her address to all who asked for it. Consequently she had some peace. I don't know why it is, but a woman in public life seems to be a target."

"The penalty of beauty, Abby. Homely women seldom are annoyed, unless they become suffragists." The colonel poured forth a dense cloud of smoke.

"What brand is that, Colonel?" asked Courtlandt, choking.

The colonel generously produced his pouch.

"No, no! I was about to observe that it isn't ambrosia."

"Rotter!" The soldier dug the offender in the ribs. "I am going to have the Harrigans over for tea this afternoon. Come over! You'll like the family. The girl is charming; and the father is a sportsman to the back bone. Some silly fools laugh behind his back, but never before his face. And my word, I know rafts of gentlemen who are not fit to stand in his shoes."

"I should like to meet Mr. Harrigan." Courtlandt returned his gaze to the window once more.

"And his daughter?" said Abbott, curiously.

"Oh, surely!"

"I may count on you, then?" The colonel stowed away the offending brier. "And you can stay to dinner."

"I'll take the dinner end of the invitation," was the reply. "I've got to go over to Menaggio to see about some papers to be signed. If I can make the three o'clock boat in returning, you'll see me at tea. Dinner at all events. I'm off."

Courtlandt walked up the street leisurely, idly pausing now and then before the shop windows. Apparently he had neither object nor destination; yet his mind was busy, so busy in fact that he looked at the various curios without truly seeing them at all. A delicate situation, which needed the lightest handling, confronted him. He must wait for an overt act, then he might proceed as he pleased. How really helpless he was! He could not force her hand because she held all the cards and he none. Yet he was determined this time to play the game to the end, even if the task was equal to all those of Hercules rolled into one, and none of the gods on his side.

At the hotel he asked for his mail, and was given a formidable packet which, with a sigh of discontent, he slipped into a pocket, strolled out into the garden by the water, and sat down to read. To his surprise there was a note, without stamp or postmark. He opened it, mildly curious to learn who it was that had discovered his presence in Bellaggio so quickly. The envelope contained nothing more than a neatly folded bank note for one hundred francs. He eyed it stupidly. What might this mean? He unfolded it and smoothed it out across his knee, and the haze of puzzlement drifted away. Three bars from La Boheme. He laughed. So the little lady of the Taverne Royale was in Bellaggio!

CHAPTER VIII.

Marguerites and Emeralds.

By eleven o'clock Courtlandt had finished the reading of his mail, and was now ready to hunt for the little lady of the Taverne Royale. It was necessary to find her. The whereabouts of Flora Desimone was of vital importance. If she had not yet arrived, the presence of her friend presaged her ultimate arrival.

He rose and proceeded on his quest. Before the photographer's shop he saw a dachel wrathfully challenging a cat on the balcony of the adjoining building. The cat knew, and so did the puppy, that it was all buncombe on the puppy's part; the usual European war scare, in which one of the belligerent parties refused to come down because it wouldn't have been worth while, there being the usual powers ready to intervene. Courtlandt did not bother about the cat; the puppy claimed his attention. He was very fond of dogs. So he reached down suddenly and put an end to the sharp challenge. The dachel struggled valiantly, for this breed of dog does not make friends easily.

"I say, you little Dutchman, what's the row? I'm not going to hurt you. Funny little codger! To whom do you belong?" He turned the collar around, read the inscription, and gently put the puppy on the ground.

Nora Harrigan!

His immediate impulse was to walk on, but somehow this impulse refused to act on his sense of locomotion. He waited, dully wondering what was going to happen when she came out. He had left her room that night in Paris, vowing that he would never intrude on her again. With the recollection of that bullet whizzing past his ear, he had been convinced that the play was done. True, she had testified that it had been accidental, but never would he forget the look in her eyes. It was not pleasant to remember. And



"We'd Look Fine Drinking Tea, Wouldn't We, Old Scout?"

still, as the needle is drawn by the magnet, here he was, in Bellaggio. He cursed his weakness.

. . . Ah, voices! He stepped aside quickly.

"Fritz, Fritz; where are you?"

And a moment later she came out, followed by her mother . . and the little lady of the Taverne Royale. Did Nora see him? It was impossible to tell. She simply stooped and gathered up the puppy, who struggled determinedly to lick her face. Courtlandt lifted his hat. It was in nowise offered as an act of recognition; it was merely the mechanical courtesy that a man generally pays to any woman in whose path he chances to be for the breath of a second. The three women in immaculate white, hatless, but with sunshades, passed on down the street.

"Nora, who was that?" asked Mrs. Harrigan.

"Who was who?" countered Nora, snuggling the wriggling dachel under her arm and throwing the sunshade across her shoulder.

"That fine-looking young man who stood by the door as we passed out. He raised his hat."

"Oh, bother! I was looking at Fritz."

Celeste searched her face keenly, but Nora looked on ahead serenely; not a quiver of an eyelid, not the slightest change in color or expression.

"She did not see him!" thought the musician, curiously stirred. She knew her friend tolerably well. It would have been impossible for her to have seen that man and not to have given evidence of the fact.

In short, Nora had spoken truthfully She had seen a man dressed in white flannels and canvas shoes, but her eyes had not traveled so far as his face.

Mrs. Harrigan took the omnibus up to the villa. It was generally too much of a climb for her. Nora and Celeste preferred to walk.

"What am I going to do, Celeste? He is here, and over at Cadenabbia last night I had a terrible scene with him. In heaven's name, why can't they let me be?"

"Herr Rosen?"

"Yes."

"Why not speak to your father?"

"And have a fisticuff which would appear in every newspaper in the world? No, thank you. There is enough scandalous stuff being printed as it is, and I am helpless to prevent it."

As the climb starts off stiffly, there wasn't much inclination in either to talk. Celeste had come to one decision, and that was that Nora should find out Courtlandt's presence here in Bellaggio herself. When they arrived at the villa gates, Celeste offered a suggestion.

"You could easily stop all this rumor and annoyance."

"And, pray, how?"

"Marry."

"I prefer the rumor and annoyance. I hate men. Most of them are beasts."

"You are prejudiced."

If Celeste expected Nora to reply that she had reason, she was disappointed. Nora quickened her pace, that was all.

At luncheon Harrigan innocently threw a bomb into camp by inquiring: "Say, Nora, who's this chump Herr Rosen? He was up here last night and again this morning. I was going to offer him the cot on the balcony, but I thought I'd consult you first."

"Herr Rosen!" exclaimed Mrs. Harrigan, a flutter in her throat. "Why, that's . . ."

"A charming young man who wishes me to sign a contract to sing to him in perpetuity," interrupted Nora, pressing her mother's foot warningly.

"Well, why don't you marry him?" laughed Harrigan. "There's worse things than frankfurters and sauerkraut."

"Not that I can think of just now," returned Nora.

* * * * * * *

Harrigan declared that he would not go over to Caxley-Webster's to tea.

"But I've promised for you!" expostulated his wife. "And he admires you so."

"Bosh! You women can gad about as much as you please, but I'm in wrong when it comes to eating sponge cake and knuckling my knees under a dinky willow table."

The women departed at three, for there was to be tennis until five o'clock. When Harrigan was reasonably sure that they were half the distance to the colonel's villa, he put on his hat, whistled to the dachel, and together they took the path to the village.

"We'd look fine drinking tea, wouldn't we, old scout?" reaching down and tweaking the dog's velvet ears. "They don't understand, and it's no use trying to make 'em. Nora gets as near as possible. Herr Rosen! Now, where have I seen his phiz before? I wish I had a real man to talk to. Abbott sulks half the time, and the Barone can't get a joke unless it's driven in with a mallet. On your way, old scout, or I'll step on you. Let's see if we can hoof it down to the village at a trot without taking the count."

He had but two errands to execute. The first was accomplished expeditely in the little tobacconist's shop under the arcade, where the purchase of a box of Minghetti cigars promised later solace. The second errand took time and deliberation. He studied the long shelves of Tauchnitz. Having red corpuscles in superabundance, he naturally preferred them in his literature, in the same quantity.

"Ever read this?" asked a pleasant voice from behind, indicating "Rodney Stone" with the ferrule of a cane.

Harrigan looked up. "No. What's it about?"

"Best story of the London prize ring ever written. You're Mr. Harrigan, aren't you?"

"Yes," diffidently.

"My name is Edward Courtlandt. If I am not mistaken, you were a great friend of my father's."

"Are you Dick Courtlandt's boy?"

"I am."

"Well, say!" Harrigan held out his hand and was gratified to encounter a man's grasp. "So you're Edward Courtlandt? Now, what do you think of that! Why, your father was the best sportsman I ever met. Square as they make 'em. Not a kink anywhere in his make-up. He used to come to the bouts in his plug hat and dress suit; always had a seat by the ring. I could hear him tap with his cane when there happened to be a bit of pretty sparring. He was no slouch himself when it came to putting on the mitts. Many's the time I've had a round or two with him in my old gymnasium. Well, well! It's good to see a man again. I've seen your name in the papers, but I never knew you was Dick's boy. You've got an old grizzly's head in your dining room at home. Some day I'll tell you how it got there, when you're not in a hurry. I went out to Montana for a scrap, and your dad went along. After the mill was over, we went hunting. Come up to the villa and meet the folks. . . . Hang it, I forgot. They're up to Caxley-Webster's to tea; piffle water and sticky sponge cake. I want you to meet my wife and daughter."

"I should be very pleased to meet them." So this was Nora's father? "Won't you come along with me to the colonel's?" with sudden inspiration. Here was an opportunity not to be thrust aside lightly.

"Why, I just begged off. They won't be expecting me now."

"All the better. I'd rather have you introduce me to your family than to have the colonel. As a matter of fact, I told him I couldn't get up. But I changed my mind. Come along." The first rift in the storm-packed clouds; and to meet her through the kindly offices of this amiable man who was her father!

"But the pup and the cigar box?"

"Send them up."

Harrigan eyed his own spotless flannels and compared them with the other's. What was good enough for the son of a millionaire was certainly good enough for him. Besides, it would be a bully good joke on Nora and Molly.

"You're on!" he cried. Here was a lark. He turned the dog and the purchases over to the proprietor, who promised that they should arrive instantly at the villa.

Then the two men sought the quay to engage a boat. They walked shoulder to shoulder, flat-backed, with supple swinging limbs, tanned faces and clear animated eyes. Perhaps Harrigan was 10 or 15 pounds heavier, but the difference would have been noticeable only upon the scales.

* * * * * * *

"Padre, my shoe pinches," said Nora with a pucker between her eyes.

"My child," replied the padre, "never carry your vanity into a shoemaker's shop. The happiest man is he who walks in loose shoes."

"If they are his own, and not inherited," quickly.

To Be Continued.

CANAL READY, SAYS GOETHALS

In Dire Need During a War, It Could Now Be Used.

Colon, April 22.—A correspondent saw Governor Goethals and asked him whether or not the Panama canal could be used by the United States warships if necessary during the trouble with Mexico. Governor Goethals said that the canal was practically ready now, and if necessary 20,000 ton battleships could be sent through almost at once from the Atlantic to the Pacific. By the middle of May, he said, the canal could be ready to take the larger battleships.

Governor Goethals said that the fortifications of the canal were being made ready and would be in good shape soon, so that there was nothing to fear for the safety of the canal if the Mexican trouble involved us with other nations.

VINDICATED

Story of a Man Who Was Believed a Thief

By WILLIAM CHANDLER

Among those who went to California when gold was discovered there in 1849 was Joseph Griffin. He was a married man with one child, a girl of ten.

Griffin decided to make the land journey. He went from Buffalo to St. Joseph, Mo., traveling most of the way by stage, and there outfitted with one of the "prairie schooners" of that day, a wagon with a canvas top, drawn by horses, which he filled with provisions, cooking utensils, bedding and such other articles as would be needed on the journey. When all was ready and



MR. GRIFFIN TOLD ZEB THEY MUST PART.

he was about to start a rawboned country boy stepped up to him and said:

"Say, mister, won't you take me along?"

"What's your name?" asked Griffin of the boy.

"Zeb."

"Zeb what?"

"I don't know. Father and mother were killed by Indians on the plains. I was picked up by buffalo hunters."

"Have you any home?"

"No."

Little Molly Griffin stood by the wagon listening to this dialogue, and her big blue eyes were filled with pity. She said nothing, but remained intent on what her father was saying.

"Have you no clothes but those you have on?" he asked the boy.

"No."

Griffin remained silent a few moments, deliberating. Then he said:

"I want a boy about your age to help with the horses and anything else there is to be done on the way. I'll give you your grub, but I've nothing else for you. If you want to go with us on those terms you may."

"I do."

"Well, come along with me. Those clothes wouldn't last you halfway. You'll need an overcoat when we get to the mountains, and I must have another blanket. Reckon we have buffalo robes enough."

Mrs. Griffin called her husband aside and expressed a doubt as to the propriety of taking with them a waif who was entirely unknown to them, but Griffin said he would need some one.

Zeb proved a valuable acquisition. He soon learned to harness and unharness the horses and was very useful in unloading and loading the wagons when the party camped under the stars. When Griffin was obliged to make repairs the boy proved very handy as an assistant. It was the first time in his life that he had been a member of a family, and he seemed delighted with the association, the duties and the experience of traveling all day and camping at night with the others.

A recital of the adventures of the party would fill a volume. There is only room here to say that after many mishaps and dangers they reached the mountains and after many more mishaps and dangers passed over them and finally struck the region of the gold diggings. By this time Zeb had become a fixture in the family. It would have been cruel to send him away; none of them wished to part with him.

Griffin had brought some money with him, which he invested in mines that had been partially developed. But for a long while none of these investments turned out to be very profitable. Meanwhile Zeb grew to be a young man and gave indications of having sprung from parents above the average in the social scale. He had outgrown doing chores for the Griffin family, but had not outgrown his interest in them. Mr. and Mrs. Griffin were the only parents he had ever known, and, as for Molly, he would at any time have given his head to gratify a whim of hers. But as he grew older he took his pick and shovel and started forth to try his luck as a prospector.

When Griffin had been in California six years he struck a bonanza. He bought a partly developed mine for a song and sold it for a fortune. The amount he received for it was 420 pounds of gold.

It must be remembered that California was still an inaccessible country. To reach the Atlantic coast by land the same perilous journey the Griffins had taken to reach the Pacific must be taken again. To go by sea meant something, though less dangerous, at any rate more tiresome. They desired to return to their home in New York state and carry their fortune with them, but dreaded either of these routes. After much deliberation it was decided that they would go southward by sea to Panama and there attempt to find transportation across the isthmus to Colon and thence by sea again to New York. They would avoid the necessity of a journey down the west coast and up the east coast of South America.

They made preparations for the journey, putting their gold in a box to take with them. It was carefully weighed, showing that there were exactly 420 pounds of gold, exclusive of the box. Just before the ship sailed on which they had taken passage, Mrs. Griffin was taken suddenly ill. After deliberation Mr. Griffin decided to send Zeb in advance with the treasure that he might investigate the means of getting across the isthmus. If he found it too difficult to warrant their going by that route he was to write the fact and they would make other arrangements. Zeb sailed on the ship that was to have taken the whole party and in due time reached Panama. He had been instructed by Griffin that if he found it best to turn in the gold at Panama and take a draft on New York he was to do so. As soon as he arrived he made inquiries as to crossing the isthmus and found it practicable, though dangerous, principally from the liability to contraction of disease.

He wrote Mr. Griffin the result of his inquiries, but the latter did not receive his letter, for Mrs. Griffin recovered as quickly as she had been taken ill, and, finding a ship about to sail that would touch at Panama, her husband, worrying about his gold, decided to follow Zeb to the isthmus.

When the party reached Panama they found Zeb in trouble. He had decided to buy a draft for the gold and had taken steps to do so. But on weighing the metal, instead of its weighing 420 pounds, it weighed 416. This was a sad blow to Zeb. So fearful had he been that some one might purloin some of it that he had had it placed in his stateroom on the ship and kept it there during the whole of the journey. He scrutinized the box to see if he could find a gimlet hole, a loose nail or any other evidence of an outlet for the gold, but none appeared, and his heart sank within him at the imputation that must necessarily rest upon him of having stolen the missing four pounds of gold himself.

When the Griffins arrived Zeb confessed the shortage which he was unable to account for. Loath as was Mr. Griffin to believe that Zeb had appropriated the missing four pounds of metal, he was forced to believe that the young man had lost the money gambling or in some other way and had been obliged to take the gold to save himself. Possibly he had hoped he might replace it. Mr. Griffin reverted, to the time when they had taken Zeb in without any one to vouch for him and admitted that that had happened which might have been expected. Molly, now a girl of seventeen, was the only one of the three who in spite of the indisputable evidence believed in Zeb's innocence.

After a conference Mr. and Mrs. Griffin came to the conclusion that Zeb had been cornered in some way and had yielded to temptation. They cared little for the gold that was missing, but regretted that one they had grown fond of should have robbed them. Mr. Griffin told Zeb that they must part and handed him $500 for immediate use. Zeb declined to take the money.

Mr. Griffin decided to take his gold to New Orleans and succeeded in getting his family across the isthmus without one of them coming down with any of the fevers then prevalent in that region. On reaching the Crescent City he had the treasure carted to a bank and asked for a draft for its value on New York. The gold was counted and the draft made out. When Mr. Griffin saw it he remarked that there must be some mistake. He had figured the amount himself from the weight and had made it much less. The amount of the draft was the same as it would have been had the gold missed at Panama not been taken, whereupon he received the following statement:

"Gold sent from Washington to the mint at New Orleans has been found to weigh less at the latter than the former place. This is because New Orleans is nearer the equator than Washington, and the centrifugal force arising from the revolution of the earth is greater the nearer one approaches the equator, rendering objects lighter."

Here was an explanation of the missing four pounds of gold. Mr. Griffin hurried at once to his wife and daughter to announce that there had after all been no robbery. Zeb was communicated with and money sent to bring him to New Orleans. When he arrived he was received with open arms and from that time forward was a member of the Griffin family, taking their name in lieu of his own, which he never knew.

SHORT COATS.

They Are Attractive Features of New Spring Suits.



NEW CREPE SUIT.

Many coats for spring wear are cut on very abbreviated lines, like the one illustrated here. This chic little suit is of canton crepe with a very wide hip sash in satin, which is shown in all its amplitude by the very brief coat. The little straw hat in the shape of a cap has a very high trimming of gathered satin ribbon at one side.

The real straws pointing which way the winds of fashion will blow are the fabrics which are seen upon the shop counters.

If displays of this kind of merchandise are any indication we are to enjoy a season of beautiful modes.

The colors most frequently displayed in the shops appear to include the lighter tints of green, rose, orange, purple and red.

Somehow they suggest the soft artistic colors of the Roman stripes seen to best advantage in ribbons, shawls and sashes which are imported from Italy.

The most exclusive dry goods shops are displaying taffeta and bengaline silks. When arranged close together, representing the order of colors usually to be found in a Roman striped sash, such an effect is unusually lovely and especially decisive when seen against a background, provided by draped lengths of brilliantly colored Egyptian crapes, printed to reproduce old China and Indian flower and conventionalized motifs in bouquet and other forms.

Without doubt the vogue for taffetas of the better quality will be the most prominent feature of early spring fashions. But poplins, crapes and Shanghai silks will be tremendously demanded.

Poplins especially, either in brocaded, plain colored or printed styles, will be in excellent style for the spring. Brocaded homespuns, ratines and gaberdines will also be in demand.

For afternoon frocks and for semi-dress purposes the Egyptian crapes, either printed or embroidered, are destined to receive important consideration.

WHAT'S IN STYLE.

Sash draperies are shown on dresses and jackets.

Some of the spring coats are little more than boleros.

Many of the new blouses have peplums and coattails.

The expanse of tunic at hips is repeated in some of the coats which have godets.

Novelty cottons, taffetas, crapes, failles, gaberdines and serges are the spring fabrics.

Long stoles, soft and pliable, are wound about the figure in various ways, and fur turbans are trimmed with weird fantasies of plumage.

The new bustle effects promise ill for our old clothes of last season. The shoulder still droops, the waist is of goodly expanse, and narrowness draws in the ankles.

In collars the Japanese will last well into the summer, both in blouses and gowns. There will be a few hood effects also. Some flat ones will be draped. Soft, loose girdles with sash ends will be prominent.

Mending China.

Valuable china may be mended with the following mixture. When dry it will bear hot water and ordinary usage. Mix well a teaspoonful of alum and a tablespoonful of water. Place in the hot oven till quite transparent. Wash the broken pieces of china in hot water, dry and while still warm coat the broken edges thinly and quickly, as it sticks instantly with this mixture.

SMART ACCESSORIES.

Trinkets of Various Kinds Accepted Features of Modish Toilets.

Trinkets of all sorts may be worn with the fashionable afternoon gown. The handsome dress illustrated is clasped about the waist by a chatelaine belt in old silver and semiprecious stones.

This costume is of cedar green chiffon taffeta and is designed for afternoon wear. This gown offers excellent style points. The skirt shows a long pannier drapery, the several folds of which are weighted in order to control their position.

Plaits in the back are kept in place by means of the backs.

In the front the skirt folds are laced through green silk embroidered rings, with dark green cord, which ends in a heavy black and green beaded tassel.

An underskirt of dark green chiffon is worn with the gown.

The tunic opens over a plaited white net rest and is frilled with white net, picot edged.

Sleeves in two pieces are mousquetaire in effect and in one piece with the long waisted blouse.

Probably the cost of trying to make jewelry a part of the color scheme of the dress accounts to some extent for the fact that cheap beads, if only they



CHIFFON TAFFETA GOWN.

be of the right color, may be worn. Of course, these, like more costly beads, must be worn with discretion.

Some interesting new chains of beads are shown now, made to wear with silk waists. The beads are strung on a string about thirty inches long, and where the two ends are fastened together a long silk tassel is attached. When the chain is put about the neck the tassel hangs in the front, forming a deep V line of the beads.

Any woman can make such a chain. For use with a plaid taffeta waist of blue, green and brown, a chain made up of blue and green beads of dark shades, about as big as a pea and of flat amber colored beads, each three-quarters of an inch long, would be handsome.

Three blue beads should be strung, then three green, then a yellow, then a green, then a yellow and then three blue again, and so on until the right length is made up. A little yellow silk tassel about four inches long is used.



Major General Wood.

Thrifty Paganini.

When Paganini was asked many years ago to play at Vauxhall Gardens he inquired how many persons the place would hold.

"That is impossible to say," said the manager. "It is a large, open space."

After some reflection the great violinist inquired, "How many will the space contain when quite full?"

"Perhaps 20,000."

"Ah, 20,000 people! And you ask how much?"

"Four shillings each."

"Four shillings each! Twenty thousand at 4 shillings make 80,000; 80,000 shillings, £4,000. Well, I will play in one concert for £3,000, and you may have the other thousand."

A Good Loser.

"Are you a good loser?" "I ought to be—I've had practice enough."—Town Topics.

WIN YOUR SPURS.

Young men talk of trusting to the spur of occasion. That trust is vain. Occasions cannot make spurs. If you expect to wear spurs you must win them. If you wish to use them you must buckle them to your own heels before you go into the fight. —James A. Garfield.

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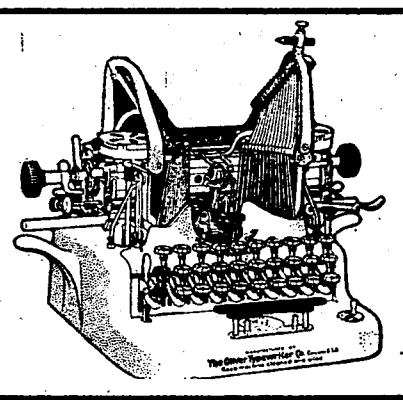
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SEGREGATION IS DENOUNCED

Continued from First page.

these amendments, the states which have enacted laws repugnant to their spirit and letter have sought circumvention by cunningly devised phrases and tricky contrivances. Every such revised constitution bears the stamp of righteous condemnation in its very phraseology.

The policy of social separation of the races, alleged in justification of the pending measure, is a matter with which the federal government has nothing to do. The intimate social and personal relationship of citizens do not fall within the scope or purview of the federal authority. Its concern is with the comprehensive relations of all citizens. Matters of minor detail are left to local and subordinate jurisdictions. The general government can not find warrant for such action in the example of the several states.

Discriminatory laws in the states are sought to be justified by some on the ground of the relative number of negroes in the general population. It is alleged that the great number of negroes are unprepared for participation in government, or for free intermingling with the whites without seriously lowering the tone, and standard of civilization. The federal government has absolutely no such basis or excuse. The negro represents at present less than 11 per cent. of the total population. This ratio is growing less with the passing of the decades. So far no state with so slight a negro population has deemed it necessary to adop a code of Jim Crow laws. If the general government should be inclined to follow the example of the states. it would more wisely follow the lead of the more numerous and populous states, rather than the smaller number involved in exceptional circumstances.

The negroes at present constitute less than 5 per cent. of the federal employes. There is no discernable indication of an increase in this ratio. For forty years the negro has entered the civil servics of the government on the basis of his merit. The fact that he retains his hold shows that his work is satisfactory.

It is not claimed that the negro has up to the present time been exempt from prejudice or from discrimination in the public service. Neither is it fair to charge that the present administration is the author and finisher of segregation. But this is the first time that the race, as a whole, has been humiliated by the threat that the iniquitous legislation would be enacted into a law and e-come a fixed policy of the government.

I was for some years connected with the civil service as personal clerk to the president of the United States; this under a Democratic administration. The colored employes were then relatively more numerous than they are today. At that time no such law was deemed desirale or even dreamed of. The Negro since that time has made great progress, both in culture and the substantial basis of respectability.

During all of these years the public service has suffered no detriment, nor his fellow employes any reasonable hardship by reason of his presence. If there have been cases of individual impropriety, these should be dealt with on the basis of desert. The segregation of the races is as unnecessary as a practical expedient, as it is subversive of the spirit of free institutions. Separate but equal accommodation for both races is the slogan of Jim Crow legislation. Experience shows that this is impracticable, as reflection would show it to be impossible.

Identity is the essence of equality in all public functions. Two now inter changable parts can not long maintain their original party. If some of our sagacious statesmen succeed in having the enactment of a law provi ding that there should be different weights and measures for the two races, but the two yard-sticks shall have the same length and the pound weights shall contain the same number of ounces, provided that no Negro shall be accommodated by the white man's units of weight and measure, and vice versa, under heavy penalty; in the short process of time, human nature, remaining what we know it to be, the Negro would be receiving the lighter weights and the shorter measures.

The man who can not protect himself will become the victim in every issue where his interests are separate from those of the community at large. If there were two standards of coinage of the same weight and fineness, only that the one set of coins must forever circulate among negroes and the other among white people, the black man's coins would immediately depreciate in comparison. The parity could only be maintained by free interchangeability. The Negro has supreme confidence in the American dollar, because he knows that the same coin that is in his pocket to day will be in the white man's pock et tomorrow. And so it is with rights and privileges under the law. There can be no equality of rights, where identity of rights is denied. To the casual observer the assignment of space in a government building to a hand full of colored civil service employes would seem to be a matter of trival importance. But, closer inspection reveals a deeper significance It is out the thin blade of the wedge whose entrance threatens to split the log asunder. Should the national government adopt this seemingly simple provision it would thereby sanction all of the discriminating legislation on the statute books of the several states and would suggest and justify all such enactments in the future.

The present plight of the negro is a significant commentary on the doctrine that the white race is good enough to become the benificent governor of the Negro, without his consent or participation.

There are 10,000,000 Negros in the United States who are rapidly progressing in intelligence and in responsible power. He has no voice in making administering or interpreting the laws by which he is governed Men in the highest public places, whose positions rest upon the basis of a Negro constituency, denounce their black constituents in language not to be found in the lexicon of decency. There is no voice answering back. Legislation is proposed to humiliate and degrade the negro, such as no officer of the government would dare whisper concerning any other element of the nation. But the Negro's tongue is tied and his voice is hushed, because of political nullity.

In his helpless need, the Negro can only say to the nation, that he has been loyal and devoted to her standards and ideals with the hope that she is too fair to be unjust, even to the least of her citizens. But in the face of the current trend of things he can only indulge in the query: "Is this the reward of loyalty?"

Hamilton W. Mabie, in his article in the Outlook for August, on "Americans and the Far East", says: "Race differences must be clearly and frankly recognized. Economical differences must be candidly faced, but race hatred must be driven beyond the pale of civilization, it is the survival of barbarism, and it must go back where it belongs."

The great White Race will some day in its second sober thought recognize the truth of these words and will augment its greatness by emancipting itself from this detestible spirit of race hatred.

It cannot be that this great American people is always going to be content to prostrate itself before this mean and degrading spirit. It owes it to itself as well as to this black race and to all other races to free itself from debasing an influence. If it is to maintain its influence in the world under the ever-growing influence of Christianity, which knows neither Greek nor Jew, Barbarian, Scythian, bond or free, it can not hope to do so with race prejudice inscribed on its banner.

The white man may be strong enough to fight the black man in this county, but he is not strong enough to fight God Almighty and His eternal and inexorable lrws of Rightness and Brotherhood. These laws will ultimately remake him or break him as rubbish to the void.

Right forever on the scaffold;
Wrong forever on the throne;
But that scaffold sways the future,
And behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keepeth watch above His own.

TRACED THE LOOT

Horse and Wagon Found at Rockton Traced to Owner.

Wednesday Dan Brandon and Arthur McCall were taken to Madera by Constable Stoddard of that place, to answer to the charge of stealing a horse, harness, wagon, etc., from a res:dent of that town. The prisoners were remanded to jail and will have to answer the charge at the next term of court.

Brandon and McCall are the two men who were arrested on the charg of breaking into and robbing Kirk's mill at Rockton, and were lodged in jail to answer that charge. The horse and wagon they are supposed to have stolen at Madera was left at Rockton when the thieves fled from that place.

FARMER ARRESTED

Pleads Guilty to Violating Inter-State Cattle Law.

J. A. Christie, of near Reynoldsville, pleaded guilty to charges brought by the State Livestock Sanitary board for violating the interstate cattle law. Mr. Christie brought cattle into Pennsylvania from New York without being accompanied by the required health certificate.

When examined at Mr. Christie's farm by state agents, who were assisted by Dr. Frank A. Hamilton, of DuBois, most of the cattle were found to be badly diseased and were condemned and disposed of under state supervision.

MIXUP OF NAMES

Man Murdered at Cataract WasNamed Dunkle, Not Burfield.

Through some inexplainable mixup of names by those who reported the murder at Cataract the next day after the crime was committed. the name of the man who was killed by Clay Hoston was given as Burfield. It now transpires that the murdered man was James Dunkle, and that the information upon which Hoston was arrested was sworn to by Clyde Lanagans and Henry Burfield.

BROKE INTO CAR

Four Men Arrested on Charge of Entering Freight on the N. Y. C.

Four men were arrested in the Nev York Central railroad yards in Clearfield Wednesday evening, charged with having broken open a door in a freight train in the vicinity of Lock Haven. There were nine men in the gang at the start, but all but four left the train further down the River line.

The men were placed in the lockup here and will be taken to Lock Haven today.

Still Bigger Egg.

Alex Bell, of the West Side, says that when one of his hens read abcut the big egg a hen at Stone House farm laid his own hen got busy and laid an egg that measured 7 inches one way and 8 inches the other Some egg, that.

Mrs. Harry Forcey Stricken.

Mrs. Harry Forcey, of Second street, is lying seriously ill at her home suffering from a stroke of paralysis. Her recovery cannot be predicted at this time.

CONFINE ACTIVE OPERATIONS.

Vera Cruz and Tampico Scene—Campaign Against Huerta.

Washington, April 23.—It is the present intention of the administration to confine the bed of active operations in Mexico to the ports of Tampico and Vera Cruz and not to attempt to send forces into the interior to Mexico City unless the lives of the Americans and other foreigners now there are in danger.

A lull in active hostilities is looked for after the two ports are occupied. President Wilson has made it clear that the single point of attack in the whole campaign is Huerta and nobody but Huerta. The forces of the United States will be used to pull Huerta from power and for no other purpose.

While senators were calling for the subjugation of Mexico from Juarez to Yucatan the president told his advisers he will not order the army to act in territory held by the Constitutionalists. An army force, if sent, will detour northern Mexico in all its movements. This means that the two-thirds of Mexico held by Huerta will be the only fighting ground and that Chihuahua, Sonora, Coahuila and the city of Torreon will not be fighting ground as long as they are held by Villa and Carranza.

COAL FOR ARMY TRANSPORTS

Fuel Sent to Galveston and Ammunition Distributed Along Border.

New Orleans, April 23.—Heavy shipments of coal and ammunition were made by the United States quartermaster's department from here. One hundred and twenty-five cars of coal went direct to Galveston to be used for coaling transports.

Ten cars of ammunition went to points along the Mexican border. It is understood that other large shipments will follow.

PRESIDENT WILSON SORRY.

Disheartened by News of Shedding of Blood at Vera Cruz.

Washington, April 23.—"I'm sorry; terribly sorry," were President Wilson's words when news of loss of life in taking Vera Cruz first reached him.

The president was sad and disheartened. As he walked slowly to his office through the White House his head was bowed and his face a study of deep feeling and gravity.

Tolstoy's Handwriting.

In the Revue de Paris Count Elie Tolstoy describes his mother's experiences as his father's amanuensis:

"Being very shortsighted, my mother had to bring her eyes close to the paper to decipher my father's frightful scrawl. The work often took her the whole evening and kept her busy until long after the rest of the household had gone to bed. When she found a passage which was quite illegible she used to go to papa and ask him to explain it. But that seldom happened, for she was very reluctant to disturb him. When she did so he took the manuscript from her and asked, with evident irritation: 'Well, what is it you can't understand?' Then he began to read it himself, but when he arrived at the puzzling passage he was invariably pulled up and had the greatest difficulty in even guessing what he had written."

Count Elie Tolstoy adds that while the spelling was often very bad, the countess never failed to put it right.

Elephant Skin.

Elephant skin is very beautiful. Moreover it is durable. But it is hard to get.

The price of a live elephant is not small, and, besides that, elephants do not grow within a stone's throw of our front doors. So the leather manufacturer that contracted to furnish many elephant skin bags at a given time would probably find himself under a big burden. He must wait until some tame, pet elephant, so to speak, dies

The unlimited Free Chi-Namel offer made on page 3 by Clearfield Hardware Co. during the special demonstration shows the extent of their confidence in the make-good quality of that brand of varnish.

April 23-2t.

Threat to Kill Charged.

Joseph Bilik is in jail charged with assault and battery and threatening to kill Frank Hoczik, at Carnwath. Both men are Slavs.

Funeral of Murdered Italian.

The funeral of the Italian who was murdered on the West Side Sunday was held this morning and was largely attended.

Frederick's
WORLD'S LARGEST PIANO HOUSE

We can show you the most complete line of Pianos on the market. Our stores display a half a hundred makes, among them the.....

Knabe, Chickering, Estey, W. F. Frederick, Strich & Zeidler, Foster, etc., etc.

See Them Before You Buy.

See Our Complete Line of **Victrolas and Records**

W. F. Frederick Piano Co.
Bell Phone 131-L
106 Third Street

Sugar, Coffee and Butter Cheaper

We are glad to announce a reduction on the above staple groceries. We can now sell
100 lbs Granulated Sugar $4.80
White House Coffee, lb for 25c
3 lbs for $1.00
Excelsior Coffee, 1 lb for 30c
3-lb can for 85c.
We reduced Alba Butter to 25c

R. C. Shaw Grocery Co.

BIG LOAF FLOUR

IS FOR SALE BY THE FOLLOWING MERCHANTS IN CLEARFIELD AND VICINITY

G. N. Ellenberger,	Clearfield
Ross & Woods,	Clearfield
J. S Beahan,	Clearfield
McCloskey Bros.,	Clearfield
C. E. Shirey,	Clearfield
Wm. M. Boyce & Son,	Clearfield
F. S. Gilliland,	Clearfield
S. B. McLaughlin,	Clearfield
Sam Barone,	Clearfield
A. P. Schnars,	Hyde
Bickford Store Co.,	Curwensville
T. C. Hile,	Curwensville
Harry Teats,	Curwensville
W. B. Fox & Son,	Curwensville
G. M. Chute,	Curwensville
C. F. Hays,	Curwensville
T. D. Small & Son,	Curwensville
W. A. Hipps,	Curwensville
Rafferty Bros.,	Grampian
Grampian Supply Co.,	Grampian
W. E. Derrick,	Grampian
A. McGrath,	Grampian
H. P. Wriglesworth,	Grampian
F. M. Hartzfeld,	Grampian
J. T. Pickles,	Woodland
W. D. Walker & Bro.,	Bigler
Ed. Shaw,	Shawville
C. P. Rowles,	Olanta
D. B. Hile,	Lumber City
F. B. Johnston,	Curry Run

Geo. H. Lum
DUBOIS, PA.,
Manufacturer's Agents for Pennsylvania.



Big Special Cut Price
ON
Coats and Suits Before Easter

Men's Suits			Ladie's Coats and Suits		
$ 8.50 Suits, only		$ 5.75	$ 8.00 Coat or Suit		$ 5.98
10.00	" "	7.25	10.00	" "	6.75
12.50	" "	9.00	12.50	" "	8.50
15.00	" "	11.00	15.00	" "	9.95
18.00	" "	13.25	16.50	" "	10.75
20.00	" "	15.00	18.00	" "	12.75
22.00	" "	16.50			
25.00	" "	18.50			

The Kirschbaum & Co. and Schloss Bros. Clothes

Shoes, Oxfords, Shirts, Hosiery, Hats, Etc., For Easter.

All the newest shades and styles

New Waists, Shoes, Oxfords and Hosiery

Big reduction on all Hats in the Millinery Dept.

ROBINSON & CO.
CLEARFIELD CURWENSVILLE



April 15 to July 31

This is the Trout Fishing Season, the time in which it is lawful to catch the Speckled Beauties. We have the Tackle that will help get the big ones

DRY FLY FISHERMEN

We have the Genuine English Eyed Dri-Fly and the English Tapered Dri-Fly Leaders

Rods from 75c up
Silk Lines 15c up
Flies 1c up
Rod Cases 85c
Fly Books 25c to $4.50
Leaders from 5c to 50c
Baskets from 90c to $1.25
Landing Nets $1.25
Leader Boxes 25c
Everything for the Fisherman

HARDER'S GUN WORKS Clearfield, Penn'a.

THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

Volume VIII — Clearfield, Pennsylvania, Thursday, April 23, 1914

ORDERED OUT OF MEXICO

O'Shaughnessy Dismissed From Country by Huerta

DECLARATION OF WAR COMING

Rebel Leader Carranza Says Seizure of Vera Cruz by Americans Was a Display of Hostility to All Mexicans—Dynamite Found in Proximity to American Torpedo Boats.

THE MEXICAN SITUATION.

Mexican troops were cleared out of Vera Cruz yesterday in a second fight in which six Americans were wounded, one fatally.

Washington was uneasy over a message from Carranza to President Wilson declaring the seizing of Vera Cruz to be a hostile act against Mexican people.

London received despatches that the Mexican cabinet had declared a general amnesty and that Huerta was preparing to unite all Mexico against the United States.

Mexico City in censored dispatches, was reported fairly quiet, but the state department was worried by failure to hear from Charge d'Affairs O'Shaughnessy, and thus set at rest rumors that he and his family had met violence.

Orders to seize Tampico were held back.

Responding to a message from President Wilson, the house of representative appropriated $500,000 for his use in bringing home American refugees from Mexico.

President Wilson signed the resolutions finally adopted by both houses of congress justifying his action in forcing Huerta and his followers to show respect for the United States flag.

Special to the Progress.

Washington, April 23—O'Shaughnessy, charge d'affairs for the United States government, has been ordered out of Mexico.

The formal declaration of war is expected hourly.

Dynamite Found In Proximity to American Vessels.

Galveston, Tex., April 23—Police last night discovered near the United States torpedo boats Reid, Preston and Flusser a large quantity of dynamite. Thirty-six sticks were found in a grip within 10 feet of the torpedo boats. In the grip were caps and fuses.

Three persons, two of whom are Mexicans, unknown here, have been arrested. They claim to be workmen who are blasting stumps on the mainland here and admitted to placing explosives on the wharf, but said the dynamite was left there while they sought transportation across the bay.

Says He'll Have 400,000 Men in the Field in Twenty Days.

Mexico City, April 21 (delayed). — General Huerta has given out the following statement:

"Mexico is defending not only her national sovereignty, but that of all Latin America as well. This is not a war between the Mexican and the American peoples, but between Mexico and the government of the United States, which is controlled by men who have forced this situation upon us in spite of our efforts to the contrary.

"We shall have 400,000 men in the field in twenty days."

General Huerta also assuredCharge O'Shaughnessy personally and in the friendliest tone that he and all Americans here would be defended against all attack.

Rebel Leader Says American Action Was Not Justified.

Washington, April 23—General Carranza's first statement of the rebel view of the seizure of Vera Cruz and the American program was received in Washington yesterday.

It avoids mention of rebel intentions in the matter but states that the United States erred in that the action intended to affect the individual Huerta, was in reality an act of hostility to the Mexican nation.

News that General Carranza had taken this attitude fell like a bombshell in official circles last night.

Amnesty Offered Rebels.

London, April 23—A dispatch to the Daily Mail from Mexico City sent on Tuesday night says that the Mexican cabinet on that night decided to promulgate a general amnesty so that all Mexicans may be united in the defense of their country.

Is O'Shaughnessey Safe?

Washington, April 23—After having exhausted numerous lines of inquiry as to the whereabouts and welfare of Nelson O'Shaughnessy, Secretary of State Bryan at 10 o'clock last night announced that no word had come from Mexico concerning the American Charge d'Affaires at Mexico City since Monday.

SWAT THE FLY

Uncle Walt Tells How to Get Rid of the Pests.

The early fly's the one to swat. It comes before the weather's hot, and sits around and flies its legs, and lays at least ten million eggs, and every egg will bring a fly to drive us crazy by and by. Oh, every fly that skips our swatters will have 5 million sons and daughters, and countless first and second cousins and aunts and uncles, scores of dozens, and fifty-seven million nieces; so knock the blamed thing all to pieces. And every niece and every aunt—unless we swat them so they can't—will lay enough dodgasted eggs to fill up ten five-gallon kegs, and all these eggs, ere summer flies, will bring forth twenty trillion flies.And thus it goes, an endless chain, so all our swatting is in vain unless we do that swatting soon, in Maytime and in early June. So, men and brothers, let us rise, gird up our loins and swat the flies! And sisters, leave your cozy bowers where you have wasted golden hours; with ardor in your souls and eyes, roll up your sleeves and swat the flies!—Walt Mason

FUNERAL OF W. A. PORTER

Remains Were Laid to Rest in Hillcrest Cemetery Yesterday.

The funeral of William A. Porter, whose death resulted from a stroke at Charleston, West Virginia, were laid to rest in Hillcrest cemetery Wednesday afternoon, services being held at the home of Harry B. Powell at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

The funeral services were in charge of Rev. Dr. Reeve, assisted by Dr. Fife, of Philadelhpia, and Dr. Waddell, of Bellevue, former pastors of the Presbyterian church here.

The pallbearers were: Alfred Graham, A. B. Reed, Allen Wrigley, Fred G. Betts, H. B. Hartswick, H. B. Powell, J. Blair Read and A. B. Weaver.

OPERATORS AND MEN ARE NOW IN SESSION

Conference Committees Met in Clearfield Today

The joint conference of committees of mine operators and miners called for the purpose of endeavoring to adjust the differences existing between the two bodies in the Clearfield bituminous district, opened in this place this afternoon at 1.30. The conference is being held behind closed doors, and as the sessions are likely to last until late this afternoon no information as to the progress of the negotiations can be secured at this time.

The scale committee of District No. 2 met here yesterday and discussed the questions which will be considered at the conference this week. It is the opinion of those who have been studying the situation that the conference this week will end with an amicable agreement on the more important matter in dispute and that mining will be resumed, probably about the first of May.

Retrenchment on R. R. & P.

The Buffalo Rochester and Pittsburgh Railway company has laid off many men in the Indiana, Pa., section owing to the shutting down of the mines. Only a couple of freights now run over the Indiana branch each day, whereas as high as 50 were moved in one day some weeks ago. Ten telegraph operators have been laid off temporarily.

Frost This Morning.

A slight frost this morning greeted the early riser and dampened the ardor of amateur gardeners.

U. S. TROOPS CONTROL CITY OF VERA CRUZ.

Port Falls After Two Days' Fighting.

BIG GUNS WERE USED

Six Thousand Bluejackets and Marines Landed.

SIX SHIPS SHELLED CITY.

After Intermittent Firing All Night American Officers Decided to Put a Stop to It—Vessels and Marines Drove All Mexican Troops From Their Positions—Residential Portion of City Under Guns of Prairie.

Washington, April 23.—American marines have been landed at Tampico. This was admitted by Secretary Bryan. When asked if marines had entered the city the secretary said:

"Yes, I think so. But you had better ask the navy department. I think it is better for all such information to come from one source."

Secretary Bryan was then asked if the Mexican federals resisted the landing of American troops.

"I don't want to discuss that," he replied.

A dispatch to the navy department says that there was no resistance at Tampico. The landing force is now in possession of the port and has taken over the custom house and the cable office.

It was announced at the White House that Vera Cruz is now entirely in the possession of the American forces and that no noncombatants had been injured.

The announcement said:

"Dispatch received from Consul Canada announced that the American forces are now in entire possession of the city, that apparently there are no fatalities among Americans and foreign noncombatants and that firing has ceased, except for occasional picket shots."

Consul Canada reported that "many arrests" were being made in Vera Cruz during "a house to house" search for armed citizens now being made.

Attack at Vera Cruz.

Vera Cruz, April 23. — After four hours of fierce fighting in Vera Cruz, during which the big guns on six of the large American battleships were trained on various parts of the city, every Mexican soldier was either captured or driven out of the city by United States marines and bluejackets, who had been landed in the early morning hours. The city is in complete control of the American officers, and not a bit of resistance has been met since noon on the second day of the first battle of the war with Mexico.

A Red Cross hospital has been set up in an adjacent hotel and also in a terminal of the National Railroad of Mexico. Captain Anderson is in command of the forces ashore.

The federal troops under General Maas evacuated the city. Machine guns taken ashore from the battleships command the principal streets, and American forces are in complete control of the city. The troops have begun a house to house search for combatants. Most of the casualties occurred in a public square adjacent to the terminal building.

Mexican snipers were sheltered in a tower at the police barracks which was subsequently riddled with the shells. Rear Admiral Badger issued a proclamation to the effect that the United States troops will not take aggressive action and that they have no wish to harm the customs building, the postoffice or consulates. The streets of the city were completely deserted and the city appeared to be a city of the dead. The condition of some of the wounded is serious. No further casualties were reported. Refugees are being taken on board the Esperanca.

It is also reported that General Maas has only retired a short distance from the city and expects re-enforcements shortly.

The landing of troops from Rear Admiral Badger's vessels was carried out in a most impressive and orderly manner and was not attended by a single accident. The night was a most beautiful one, and as boatload after boatload sped from ship to ship, the scene was not one likely soon to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The transfer of machine guns to the shore was also carried out with remarkable expedition and without a single hitch.

Canada's Report.

The following is the report made by Mr. Canada:

"Firing commenced from the Mexicans at daybreak. Our ships immediately began to shell the southern part of the city.

"A large force of bluejackets and marines from the fleet of Rear Admiral Badger, which arrived during the night, was landed before daylight to support Admiral Fletcher's men.

"At the same time I caused to be widely circulated copies of a proclamation signed by Admiral Fletcher requesting the local authorities and the population of the city to aid us in restoring order.

"Major Butler and his command from Tampico are now ashore, and the Florida, Utah, Arkansas, Vermont, New Hampshire, South Carolina and Prairie are lying in close, using their guns.

"The Hancock with its marines has been reported.

"The American forces, which commenced their general attack, operated under the guns of the war vessels. We have no details of Mexican casualties, but believe that up to 8 o'clock 150 Mexicans had been killed or wounded."

When day broke Captain Rush and Lieutenant Colonel Neville, commanding the landing force, controlled the water front and all streets in the vicinity of the consulate. They were content to hold what they had taken and make no advance toward the central part of the city.

General Maas Reported Fleeing

General Maas is reported to have fled from the city with his family. Many of the city officials are also said to have fled.

A scout returning from the center of the city reported that he understood General Maas and many of the city officials left town with their families in carriages shortly after noon.

The Mexican troops were left practically without officers to act as they chose.

Today what is left of Maas' command is scattered throughout the central portion of the city. A large number have deserted.

A Pleasant Moment.

"I am told," said a beautiful woman to a dub of a man the other day, "that my lovely cousin, Miss X., has made a deep impression on you."

"Is Miss X. your cousin?" barbled the dub excitedly. "Indeed she did! She is one of the loveliest girls I ever met. I'll tell you just what kind of a hit she made with me. I met her at the Dashes' dinner, and she sat on the other side of me, and I talked with her the whole time, and I can't even remember who my dinner partner was."

"I thought not," said the beautiful woman dryly. "I was your dinner partner."—New York Globe.

CAPTAIN RUSH.

Leader of United Forces That Entered Vera Cruz When City Was Captured.



Photo by American Press Association.

Captain Rush led the American troops when they entered Vera Cruz. He was in absolute command of the landing forces. To his caution is due the fact that but four American troops were killed. Captain Rush stated that he did everything possible to prevent the necessity of opening fire with the guns on the vessels, but found it unavoidable when the Mexicans entrenched themselves in strong positions and fired at the United States troops from ambush, so to speak. This is the most recent picture of Captain Rush.

OLD PARTIES ARE FAITHLESS

So Declares Gifford Pinchot at West Chester Chautauqua

LIVING UNDER THE MAGNATES

Says That Trusts are in Full Swing and Makes Earnest Plea for Laws to Save Country from the Dreaded Monopolies—Progressives Have the Remedy.

Gifford Pinchot was one of the drawing cards at the closing of the chautauqua sessions at West Chester Tuesday night.

Prior to the meeting a reception was given him at one of the town inns, which was largely attended. John J. Green, the Progressive party leader, entertained Mr. Pinchot and held a reception, with the customary forms of introduction to the callers.

Before a large audience, Mr. Pinchot, in opening, spoke of the valued services to the country of Dr. Joseph T. Rothrock, of West Chester, late forestry commissioner of Pennsylvania. He said that there areProgressives in this country nowadays because the Democratic and the Republican parties had failed to perform their pledged duty and both had become so corrupt that many of the people could no longer stand the conditions.

Living Under Magnates.

"We are now living under the magnates," he said, "as one-twentieth of all the land in this country is owned by 1641 persons, and 90 per cent of the coal lands of Pennsylvania is owned by forty persons. The Democrats have not fulfilled their pledge, form pledges and have done many things that they should not have done, and both the leading political parties have departed from partisan policies to avert panic during their respective administrations. The Republican party is controlled by the special interests, so all lovers of democratic government should vote for the Progressive party, for the Democratic party is no longer democratic. The Democratic party has violated the civil service regulations by displacing competent officials with inefficient job seekers."

He said that the trusts of all kinds are now in full swing, and made a plea for laws to save the country from the dreaded monopolies, and said that the Progressive policies provided this remedy. In referring to the Panama canal tolls question, Mr. Pinchot said that the Democrats have become the allies of the railroads against the coastwise shipping interests.

COMPENSATION BILL

Measure Provides Pay for Injured Government Employes.

The Kern-McGillicuddy bill to provide compensation for employes of the United States suffering accidents or occupational diseases in the course of their employment was favorably reported Tuesday by the national house judiciary committee. The bill has been urged by the American Association for Labor Legislation and is indorsed by numerous labor and civic bodies.

Existing act of 1908 which the Kern-McGillicuddy bill is designed to replace, is it is alleged, the worst compensation law ever enacted. According to former Commissioner of Labor Neill, "No other country offers to the widow and children of an employe killed in its service an amount so pitifully and disgracefully small".

More than one-third of a million men and women are employed by the government,many of them in hazardous undertakings, such as river and harbor work, navy yards and arsenals the reclamation and forestry services and in the canal zone.

Work Progressing Finely.

The rear wall of the original building of the Leitzinger Bros. Department store has been torn down and a hoisting machine erected. Contractor Snoke is pushing the work of reconstructing the building.

A Good Catch.

Alexander Bell, of the West Side, braved the bad weather of yesterday, and went fishing, returning last evening with 18 trout.

SEGREGATION IS DENOUNCED

Akin Paper Read Before A. M. E. Conference

ILLUSTRIOUS OF THE PURPOSE

Rev. W. L. Brown, Ph. D., of Altoona Condemns Proposed Congressional Legislation, Which Would Impose a Great Handicap Upon Negro Employees of the Government—Proceedings of Conference.

The sessions of the Pittsburg conference of the African M. E. church held in the West Side M. E. church were yesterday full of interest to the delegates and visitors.

In the morning able addresses were made by Rev. J. W. [illegible], John Logan and Rev. P. J. [illegible] burn. An interesting report on schools was made by Rev. P. H. [illegible] layne, B. D.

At the afternoon session papers were read by Rev. P. A. Dean, Rev. J. N. Gibbs and Rev. W. L. Brown, Ph. D. The latter discussed "Federal Segregation," his views being worthy of the extended notice given them in this article.

The thirty minute song service in the evening was heartily enjoyed and was followed by sermons by Rev. H. L. Hughes and an address by Rev. C. A. McGee.

The sessions will continue through out today.

Federal Segregation.

Following is the full text of the paper on "Federal Segregation," read by Rev. W. L. Brown, Ph. D.:

This eternal loathsome and unanswerable question has been a disturbing element in public and political affairs from the foundation of the government down to the present. The public mind may [illegible] rolling for [illegible] and material issues, the political statesman may put it aside for some more convenient season, but ever and anon it recurs with increased aggravation. At the present time it appears in the form of the proposition to segregate the employes under the civil service of the federal government. Should this proposal become enacted into a law, it would more definitely indicate the inferior status of the negro race, before the law, than any single legislation since the adoption of the constitution. It would, indeed, seriously affect the declared purpose and spirit of our national policy based upon absolute equality of citizens in all public considerations.

The federal statute books, as far, are free from race or class legislation. At the time of the founding of the constitution, one-fifth of the population was of African blood and servile status, but the far-seeing wisdom of the founders outwitted all racial designation, or discrimination in the organic law. A government based ing of equality as its basic principle that should deliberately debase the weak and helpless among its own citizens would be an anomaly in the eyes of the nations of the earth. Amid all of the passion and tumult of the anti-slavery conflict, the federal statutes were kept free from the odium of race distinction. The obiter-dictum of a chief justice of the supreme court which injected race distinction into the decision of that tribunal was swiftly repudiated by the moral indignation of the aroused conscience of the American people.

For this government today to declare that the negro shall not enjoy identical rights and privileges with the rest of his fellow citizens would be equivalent to the enactment of the discredited dogma of Judge Taney—that "A Negro has no rights that a white man is bound to respect." Indeed, the principle involved is just as vital to the ideal of the nation today as it was sixty years ago, although the public conscience may be less keenly alive to it.

The war amendments to the constitution reaffirmed the original intention that there should be no race distinction recognized by the national government. These great amendments written into the constitution by the point of the bayonet dipped in patriotic blood, can never be, nor their purpose ultimately defeated. Race discrimination is mentioned only to be forbidden. Mindful of

Continued on 4th page

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson IV.—Second Quarter, For April 26, 1914.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Luke xv, 1-10. Memory Verses, 8-10—Golden Text, Luke xv, 10—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

There was something in His teaching which reached the hearts of these publicans and sinners who were so despised by the self righteous Pharisees. He was full of grace and truth: they knew the truth that they were sinners and they needed the grace that was in Him. He taught as one having authority and not as the scribes; never man spake like this man (Matt. vii, 29; John viii, 46). That which the Pharisees sneeringly said of Him, "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them," was, and still is, gloriously true. He is still saying, "If any man hear my voice and open the door I will come in to him and will sup with him and he with Me" (Rev. iii, 20).

The word here translated "receiveth" is generally translated "waiting or looking for." Weymouth's rendering is, "He gives a welcome to notorious sinners." Not only does He receive sinners when they come to Him (John vi, 37), but He is on the lookout for them. He came to seek and to save that which was lost (Luke xix, 10). If we are truly His disciples, as in the last lesson, we, too, will seek in all the world the lost ones whom He came to save, the "whosoevers" who will make up His body, the church.

Their murmuring led Him to speak the threefold parable of the lost sheep, the lost coin and the lost son, in which we see the love of the Son as the shepherd, the love of the Spirit and the love of the Father. The love of God is the greatest topic in all the Bible and was specially manifest in His giving His only Son for us that we might not perish, as it is written, "In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world that we might live through Him." "Hereby perceive we the love of God because He laid down His life for us" (I John iii, 16; iv, 9). The story of the shepherd and the lost sheep is found also in Matt. xviii, 11-14, and the record of the Good Shepherd is found most fully in John x, where He not only cares for the sheep, but gives His life for them. In our lesson He is seen seeking till He finds; laying it on His shoulders, rejoicing, bringing it safely home and calling others to rejoice with Him. In Heb. xiii, 20, 21, He is the Great Shepherd who, having found and saved, works in us that which is well pleasing in His sight. In I Pet. v, 1-4, He is the chief shepherd rewarding His own for faithful service. Thus we have again the threefold aspect of our relation to Him as in last lesson—saved, serving, waiting for Him. I have often been glad that when He finds His sheep He brings it home; He does not drop it by the way. And what a place it is to be on His shoulders, us and our burdens, too (Deut. xxxiii, 12; Isa. ix, 6, 7). There must be more significance than we have ever seen in these words, "The Lord is my shepherd," and if we fully believed we could not but rejoice (I Pet. i, 8).

Woman is a type of the church, both true and false, but here she represents the true church in the power of the Holy Spirit seeking diligently that which is lost. The sheep set before us one phase of the condition of the lost, as when we read, "I have gone astray like a lost sheep," "All we like sheep have gone astray" (Ps. cxix, 176; Isa. liii, 6). The piece of silver may suggest the indifference of the lost, as when we read of being dead in trespasses and sins (Eph. ii, 1). In both cases the Lord is the seeker, as He has always been ever since He sought Adam in the garden of Eden, after he had sinned, saying, "Where art thou?" (Gen. iii, 9.) He does not merely call us to come, but knowing that we are as helpless as Mephibosbeth, who was lame in both feet, He sends and fetches us into His presence and by His great love causes us to fall on our faces in true penitence, then gives us all (II Sam. ix, 3, 5, 6, 7, 13).

Like the good Samaritan, He finds us helpless and wounded and tenderly cares for us and puts us in His place and brings us to a place of rest and continues to care for us (Luke x, 33-35). Like Paul in the case of Onesimus, He says to His Father concerning the sinner, "Receive him as Myself; if he hath wronged thee or oweth thee aught, put that on mine account" (Phi. xvii, 18). "God commendeth His love toward us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v, 8).

In the story of both the sheep and the piece of money, note the conclusion, "Joy in heaven, * * * joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth" (verses 7, 10). Does it not seem that if we really believed that, we who are saved would have a greater desire to have others know and share the great salvation? How much of the spirit of Christ have we if we have not His heart of compassion for the lost? He became poor for us and suffered in our stead for our sins. How are we proving that we are His disciples? "He that winneth souls is wise." "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever." It was Paul's ambition "by all means to save some" (Prov. xi, 30; Dan. xii, 3; I Cor. ix, 22). What does the Lord see in our hearts in this matter?

Unwatched Men Are Honest.

There are restaurants downtown where thousands of men are put on their honor every week. They go into these luncheon rooms, select the food they wish, eat it and when they pass out pay the cashier whatever they want to.

"Do these men cheat?" I asked the proprietors of two such places.

"Not more than once in 200 times does anybody pay us too little," said one of them. "The loss is so trifling it is not worth while bothering about, let alone watching."

"The money we lose," said the other manager, "doesn't amount to a dollar a week."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Excuse Me."

With a record of nine months at the Gaiety Theatre in New York, and having every feature which caused it to be hailed at the best farce theatre-goers had been offered in years, "Excuse Me", the Rupert Hughes' play which has the subtitle of "A Pullman Carnival," comes to the New Opera house, Friday, April 24, for one night only. As a play "Excuse Me" has given to Rupert Hughes an eminence as a writer of farce that is shared by no contemporary playwright. It is emphatically a novelty. Throughout its action there is not one instance of mistaken identity, no male person is required to masquerade in feminine garments, and none of the other age-old and now tiresome rules for provoking laughter in this sort of play has been observed. The subtitle is aptly descriptive. Mr. Hughes has taken a score and a half persons from everyday American life, placed them aboard a Pullman sleeper on an Overland flyer bound from Chicago to the Pacific Coast, and let things happen. And the things that happen, while they are perfectly logical in their origin and their sequence, keep up laughter for three acts. There are a score of contrasting types in the Pullman's passenger roster and every one is interesting because of himself as well as because of his relation to his fellows. The action of the play is rapid and changeable. The fact that it kept New Yorkers laughing for nine consecutive months is a good argument as to its merits, to which can be added the runs of sixmonths in Chicago, and four months in Boston. Mail orders with money enclosed received now and filled in the order they are received.

WANTED—Woman to clean the opera house each morning. Apply at the Opera house office.

ELECTION DATA

Information of Interest to Candidates and Voters of State.

cluding members state committee.

April 24—Before 4 p. m. last day for withdrawal of candidates filing such petitions.

April 28—Last day for filing nominating petitions for party offices in counties.

May 1—Before 4 p. m. last day for withdrawal of candidates who have filed petitions for party offices in counties.

May 9—Last day to have errors in party enrollment corrected.

May 19—Primary election—7 a. m. to 7 p. m.

June 3—Last day for filing statement of primary expenses.

Sept. 2—Last day to be assessed for November election.

Oct. 3—Last day to pay tax to qualify for November election.

Nov. 3—General election—7 a. m. to 7 p. m.

Dec. 3—Last day for filing November election expenses.

CLEANUP DAY

Board of Health Issues Notice to the Clearfield Citizens.

The Board of Health has set Saturday, April 25, as the date forClearfield citizens to clean up their premises and place Clearfield in a spick and span condition. On or before that date every citizen should clean up his or her premises, removing and disposing of everything that would have a tendency to make the premises look unsightly or in any way would become unsanitary or create any unhealthful condition. Clearfield has earned the reputation of being one of the healthiest towns in the state, due in part to the earnest efforts of its citizens to make it so. Remember the day and the date and your duty as a good citizen.

After the date set for the general clean up any condition in the borough found unsanitary will immediately be declared a nuisance and corrected by the proper authorities at the expense of the maintainer, in addition to fines and costs imposed in such matters. Apr 20 1 wk.

Constipation

Impossible to be well. The foe to good health. Correct at once. *Ayer's Pills.* One at bedtime. Sold for 60 years.

Ask Your Doctor. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

TAKE SALTS TO FLUSH KIDNEYS

Eat less meat if you feel Backachy or have Bladder trouble.

Meat forms uric acid which excites and overworks the kidneys in their efforts to filter if from the system. Regular eaters of meat must flush the kidneys occasionally. You must relieve them like you relieve your bowels; removing all the acids, waste and poison, else you feel a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sours, tongue is coated and when the wheather 1 bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment; the channels often get irritated obliging you to get up two or three times during the night.

To neutralize these irritating acids and flush off the body's urinous waste get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine and bladder disorders disappear. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice combined with lithia and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys and stop bladder irritation. Jad Salts is inexpensive; harmless and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then, thus avoiding serious kidney and bladder diseases.

Automobile for sale. Cole 1913 touring car. Bargain to quick buyer. Address Mr. James, Dimeling hotel. April 22 2t.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

CONGRESS.

Clearfield, Pa., Feb. 24, 1914.

I hereby announce as a candidate for the Democratic nomination as Representative in Congress from the Twenty-first district. Your vote and influence respectfully solicited. Primary election Tuesday, May 19th.

WM. E. TOBIAS,
Clearfield, Pa.

For Congress—

CHARLES H. ROWLAND,
of Philipsburg,

announces his candidacy for nomination for congress in the 21st district, subject to the decision of the Republican voters of the district.

STATE SENATOR.

For State Senator—

A. S. MOULTHROP,
of DuBois Borough.,

subject to the decision of the Washington Party voters at the primary election to be held May 19,1914.

(Endorsed by the Prohibition Party of Clearfield county.)

I stand for and will support state prohibition, or any local option measure that offers relief to state, county, or smaller units.

I stand for and will support woman suffrage.

I stand for and will support a compensation bill, also a child labor bill

I am against Penrose first, last and all the time, and will seek by every honorable method to prevent his nomination and election.

ASSEMBLY.

For Assembly.—

G. H. PLANTEN,
of Westover Borough,

subject to the action of the Washington Party voters at the primary election to be held Tuesday, May 19, 1914.

(Endorsed by the Prohibition party of Clearfield county.)

For Assembly—

A. G. WOODWARD,
of Curwensville Borough.

subject to the will of the Washington Party voters at the primaries May 19, 1914.

I will work and vote for those laws that will bring credit and honor to our State as advanced in the State platform of the Washington Party at the Harrisburg conference.

For local option first, last and all the time.

For Assembly—

EDWARD LIPPART,
of Lawrence township,

subject to the decision of the Washington party voters at the primary election to be held Tuesday, May 19, 1914.

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF

WANTS

Eggs for Hatching.

Barred Rocks, Rhode Island Reds and Silver Wyandottes, 50 cts per setting. B. O. Williams, 605 Hannah street. H. & C. phone. April 1, tf.

Eggs for Hatching.

S. C. Mottled Anconas, $1.00 per setting of 15. Leslie F. Hopfer, 613 Dorey St., Clearfield. H. & C. Phone. March 23 1 mo.

Dressmaking.

For all kinds of dressmaking and ladies tailoring, call 416 E. Market street. Apr. 4. 1mo.

Awnings for sale and put up. Lee Hess, 17 S. 4th St. H. & C. phone 225. Mar. 31. tf.

LOST: a bunch of keys. Finder will please report same to Progress office.

Wood For Sale—Sawed to stove length. Apply to Witmer Steel Co., or C. L. Rishel, drayman. Apr. 14 tf.

Private Sale—Household goods. C. I. Evans, 437 West Locust street. Apr 17 1wk.

WANTED—Whitewashing and garden making. Work guaranteed satisfactory. Address "Garden", care of Progress. Apr. 17 3t. eod.

FOUND—Old Roman gold pin with initials. Loser can have same by calling at this office and paying for this notice.

FOR SALE—1913 four cylinder Hudson touring car, fully equipped cheap to quick byer. Address M., Progress office. Apr. 17 tf.

Let us demonstrate to you what our cleaner will do. No grease or other injurious ingredients used. Clearfield Sanitary Cleaning and Decorating company, No. 8, 4th St.

Rough Dry Washing done, 30 cts. per dozen. Mrs. Geppert, 312 South Third Street. Apr 20 2t

FOR SALE—Property on Locust street. Inquire of Mrs. J. C. Hollopeter on premises. Apr 21 6t.

FOUND—String of rosary beads. Owner call at 434 Spruce.

Church Dinner.

The Ladies Aid society will serve a dinner of shad or ham and eggs at the Baptist church on Friday, April 24, from 5 to 7 P. M. Supper, 35 cents. Ice cream and cake extra. Apr. 20 5t.

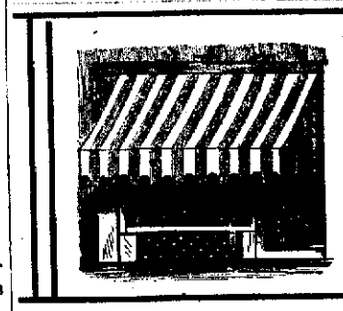
DISTRIBUTING AGENTS — Either sex. Earn $12.50 per 100. Giving free pkgs. Blumer's Perfumed Laundry Starch. All or spare time. 1528Blumer Bldg., Lincoln and Roscoe, Chicago.

Private Sale of Horses.

Twenty-five head heavy draft horses, brood mares, general purpose horses and driving horses, at private sale. Feister's livery stable, Clearfield, Pa.

MOELLER & ANDERSON.
Apr. 18 5t.

Get the Best...
Mother's Bread
Has no Superior. Few Equals.
CITY BAKERY
NO. 28 THIRD ST.
Clearfield, Penn'a.



A Residence Awning
Good Material and First Class Workmanship for
$2.35
Complete
Call on or Phone
A. LEA HESS,
17 S. Fourth Street

J. G. MAINS
AUCTIONEER
R. F. D. No. 1, Woodland, Pa.
Satisfaction Guaranteed

The Woman's Club

Owing to the lateness of the Spring, the Wild Flower Contest, fixed for May 1st, has been postponed. Announcement later.

PUBLICITY COMMITTEE

Good Advice

Spring Is at hand and there are many little things you need in the way of Tools to work about in the garden and lawn. We have anticipated your wants by laying in the most complete stock of Garden Tools ever carried by a Clearfield house. We have a full line of Keen Kutter Garden Tools, and in fact everything in the way of Garden Furniture. Pay us a visit and be convinced. You are welcome

BOTH PHONES

A SQUARE DEAL
WILLIAM F. POWELL
23 So. Second St.

CLEARFIELD DECORATING CO.

Open all day and evenings until 9 o'clock.



Artistic Wall Papers

Shown In Your Own Home

The choicest designs and colorings. Every pattern new.

We will deliver all purchases in town and to the Railroad Stations for out-of-town buyers.

CLEARFIELD DECORATING CO.

Painting and Paper Hanging Done Promptly

Store on Third Street Below Market

What are you going to do with your last Season's Tires . . . . ?

Bring them in and let us look 'em over carefully—we may be able to save those old ones. We know of many casings that have been sold to the junk dealer that could have been repaired by an expert vulcanizer. Yes, and given the owner at least another thousand miles or two of good service.

You don't want to discard your old tires by outside appearances---you may be throwing away actual dollars. We will honestly tell you if you need a new tire or if our **Vulcanizing Plant** can repair it. It is certainly to our interest to tell you the absolute truth and we will not tell you a repair can save a tire when the best move would be to buy a new casing. You can depend on our repairs---they're done with the best material, by a man who knows his work from A to Z.

Clearfield Vulcanizing Co.
18 South Third St. Clearfield, Pa.

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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

POULTRY NOTES

BY

C. M. BARNITZ

RIVERSIDE PA.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED



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NATURAL NEST BEST FOR TURKEYS.

When Mother Turkey goes trilling round in the spring peeping here and peering there, and the boys come running in and shout, "Mother, the old turkey's huntin' a nest!" Now, don't you do as some of our grand and great grandmothers did.

They discounted the natural, wild turkey instinct of Mother Turkey, thought to improve on nature and made her nest in a barrel, or box, and though their nature fake nesting,



Photo by C. M. Barnitz.

A NATURAL TURKEY NEST.

breeding and feeding were done with best intentions, these finally placed our country in the turkey graveyard class.

Now, look at our pictures. In the first Mother Turkey had her choice. She hunted and twittered around a long time before she found a place to suit her—a big, leafy brush heap in the woods.

She knew that minks and weasels and skunks would be nosing around, and the sharp eyed hawk and crow and the fiery eyed, velvet feathered owl would be after her and her speckled eggs, and she didn't want humans around to bungle the job either, and not till she hatched was her nest found and the brush, torn away, revealed her leafy retreat.

That's grand, true, natural nesting, that is! She sat there in perfect comfort for four weeks, dreaming of the pretty bird babies to come. The oak leaves and forest mold afforded a perfectly clean nest, the natural moisture from the ground kept her eggs from drying out and the thick, leafy canopy overhead gave perfect protection from sun and rain.



Photo by C. M. Barnitz.

THE OLD OAKEN BARREL.

No wonder poults hatched in such lovely environment are the best, but look at the barrel. How would you like to sit in a barrel on a hot scorching day? Think of Mother Turkey sitting in there for a whole month.

Do you suppose eggs hatch such good poults in a dry, dusty barrel as they do in nature's way? Can Mother Turkey change her position when she gets tired and turn and cool her eggs in such an uncomfortable place without breaking her eggs?

And the bugs. Don't such barrels get hughouse quick, especially when used for several hatches in succession as they often are?

Yes, everybody must 'fess that it's best for Mother Turkey to choose her own nest. All a human need do is to free her from lice before she nests and keep some feed handy to her retreat and water if there is not a chattering brook puring by.

DON'TS.

Don't grow old ungracefully and may your last days be your best days.

Don't grow weary in well doing, but don't do the editor for what is due.

Don't let sentiment influence you to keep show birds that are past paying.

BUSTED AGAIN.

The Blanks when New Year came around
Both signed a resolution
That they wouldn't break—oh, no mistake—
Until their dissolution.

She would not say an unkind word
Nor never call him "Sis,"
And home henceforth she'd make for him
A heaven of sweet bliss.

His temper Blank henceforth would hold
Within an iron grip
And never pull her false hair off
Nor call her "You old rip!"

But she his razor used for corns.
He broke a china plate.
This complicated everything
And led to a debate.

Then her emergency wouldn't work;
Her tongue just flew round loose.
His temper blew the safety off
At such awful abuse.

There was a fearful blowout then.
They both joyrided rash.
The shebang took an awful skid
And busted all to smash.

C. M. BARNITZ.

OVERWORKING THE HEN.

Hens, where system is used, are as much harnessed as a horse and may be driven to death or rendered unfit for future profit, or their energy may be so conserved that a good profit on the investment may be returned. Many drive their hens too hard in winter.

To get eggs in quantity they feed much rich, forcing food to stimulate the ovary, and thus digestive system and egg machinery are both overtaxed. To get eggs many feed red pepper, fenugreek, mustard or patented egg dope. These may hurry a few eggs ahead of the natural schedule, but cause injury to oviduct and digestive system, often kill the hen or burn out her egg machinery so she never lays again. It does seem cowardly to sneak dope into an unsuspecting hen's food. It often causes suffering and certainly is unnecessary where hens are of good stock, the proper age and properly cared for. People should be satisfied with a fair return on the investment, but high egg prices influence some to thus drive their hens too fast. This is why breeding stock is often no good in the spring. They have been "worked to death" all winter, and what eggs they lay are generally small, infertile or hatch weak chicks.

FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.

Yes, turkeys like fresh air, and their thick feathers are a protection against cold. But there's a limit. They should be protected against fierce storms and fed regularly and well during the winter.

This is certainly a big country and most too large for the law to handle, and it certainly is a task to catch all the food dopers. Tuberculosis beef and meat fixed with preservatives are sold to the public without compunction or fear of detection. The best way to get ahead of such swindlers is to eat less meat or raise your own.

The shipments of poultry, eggs and feathers from the 114 counties of Missouri last year reached $30,902,416. Missouri's poultry product is $50,000,000 per year, the result of pushing poultry culture, and every state in the Union has the same chance.

There ought to be at least a nest to every four hens, and each nest should just fit one hen comfortably. Where two hens can get on the same nest a fight and broken eggs may be expected.

You fellows that raise wheat needn't hold your heads so high. The whole wheat crop of 50,184,000 acres was only $610,120,000. The American hen's egg crop was over $500,000,000, and that was only half her crop and from much less land than the wheat acreage and with less expense.

A brooder house pays best where a good number of chicks must be hatched.

Over 75,000 auto licenses were issued in Pennsylvania the past season, and mighty few of them didn't average killing one chicken. Pretty hard on farm poultry, but as an offset they paid a tax of $750,000, to be applied to road building.

When news came from the North American egg laying competition that an Englishman's White Leghorn had broken the world's record by laying 292 eggs in a year, English fanciers went glad and Americans got sad and mad. But read this, you cranks: An American hen, half Leghorn and White Rock, has just skinned them all by finishing her year's record at the Oregon experiment station to the tune of 303 eggs. She did not stop to celebrate, but kept right on laying. Next.

The oldest chicken thief to be apprehended in Pennsylvania is eighty years old, sentenced in December to the Lancaster jail. Think of it—so near the grave and yet a knave!

Where nests are dark and roomy and sufficient for the hens you seldom see egg eating. Hens will always rush for a broken egg because like most humans they know a good thing when they see it.

The state game farm at Forked River, N. J., is a success. Forty incubator hatched quail, 200 wild Mallard ducklings, thousands of English pheasants and a wild turkey gobbler and ten hens live in the wild natural surroundings and promise well for future extension of the work.

It is real amusing to hear the remarks of male kickers when women exhibit fowls at the shows as if women weren't the producers of the bulk of the poultry in this country. There should be three jackass classes at the shows. One should be for fellows that knock the judge, the next for the fellow who knocks the show management, the third, or big jackass class should be for the fellows who criticise women for exhibiting their birds.

L. M. Barnitz.

ASTOR AND HIS FIANCEE.

Illness of Owner of Many Millions May Delay His Wedding, Set For April 30.



Vincent Astor is seriously ill with acute congestion of the right lung at Hopeland House, Staatsburg, N. Y., the country home of Robert P. Huntington, the father of his bride to be. Present indications, Mr. Huntington said, are that the marriage of Mr. Astor and Miss Helen Dinsmore Huntington, which was planned to take place on April 30, will have to be postponed. How long a postponement will be necessary Mr. Huntington could not say. Mr. Astor's illness, which was grave on Monday night, came after an attack of bronchitis which he had two weeks ago and from which he never fully recovered.

When the Full Moon Lights Sahara.

The following description of the Egyptian full moon is quoted from "It Happened In Egypt:"

"The stars spoke to us as we walked soft footed through the sand, and the pure wind of the desert spoke other words of the same language—the language of the universe and of nature. Here and there yellow lights in a distant camp flashed out like fireflies; far away across the billowing sands rocks bleached like bone gave an effect of surf on an unseen shore; now and then a silent, swift moving Arab stealing out of shadow might have been the white woman who haunts the sphinx hurrying to a fatal tryst, and the great pyramid seemed to float between desert sand and cloudless sky like the golden palace of Aladdin being transported through air by the genie of the lamp. There never was such gold as this gold of sand and pyramids under the moon!"

Bird Ballast—a Storm Sign.

"What is all that great crowd of crows doing?" we asked the aged lighthouse keeper.

"Them crows there," the old man answered, "is takin' on ballast—a sign of storm."

The beach, white in the winter sunshine, was covered with crows. They seemed to be feeding busily.

"No; they ain't feedin'," said the keeper. "They're swallerin' sand; ballast, you know—ballast for the high winds that are comin'. Yep, a storm is doo."

The crows rose, a trifle heavily, and flew back inland again. Soon, however, a fresh lot made a second great black blot on the white beach.

"Yep, them's my barometer," said the old keeper; "crows swallerin' sand for ballast—a sign a storm is doo."—New York Tribune.

Proud of His Infamy.

When the Volturno burned in mid-ocean a few of the men rushed the boats and were knocked down by the captain. What becomes of such men in after days? Do they hide in shame from their fellows, fearful that they may be recognized and their infamy proclaimed? Not necessarily. A public librarian was once visited by a man who came to him for a book on notable shipwrecks. He searched the pages eagerly, then pointed out a passage referring to a seaman who tried to take a woman's place in a lifeboat and had been shot by the captain. "I'm that man," he declared, proud that his exploit should appear in print, and offered to show the shot wound to support his claim.—Chicago News.

From Many, One.

"This is our most valuable fowl," said the amateur hen farmer.

"A fine bird," remarked the visitor, trying to look wise.

"Yes, indeed. We have named her E Pluribus Unum."

"Why the name?" the visitor questioned.

"She came from the only egg that hatched of fifty in the incubator."—New York Times.

LOVE PUT TO SEVERE TEST

Wooer's Trick Nearly Spoiled a Wedding.

"Tell me frankly, Agnes, what do you think of my lover?"

"Personal appearance?"

"Yes. You can judge of his mind in one meeting."

"Frankly, then, I don't like the looks of his left eye."

"Oh, dear! Have you noticed that?"

"You appear to have noticed it yourself."

"I have been worried to death about it."

"Has he explained it?"

"I have not asked him to do so."

"My advice to you, Louise, is to give him an opportunity to explain. If he doesn't, I would break the engagement. I wouldn't marry a man who would keep anything back."

My resolution was taken. That very afternoon I asked Paul:

"Why do you wear a monocle? It is so frightfully English."

"Because, sweetheart, I consider it useless to wear two glasses when I can see as well with one."

"I notice you always wear it before your right eye."

"Yes. That is the better one of the two."

"Don't you think," I said, "that on the eve of a marriage it is the duty of each of the parties to it to explain every defect, no matter how trivial?"

His brow contracted slightly. "You mean that if I should be blind in one eye you would break the engagement?"

"You wrong me. I only wish for perfect confidence. I don't want to find out anything after we are married."

"You'll have it all to find out," he said coolly, "and more important matters than defective eyesight. You may find that I have an imperious disposition, a bad temper, a grasping nature—indeed faults enough to make me a poor husband for any woman."

"That is a risk we all have to take, and since we are unconscious of our own faults there is no deception in not confessing them. But if, for instance, I wear false teeth or my foot is made of wood"—

"I would love you just the same."

"It would be a fault for me not to confess it," I persisted.

He showed very plainly that I had offended him.

"Very well, I will make a confession which may cause you to break your engagement with me. But I will not place you in a position to be influenced in your decision. I will write my confession on a scrap of paper and leave it with you. Take plenty of time to come to a decision whether or no you can live with a man with such a defect as mine, then write me."

Going to my secretary, he took up a bit of paper and a pencil and wrote his message, then, without looking at me, hurried from the room. I waited breathlessly till I heard the front door close after him, then sprang eagerly for the paper he had left on the desk. Great heavens! What a revelation!

"I wear a glass eye."

I sank down on the sofa limp as a wet cloth. Never, never; I can never live with a man with a glass eye. The horrid thing would stare at me the first thing in the morning and continue its dreadful ogle till the last thing at night. No; it is all over between us.

But what a misfortune! Poor Paul! How sensitive he is about it! I don't wonder that he is so. If it is such a terrible thing for me to look at how much more terrible it must be for him! Besides, he suffers all in losing me that I suffer in losing him.

I must be as gentle as a dove in breaking my decision to him. There is no need to take time. My mind is made up. We must part forever.

I took up the pen that he had just laid down—I kissed it as I did so—then began to write a note which when I read it seemed very harsh. I wrote another, then another and another till I had written half a dozen, each growing more tender, more loving. The last was simply, "Come back and let me comfort you for life."

When he came I was alone in the room to which he was ushered. I looked for a serious, melancholy expression, but was astonished to see a very merry one. He clasped me in his arms, saying:

"Louise, pardon me if I am a little late. Just as I was about to read your note my glass eye fell on the floor, and as I am very nearsighted I spent some time hunting for it."

"Never mind, Paul, dear. You will always have me to find it for you."

"You see," he said, taking off his monocle, "when I hold it off there I'm as blind as a bat, for my left eye in addition to nearsightedness has astigmatism."

He looked at me, both his eyes fairly dancing. The truth rushed upon me. His glass eyes was his eyeglass.

I suppose that the knowledge that after all he had two natural eyes should have made me inexpressibly happy. On the contrary, it made me inexpressibly angry. I tore myself from his embrace and was fleeing from the room when he caught me in his arms and covered my face with a shower of kisses. I bitterly complained that he had played me a trick. He declared that I should thank him for giving me the opportunity to prove the nobility of my nature in standing by him in his supposed misfortune.

WARDEN CLANCY.

May Be Called to Stand In Becker's Second Trial To Tell of New Confession.



Photo by American Press Association.

Warden Clancy was in a large measure responsible for the confession of "Dago Frank" before his execution. The prison warden also signed the statement and sent it at once to Governor Glynn. It is probable that District Attorney Whitman will call Clancy as a witness at the second trial of Becker if the last words of "Dago Frank" are used in the trial.

Poor Alexander.

A high school freshman, asked to recite on the life of Alexander the Great, extemporized as follows:

"Alexander was a quick tempered man. Once when he had taken too much wine he got angry at his best friend and killed him. Alexander was very much grieved and did everything he could to help bury his friend."—Everybody's.

Public Aids to Efficiency.

Address your mail correctly.

Speak distinctly when you use a phone.

Walk on the right side of the sidewalk.

Cross the street on crosswalks.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Simplicity and Nobility.

Between simple and noble persons there is always a quick intelligence. They recognize at sight and meet on a better ground than the talents and skills they may chance to possess, namely, on sincerity and uprightness.—

SAGE TEA KEEPS YOUR HAIR DARK

When Mixed with Sulphur it Restores Lustre and Abundance.

Gray hair, however handsome, notes advancing age. We all desire the advantages of a youthful appearance. Your hair is your crowning glory. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray and looks dull, thin and scraggly, just a few applications of Sage Tea and Sulphur restores its appearance a hundred-fold.

Don't stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the tonic at home, or get from any drug store a 50 cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy." Thousands of people recommend this ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully, and removes dandruff, stops scalp itching and falling hair. Besides, no one can possibly tell, for it darkens so naturally and evenly. You moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, its natural color is restored, and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous, and you appear years younger.

SEÑORA HUERTA

Wife of the Dictator Continues Social Life Even In Time of War.





Free

A 20c size can of

Chi-Namel

Colored Varnish
Clear Varnish
White Enamel
Colored Enamel

Chi-Namel Varnish is waterproof and heel proof—made in all colors of wood. Use it for floors, linoleum, furniture and woodwork.

Colored Enamels for porch and out-door furniture. One coat hides the color and gives a durable hard finish that never softens after once dry.

Use this 20c coupon

DURING OUR DEMONSTRATION

Good for one 20c can of Chi-Namel Varnish, any color you select, if holder will purchase a new 10c brush with which to give it a fair test.

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

Good during Special Demonstration at our Store APRIL, 23, 24, 25.

CLEARFIELD HARDWARE CO.

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Year	$3.00
Six Months	1.50
One Month	.25
Three Months	.75

Entered at the Post Office at Clearfield, Pa., as mail matter of the Second class.

Thursday, April 23, 1914

COMING EVENTS.

Election of county superintendent of schools, May 5.

Pittsburgh conference A. M. E. church in West Side church, April 21, 22, 23.

Primary election Tuesday, May 19.

General election Tuesday, Nov. 3.

Good evening! Remember, a clean town means a healthy town.

WAR WITH MEXICO.

The United States is now at war with Mexico. Whatever the reasons that prompted President Wilson to order the seizure of Vera Cruz may be the American people indorse his action and will stand by him in his desire to bring peace to Mexico. ThatPeace cannot be had untilHuerta the dictator and butcher is forced to surrender his rule. Huerta himself no doubt welcomes war with the United States, for he was being hedged about so relentlessly by the rebels that his downfall was inevitable.

No one need expect a brief struggle in Mexico, if the natives rally to the support of Huerta. The country is a large one and the population is scattered to such an extent that subjugation of the country would be a long and tedious task. What position the rebels will take under the circumstances remains to be seen, but as none of the people of the republic ar to be trusted many of the rebels will undoubtedly go to the aid of Huerta.

The attitude of foreign nations is of some concern. That Japan would like to take advantage of the opportunity to mix in the fight there is no doubt, but Japan has sense enough to know that if she became involved with the United States Russia would take some action. Great Britain would readily go to Huerta's aid if she thought she could profit by aiding the dictator against the United States. Perfidious Albion is ever ready to prove that she is always looking out for the interests of Great Britain. There is so little to gain and so much to lose in trying to annoy the United States, however, that foreign nations will probably stand aloof, contenting themselves will selling arms and ammunition to the belligerents.

PINK TEA HEROES.

In looking over the roster of officers of army and navy who are expected to participate in the war with Mexico Pennsylvanians must be stricken with shame to learn that so few officers from this state are named as active commanders of soldiers or marines. An explanation of this disgraceful state of affairs is given in the statement that Senator Penrose takes such good care of the Pennsylvania officers that these are either occupying posts far removed from th danger zone or are dancing attendance upon butterflies of fashion at seashore resorts or the national capital.

The fact of the matter is that the American army and navy officers who owe their positions to their political pull are not inclined to go to the front when their country calls them. They prefer to dawdle their time away in drawing rooms or clubs to enduring the hardships of actual service. Many of these parlor officers know more about the tango than they do aboutUpton's tactics or navigation. To drag these tin soldiers to Mexico to fight the greasers would be inflicting upon them a hardship from which they might never recover.

Of course, the borough will set the citizens a good example by cleaning up the streets and alleys, and the work should begin on Third street between Market and Locust.

The railroads claim that, since the establishment of the parcel post they have been compelled to carry mail at a loss. The statement is well founded, and the people can afford to pay the railroads a reasonable rate for transporting the mail.

Six fishermen who were on Kettle creek proudly boasted that they caught seventy pounds of trout, although the water was high and the weather bad. Twelve pounds of trout ought to be sufficient for almost any kind of a trout hog.

It is not believed that it will be necessary to call out the Gum Swamp sharpshooters as aids in whipping Mexico.

If everybody goes to war, who will be left to fight the municipal ownership of the water works battle?

GENERAL MAAS.

His Whereabouts Are Unknown Since Capture Of Vera Cruz by U. S.



Photos by American Press Association.

General Maas, the federal commander at Vera Cruz, put up the best possible fight under the circumstances, but he left when things began to look bad for him. In the picture there is shown also the telegraph office at Vera Cruz, which was captured by the United States troops. Enough operators were retained to keep the lines open to the Mexican capital.

CONGRESS SUPPORTS PRESIDENT WILSON

Grants Executive Full Power to Control Situation.

Washington, April 23.—American blood flowing in battle in Mexico spurred congress to action. The senate by a vote of 72 to 13 passed the Mexican resolution "justifying" the president's course in Mexico. The substitute resolution was placed before the house by Representative Flood. The house passed the amended resolution, placing absolute power, authority and complete responsibility in the president's hands.

Bloodshed in Vera Cruz stemmed the flood of oratory and Republican opposition in the senate. Not since the Spanish war have such spectacular and dramatic scenes been viewed in the capitol.

Careworn, hollow eyed and weary from fourteen hours' continuous debate, it was a haggard and motley group of senators who dragged themselves from the senate.

Keyed to a bitter pitch of partisan strife, the talk ceased and voting began in the senate shortly after 2:30 o'clock. Every amendment to the committee substitute was rejected. The resolution finally adopted does not mention Huerta and disclaims hostility against Mexico or her people. This was the substitute accepted and approved by the president.

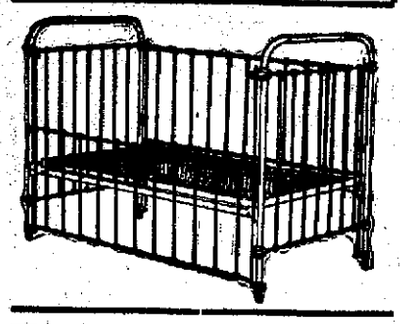
"Americans are dying while you are talking!" was the dramatic charge of Senator Reed of Missouri early in the morning, which stopped tongues in the senate and forced action. That a resolution in congress declaring war would soon follow the one "justifying" action was freely predicted at the capitol.

TELEGRAPHIC TICKS.

The Washington wage commission formally established $10 a week as a minimum wage for women employed in mercantile establishments. This is the highest amount yet fixed by any state for women so engaged.

"We want to enlist in the United States army," said three young women to Captain J. N. Shelton, officer in charge of the Louisville (Ky.) recruiting station. The officer told them that the men are still able to uphold the honor of the nation on the field of battle.

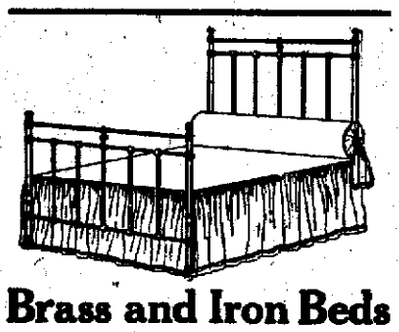
LEITZINGER BROS.



Foster's Baby Cribs

Famous all over the land. The sides slide down--held in place by a safety catch at each end--no chance for the baby to fall out. With each Foster Baby Crib purchased that sells for $7.50 up, you get free "Baby Days", the book that follows the baby through life. You paste the baby's picture in the book and when it is a month old you write the date the first tooth appeared; make a note of the baby's first word; you also name day of the baby's first step, and so on until the book is filled. When the baby grows up you would not take any amount of money for the book.

Foster Safety Cribs from $5.00 up. Mattresses to fit any size Foster Crib in stock.



Brass and Iron Beds

Here is where we can and do save you money. Your inspection of our stock of Brass and Iron Beds is all we ask. Brass and iron beds were never so low in price as you will find them today. We have fifty different patterns to show you that range in price from $2.50 to $40. a bed.

Iron and wood cots with mattresses and pads to fit from $1.50 to $4.00 each.

It is said that half of your life is spent in bed---whether this holds good in all cases or not we cannot say, but in any event a good mattress would surely make that part of your life more comfortable. We make a specialty of mattresses and springs. No where will you find a better assortment. We can show you all grades from $3 each to the Ostermoor make.

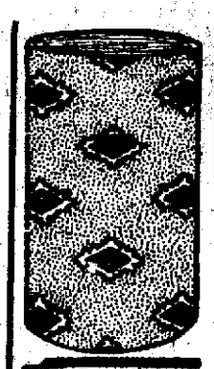


Heywood Gocarts and Carriages

This well-known make is sold here exclusively. This season the call is for Reed or Rattan Gocarts. The large roomy cart and light weight make the Reed Cart popular.

The Reversible Cart that you can turn either way without turning the wheels is one of the new improvements this season.

LEITZINGER BROS. LEITZINGER BROS. LEITZINGER BROS.



CARPETS



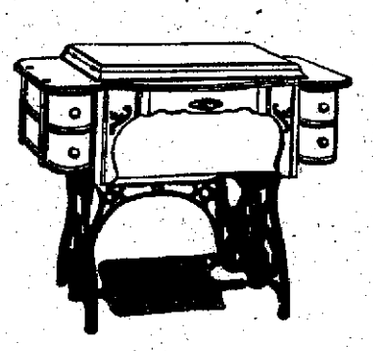
SEE TO THE FLOOR COVERINGS NOW

If you are not ready to lay your Carpet or Rugs now, come in and make your selection while the stock is complete. We will take care of whatever you buy and will deliver your purchases just when you want them. Try this plan. Many of our customers do this each season, and tell us it relieves the worry of housefurnishing a great deal. Save yourself; take your time; avoid worry and you will live longer. Don't wait until the last minute; that is what makes worry. Buy now.

Take the Elevator to the third floor and you will step into our Carpet and Rug section. 500 or more Rugs on this floor to choose from. Wool filler to fill in the space between your Rug and the wall, in all widths. Remember this is the store that cuts, matches, sews, lines and lays your Carpets and Rugs free.

You will also find here, Matting, Porch and Room Rugs, Porch Shades and Furniture, Window Shades and Curtain Poles, Matting by the yard and roll, Step Ladders, 3 to 14 feet high; Folding Clothes Racks, Ironing and Sleeve Boards, Curtain Stretchers, Carpet Sweepers and Brooms.

Sewing Machines at a Great Saving to You

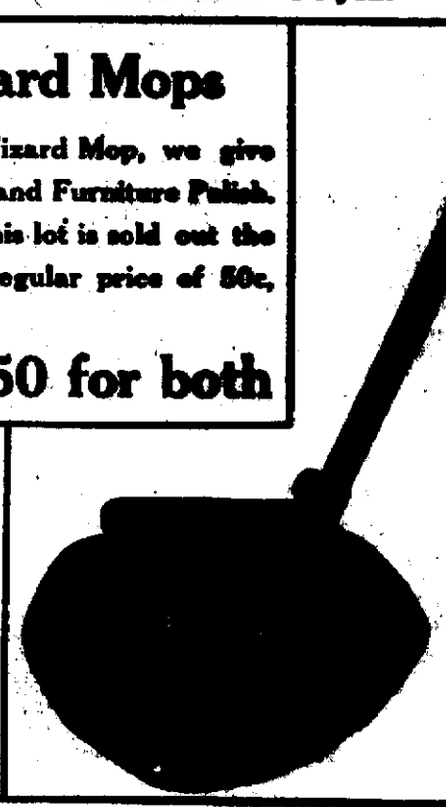


Every Sewing Machine sold by us is guaranteed for ten years. Why pay fifty dollars for a sewing machine to an agent when you can get a standard Machine from us at $15, $20 and $25. A lady told us last week that she bought a New Home Machine twenty-three years ago and it is as good as new. She paid us $25 for that machine, and one of her neighbors paid $60 for another make and her Machine does just as good work, does it just as fast, and is just as good today as the machine her neighbor paid $60 for. Why people let the agents fool them like this is what we cannot understand. Do you?

Special Sale on Wizard Mops

For the next month, with each Wizard Mop, we give you free, a can of Wizard Hardwood and Furniture Polish. The price is $1.50 for both. After this lot is sold out the free can of Polish will be sold at the regular price of 50c, or $2.00 for the Mop and Polish.

The Price is $1.50 for both



Bissell's Carpet Sweeper

We show no other make. Years of experience in selling Sweepers, selling this and that make, has convinced us that Bissell's is the one reliable make of Sweeper that we can recommend to our customers as the best.

Cook's Linoleums

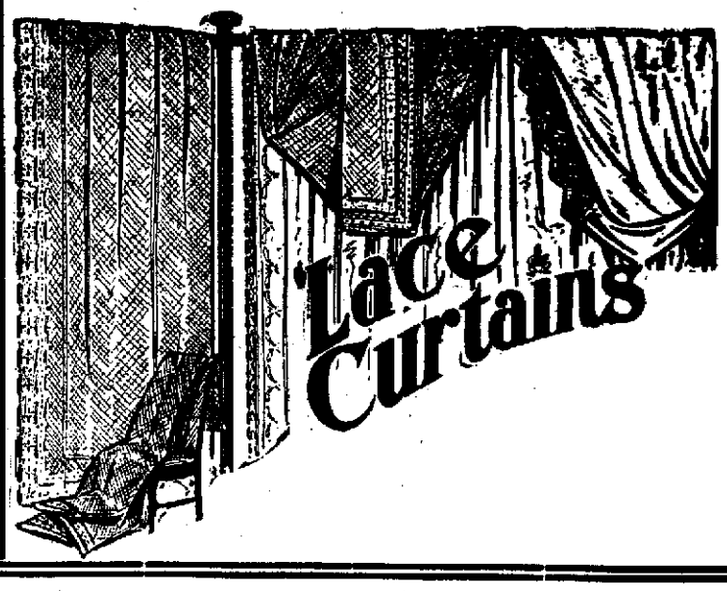
Fifty Patterns here in stock for you to select from. We lay it for you. The Cook's Linoleums are known everywhere for its durabiblity and splendid patterns. It does not get hard and brittle like many other makes. We have sold Cook's Linoleums for the past ten years and find them just as advertised by the manufacturers.

Window Shades

Made in all colors and widths. Every shade mounted on a Hartshorn spring roller. Our assortment is complete.

Curtain Poles

In white, oak and brass finish, from 10c to 50c each; from 3 to 12 feet long, also sash curtain rods.



Lace Curtains

Nothing more important than the getting of fresh new Curtains when housecleaning time comes for spring and summer.

The variety includes Scrim Muslin in all white and figured bordered, Lacet, Cluny Lace, Antique Lace, Macrame, Renaissance and Nottingham.

50c to $8.50 a pair.

Curtain materials in all kinds by the yard.

Market St. LEITZINGER BROS. Clearfield

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

ANTI-AMERICAN FEELING IS HIGH

Massacres Being Reported, and Washington Is Alarmed.

WILSON REMAINS OPTIMISTIC

Army Expected to Be Moved to Supplement Marines at Vera Cruz—Plans of the Administration Kept Secret. American Men and Women in Grave Danger.

Washington, April 23.—Overshadowing everything else in the Mexican situation was the position of the many Americans and other foreigners in the interior of that country.

Grave apprehension for them was felt by every officer of the administration. Sinister rumors of anti-American massacres at several points have been circulated.

They are fortunately not confirmed, but they served to add to the fear that a bloody story of treachery will yet be told in connection with the events immediately following the landing of marines and bluejackets at Vera Cruz.

President Wilson at the White House, Secretary Bryan at the state department and Secretary Daniels at the navy department are utilizing every avenue for news. They tried to maintain an air of optimism, but failed to convince.

They knew there were American men and women in Mexico City and all the interior of Mexico, and they realized that the savagery of the Mexican could hardly be restrained once he comprehended that Americans had invaded his country with arms in their hands.

Plans Are Kept Secret.

No word as to the plans of the administration was forthcoming. President Wilson sent strict injunctions to his subordinates not to talk. There was to be no warning to the defiant Mexicans.

They were to have no inkling of plans. But there was a business air at the navy and war departments that boded ill for the Mexicans who planned armed opposition to this government's demands.

It was certain that no orders to troops or further directions to Rear Admiral Badger would be made public until after the president had affixed his signature to the joint resolution passed by the senate in the gray dawn and later to be approved by the house, indorsing his past acts and approving in advance other steps he might take. But there was a direct wire set up from the war department to the army docks at Galveston, where four transports with a brigade in khaki aboard lay tugging at their anchors.

Military telegraphers manned each end of the wire—waiting, just waiting. It did not need any great gift of foresight to realize the orders they were waiting for.

COAST ARTILLERY MOVES.

Last of Twenty-eighth Company Leaves Fort Rosecrans For Tecate.

San Diego, Cal., April 23.—Lieutenant John W. Wallis and twenty men of the Twenty-eighth company, coast artillery corps, left Fort Rosecrans for Tecate. The rest of the Twenty-eighth company is already there under Captain J. M. Page. Provision wagons and rapid fire guns will follow them.

The One Hundred and Fifteenth company, commanded by Captain Condon, also left and is about equally divided between San Ysidro and Tiajuana, Cal.

A call has been sent out to all former naval men to report to the recruiting bureau here for possible service.

300 MARINES LEAVE NORFOLK.

Proceed to Philadelphia to Embark on the Morro Castle.

Norfolk, Va., April 23.—Three hundred marines from the navy yard barracks prepared to leave for Philadelphia to embark on the steamship Morro Castle for Vera Cruz.

The auxiliary Vestal, which has been engaged in target practice outside the Virginia capes, received orders to stand by for service in Mexico. She planned to get under way for Vera Cruz.

The collier Proteus, now undergoing repairs at the navy yard, also was ordered to be in readiness to proceed to Mexico by Sunday.

CARRANZA'S AGENTS SILENT.

Refuse to Discuss Developments at Vera Cruz.

Douglas, Ariz., April 23.—Constitutionalist leaders here refuse to talk for publication concerning the developments at Vera Cruz.

"I do not feel at liberty to express myself until General Carranza has issued a statement," was the way Francisco S. Elias, Sonora border spokesman for the Constitutionalists, expressed himself.

Guards have been placed over the waterworks, electric light and telephone plants here.

Censorship on the Prairie.

Vera Cruz, April 23.—Censorship established aboard Prairie, whither all dispatches must go, entailing perhaps great delay.

GENERAL BLISS.

Commander of Troops On Border Is Ready to Take Decisive Action.

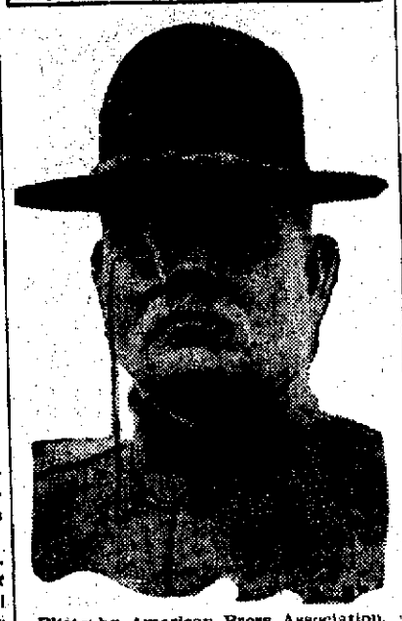


Photo by American Press Association.

The moment things look gloomy on the border and the rebels ally themselves with the federal troops General Bliss is ready to take a hand. The United States soldiers are anxious for some action. Some of them have been on the border for many months and never allowed to cross. The men under Bliss are in excellent shape for war today. He also has charge of the many refugees driven from Mexico during the fighting between the rebels and federals at Juarez and other points.

IRON CENSORSHIP ON AT MEXICO CITY

People of Capital In Dark About Recent Events.

Mexico City, via Havana, Cuba, April 23.—The following dispatch was sent by mail to Havana in order to avoid the censorship established by General Huerta, which is more strict than at any time during recent revolutions:

Every telegraph wire—commercial, railroad or [illegible] is watched over by one of the most reliable and intelligent men in the government telegraph service, who acts as censor. These men frankly inform would be senders of dispatches that it is not a question of the veracity of their messages or whether they disclose military movements, but is merely a question of suppressing all news not favorable to the government.

Code messages have been absolutely prohibited, with the exception only of bank telegrams. The bankers of Mexico succeeded in having the embargo on these messages raised, but only after they had proved that the retention of the dispatches was seriously embarrassing the financial department of the government.

Newspaper correspondents were given the hint that if they were detected in using subterfuges to evade the censorship they would very likely find themselves in jail.

While Nelson O'Shaughnessy was acting as the messenger of the United States government to President Huerta in the endeavor to avert war between the two countries, more than 99 per cent of the Mexican residents in the federal capital went about their affairs in total ignorance of the crisis.

NO APPROPRIATION NOW.

$50,000,000 Will Be Voted if Emergency Arises.

Washington, April 23.—Informal discussion was heard on the senate side of the capitol about an emergency appropriation to provide for the national defense, but the leaders contend that the time is not as yet quite ripe for such action.

At the outset of the Spanish war congress rushed through a $50,000,000 appropriation for an emergency fund for the unlimited, unconditional use in the discretion of President McKinley. Senator Chamberlain of Oregon has already introduced a bill to provide a $50,000,000 emergency appropriation. Chairmen Martin and Fitzgerald of the senate and house appropriations committees respectively said that an emergency appropriation was unnecessary yet, as there were plenty of men and vessels and equipment now in Mexican waters. Both, however, said that when the time came there would be no delay in providing the necessary funds.

A Frenchy Caprice.

A French nightgown seen at a lingerie shop has an ingenious contrivance for fastening a bow to it. There is a loop of buttonholed thread through which the ribbon may be drawn and tied into a bow. When the garment is to be washed the ribbon is simply untied. Since seeing this the girls have stopped sewing the made bows on their washable underwear.

PERSONAL MENTION

Raymond Willie, a former resident of Clearfield, was in town yesterday.

A Dunsmore, of St. Benedict, was stopping at the Dimeling yesterday.

J. H. Fulford and C. C. Todd, of DuBois, were visiting in town yesterday.

Important.

There will be a Junior Chautauqua meeting in the West Side school building, Saturday, April 25, at 10 o'clock. All members are urged to be present. No child who has not been there before will be permitted to take part in the May Fete.

April 23, 2t.

GRAMPIAN.

J. T. Davis and family visited S. L. Kester on Sunday.

Rush Mahlon and Miss Vesta Thomas were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Thomas in Bloom township, on Thursday evening.

Miss Laura Gulher spent Sunday with relatives in Curwensville.

Quite a number were to Clearfield on Saturday last, taking civil service examination in connection with their application for the postoffice.

Mrs. Fred Freeman is quite ill at this writing.

Taylor Mahlon visited his son, Cloyd, the past week.

Truman Davis and family Sundayed at S. L. Kester's.

Saturday, May 2, is May Day. Come to the Park and enjoy the May Fete.

You'll see some astonishing tests of Chi-Namel, the water-proof varnish at the special demonstration at the Clearfield Hardware Co's. store, on April 2, 234, 25.

Apr. 23, 2t.

Automobile Agent Clearfield district for moderate priced car. Mr. James, Dimeling Hotel.

Apr. 22 2t.

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF

Clearfield's Large General Store

The Walker & Whitman Shoes and Oxfords for "Men Who Care"

Oxfords, in tan and black, English and other lasts, at . $4.00
W. & W. Shoes, tan and black, at . . . $4.00 and $4.50
Joslin line of Shoes and Oxfords, at . $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00

Shoes, Oxfords, Pumps, etc, for Ladies.

Faunce & Spinneys makes, at . . . . . $3.00 and $3.50
Other manufacturers, at . . . . $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00
Black and tans in the new styles.

A Large New Stock of Tennis Shoes

For Men, $1.60 Boys, $1.35 Children, $1.25
Ladies, $1.50 Misses, $1.35

Ladies' Crepe and Mercerized Poupee Waists

Unusual good values, nine styles, at 98c

A Large Line of Summer Dress Materials

Crepes, the yard, ... 10c to 25c
Voiles, the yard, ... 10c to 25c
Ramie and Crash Linens, the yard . . . . . 25c to 50c

Plate Pleasing Groceries Pleasingly Priced

ROSS & WOODS.

Seven Days in the Week.

No time lost on Sundays or Holidays, but instead interest runs on automatically when money is deposited in our Savings Department

We'll take the best of care of it after you start to save. But you must make the start and the sooner you start the sooner you can put your money to work where it will work for you.

There is more to this but we would rather you would call and hear it personally.

Don't postpone your visit—come today.

Clearfield Trust Company

A. W. LEONARDSON CO. MARKET STREET A. W. LEONARDSON CO.

The Store is alive with Spring Bargains

April Sale of Spring Merchandise starts
Friday Morning, April 24
Important Event for Spring Shoppers

After-Easter Sale of Women's and Misses' Suits and Coats at extreme price concessions.

Our Big Sale of Plain and Fancy Silks at prices that will make the selling attractive.

Room-size Rugs and Lace Curtains at a big saving.

Colored wash fabrics, white goods and linens in excellent assortments, all underpriced.

Our April Sale of Trimmed Millinery, with a special showing of Trimmed Hats at the five dollar price.

Low Shoes and Orfords at prices that are sure to interest you at this time.

Hosiery and Underwear in complete assortments--every wanted kind for Spring and Summer at low-notch prices

Read carefully the full-page price-list and circular left at your home today, and take advantage of the new low prices prevailing during our April Sale.

A. W. Leonardson Company

SAFETY FIRST

FOR DEPOSITORS OF

Clearfield National Bank

Total Assets, - $1,500,000.00

OFFICERS

James Mitchell, President.
H. S. Whiteman, Jr., V-Pres. and Cashier.
W. L. McJunkin, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Singleton Bell W. I. Betts John Dimeling
W. P. Hopkins H. A. Kennedy
A. E. Leitzinger James Mitchell T. H. Murray
W. H. Patterson H. S. Whiteman, Jr.

"THE BANK OF SERVICE"

The County National Bank

OF CLEARFIELD, PA.

The Oldest Bank in Clearfield County

STATED ADDITIONS TO SURPLUS

For thirty-five years, at the declaration of each dividend, an addition to the Surplus has been made and the practice of thus strengthening the bank is still regularly followed. The results of this policy, noted below, are its own best commentary.

Paid in by Stockholders, - - $225,000.00
Saved from Earnings, - - - 225,000.00
Present Invested Capital, - - 1,000,000.00

Our Facilities for Serving Customers in Every Department of Banking are Unsurpassed.

We Welcome New Accounts Large or Small.

It Pays to Advertise in The Progress

The PLACE of HONEY-MOONS

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Pictures by C.D. RHODES

"Well, I am having a good time . . . Your dance? Thank you."

And a tender young American led her through the mazes of the waltz, as some poet who knew what he was about phrased it.

By way of parenthesis: Herr Rosen marched up the hill and down again, something after the manner of a certain warrior king celebrated in verse. The object of his visit had gone to the ball at Cadenabbia. At the hotel he demanded a motor-boat. There was none to be had. In a furious state of mind he engaged two oarsmen to row him across the lake.

And so it came to pass that when Nora, suddenly grown weary of the play, full of bitterness and distaste, hating herself and every one else in the world, stole out to the quay to commune with the moon, she saw him jump from the boat to the landing, scorning the steps. Instantly she drew her lace mantle closely about her face. It was useless. In the man the hunter's instinct was much too keen.

"So I have found you!"

"One would say that I had been in hiding?" coldly.

"From me, always. I have left everything—duty, obligations—to seek you."

"From any other man that might be a compliment."

"I am a prince," he said proudly.

She faced him with that quick resolution, that swift forming of purpose, which has made the Irish so difficult in argument and persuasion. "Will you marry me? Will you make me your wife legally? Before all the world? Will you surrender, for the sake of this love you profess, your right to a great inheritance? Will you risk the anger and the iron hand of your father for my sake?"

"Herr Gott! I am mad!" He covered his eyes.

"That expression proves that your Highness is sane again. Have you realized the annoyances, the embarrassments, you have thrust upon me by your pursuit? Have you not read the scandalous innuendoes in the newspapers? Your Highness, I was not born on the Continent, so I look upon my work from a point of view not common to those of your caste. I am proud of it, and I look upon it with honor, honor. I am a woman, but I am not wholly defenseless. There was a time when I thought I might number among my friends a prince; but you have made that impossible."

"Come," he said hoarsely; "let us go and find a priest. You are right. I love you; I will give up everything, everything!"

For a moment she was dumb. This absolute surrender appalled her. But that good fortune which had ever been at her side stepped into the breach. And as she saw the tall form of the Barone approach, she could have thrown her arms around his neck in pure gladness.

"Oh, Barone!" she called. "Am I making you miss this dance?"

"It does not matter, signorina." The Barone stared keenly at the erect and tense figure at the prima donna's side.

"You will excuse me, Herr Rosen," said Nora, as she laid her hand upon the Barone's arm.

Herr Rosen bowed stiffly; and the two left him standing uncovered in the moonlight.

"What is he doing here? What has he been saying to you?" the Barone demanded. Nora withdrew her hand from his arm. "Pardon me," said he contritely. "I have no right to ask you such questions."

It was not long after midnight when the motor-boat returned to its abiding place. On the way over conversation lagged, and finally died altogether. Mrs. Harrigan fell asleep against Celeste's shoulder, and the musician never deviated her gaze from the silver ripples which flowed out diagonally and magically from the prow of the boat. Nora watched the stars slowly ascend over the eastern range of mountains; and across the fire of his innumerable cigarettes the Barone watched her.

As the boat was made fast to the landing in front of the Grand hotel, Celeste observed a man in evening dress, lounging against the rail of the quay. The search light from the customs boat, hunting for tobacco smugglers, flashed over his face. She could not repress the little gasp, and her hand tightened upon Nora's arm.

"What is it?" asked Nora.

"Nothing. I thought I was slipping."

CHAPTER VII.

Colonel Caxley-Webster.

Abbott's studio was under the roof of one of the little hotels that stand timorously and humbly, yet expectantly, between the imposing cream-stucco of the Grand hotel at one end and the elaborate pink-stucco of the Grande Bretegne at the other. The hob-nailed shoes of the Teuton (who wears his mountain kit all the way from Hamburg to Palermo) wore up and down the stairs all day; and the racket from the hucksters' carts and hotel omnibuses, arriving and departing from the steamboat landing, the shouts of the begging boatmen, the quarreling of the children and the barking of unpedigreed dogs—these noises were incessant from dawn until sunset.

The artist glared down from his square window at the ruffled waters, or scowled at the fleeting snows on the mountains over the way. He passed some ten or twelve minutes in this useless occupation, but he could not get away from the bald fact that he had acted like a petulant child. To have shown his hand so openly, simply because the Barone had beaten him in the race for the motor-boat! And Nora would understand that he was weak and without backbone. Harrigan himself must have reasoned out the cause for such asinine plays as he had executed in the game of checkers. How many times had the old man called out to him to wake up and move? In spirit he had been across the lake, a spirit in Hades. He was not only a fool, but a coward likewise. He had not dared to

> . . . put it to the touch
> To gain or lose it all.

He saw it coming; before long he and that Italian would be at each other's throats.

"Come in!" he called, in response to a sudden thunder on the door.

The door opened and a short, energetic old man, purple-visaged and hawk-eyed, came in. "Why the devil don't you join the Trappist monks, Abbott? If I wasn't tough I should have died of apoplexy on the second landing."

"Good morning, Colonel!" Abbott laughed and rolled out the patent rocker for his guest. "What's on your mind this morning? I can give you one without ice."

"I'll take it neat, my boy. I'm not thirsty, I'm faint. These Italian architects; they call three ladders flights of stairs! . . . Ha! That's Irish whisky, and jolly fine. Want you to come over and take tea this afternoon. I'm going up presently to see the Harrigans. Thought I'd go around and do the thing informally. Taken a fancy to the old chap. He's a little bit of all right. I'm no older than he is, but look at the difference! Whisky and soda, that's the racket. Not by the tubful; just an ordinary half dozen a day, and a dem climate thrown in."

"Difference in training."

"Rot! It's the sized hat a man wears. I'd give fifty guineas to see the old fellow in action. But, I say; recall the argument we had before you went to Paris?"

"Yes."

"Well, I win. Saw him bang across the street this morning."

Abbott muttered something.

"What was that?"

"Nothing."

"Sounded like 'dem it' to me."

"Maybe it did."

"Heard about him in Paris?"

"No."

"The old boy had transferred his regiment to a lonesome post in the North to cool his blood. The youngster took the next train to Paris. He was there incognito for two weeks before they found him and bundled him back. Of course, every one knows that he is but a crazy lad who's had too much freedom." The colonel emptied his glass. "I feel dem sorry for Nora. She's the right sort. But a woman can't take a man by the scruff of his neck and chuck him."

"But I can," declared Abbott savagely.

"Tut, tut! He'd eat you alive. Besides, you will find him too clever to give you an opening. But he'll bear watching. He's capable of putting her on a train and running away with her. Between you and me, I don't blame him. What's the matter with sicking the Barone on him? He's the best man in southern Italy with foils and broadswords. Sic 'em, Towser; sic 'em!" The old fire-eater chuckled.

The subject was extremely distasteful to the artist. The colonel, a rough soldier, whose diplomacy had never risen above the heights of clubbing a recalcitrant hillman into submission, baldly inferred that he understood the artist's interest in the rose of the Harrigan family. He would have liked to talk more in regard to the interloper, but it would have been sheer folly. The colonel, in his blundering way, would have brought up the subject again at tea-time and put everybody on edge. He had, unfortunately for his friends, a reputation other than that of a soldier; he posed as a peacemaker. He saw trouble where none existed, and the way he patched up imaginary quarrels would have strained the patience of Job. Still, every one loved him, though they lived in mortal fear of him. So Abbott came about quickly and sailed against the wind.

"By the way," he said, "I wish you would let me sketch that servant of yours. He's got a profile like a medallion. Where did you pick him up?"

"In the Hills. He's a Sikh, and a first-class fighting man. Didn't know that you went for faces."

"Not as a usual thing. Just want it for my own use. How does he keep his beard combed that way?"

"I've never bothered myself about the curl of his whiskers. Are my clothes laid out? Luggage attended to? Guns shipshape? That's enough for me. Some day you have got to go out there with me."

"Never shot a gun in all my life. I don't know which end to hold at my shoulder."

"Teach you quick enough. Every man's a born hunter. Rao will have tigers eating out of your hand. He's a marvel; saved my hide more than once. Funny thing; you can't show 'em that you're grateful. Lose caste if you do I rather miss it. Get the East in your blood and you'll never get it out. Fascinating! But my liver turned over once too many times. Ha! Some one coming up to buy a picture."

The step outside was firm and unwearied by the climb. The door opened unceremoniously, and Courtlandt came in. He stared at the colonel and the colonel returned the stare.

"Caxley-Webster! Well, I say, this globe goes on shrinking every day!" cried Courtlandt.

The two pumped hands energetically, sizing each other up critically. Then they sat down and shot questions, while Abbott looked on bewildered. Elephants and tigers and chittahs and wild boar and quail-running and strange gutteral names; weltering nights in the jungles, freezing mornings in the Hills; stupendous card games; and what had become of so-and-so, who always drank his whisky neat; and what's-his-name, who invented cures for snake bites!

Abbott deliberately pushed over an oak bench. "Am I host here or not?"

"Abby, old man, how are you?" said Courtlandt, smiling warmly and holding out his hand. "My apologies; but the colonel and I never expected to see each other again. And I find him talking with you up here under this roof. It's marvelous."

"It's a wonder you wouldn't drop a fellow a line," said Abbott, in a faultfinding tone, as he righted the bench. "When did you come?"

"Last night. Came up from Como."

"Going to stay long?"

"That depends. I am really on my way to Zermatt. I've a hankering to have another try at the Matterhorn."

"Think of that!" exclaimed the colonel. "He says another try."

"You came a roundabout way," was the artist's comment.

"Oh, that's because I left Paris for Brescia. They had some good flights there. Wonderful year! They cross the channel in an airship and discover the North Pole."

"Pah! Neither will be of any use to humanity; merely a fine sporting proposition." The colonel dug into his pocket for his pipe. "But what do you think of Germany?"

"Fine country," answered Courtlandt, rising and going to a window; "fine people, too. Why?"

"Do you—er—think they could whip us?"

"On land, yes."

"The devil!"

"On water, no."

"Thanks. In other words, you believe our chances equal?"

"So equal that all this war-scare is piffle. But I rather like to see you English get up in the air occasionally. It will do you good. You've an idea because you walloped Napoleon that you're the same race you were then, and you are not. The English-speaking races, as the first soldiers, have ceased to be."

"Well, I be dem!" gasped the colonel.

"It's the truth. Take the American, he thinks there is nothing in the world but money. Take the Britisher, to him caste is everything. Take the money out of one man's mind and the importance of being well-born out of



"I'll Take It Neat, My Boy."

the other . . ." He turned from the window and smiled at the artist and the empurpling Anglo-Indian.

"Abbott," growled the soldier, "that man will some day drive me amuck. What do you think? One night, on a tiger hunt, he got me into an argument like this. A brute of a beast jumped into the middle of it. Courtlandt shot him on the second bound, and turned to me with—Well, as I was saying!' I don't know to this day whether it was nerve or what you Americans call gall."

"Divided by two," grunted Abbott.

"Ha, I see . . . I'll remember that. But we were talking of airships."

"I was" retorted Courtlandt. "You were the man who started the powwow." He looked down into the street with sudden interest. "Who is that?"

The colonel and Abbott hurried across the room.

"What did I say, Abbott? I told you I saw him. He's crazy; fact. Thinks he can travel around incognito when there isn't a magazine on earth that hasn't printed his picture."

"Well, why shouldn't he travel around if he wants to?" asked Courtlandt coolly.

The colonel nudged the artist.

"There happens to be an attraction in Bellaggio," said Abbott irritably.

"The moth and the candle," supplemented the colonel, peering over Courtlandt's shoulder. "He's well set up," grudgingly admitted the old fellow.

"The moth and the candle," mused Courtlandt. "That will be Nora Harrigan. How long has this infatuation been going on?"

"Year and a half."

"And the other side?"

"There isn't any other side," exploded the artist. "She's worried to death. Not a day passes but some scurrilous penny-a-liner springs some yarn, some beastly innuendo. She's been dodging the fellow for months. In Paris last year she couldn't move without running into him. This year she changed her apartment, and gave orders at the Opera to refuse her address to all who asked for it. Consequently she had some peace. I don't know why it is, but a woman in public life seems to be a target."

"The penalty of beauty, Abby. Homely women seldom are annoyed, unless they become suffragists." The colonel poured forth a dense cloud of smoke.

"What brand is that, Colonel?" asked Courtlandt, choking.

The colonel generously produced his pouch.

"No, no! I was about to observe that it isn't ambrosia."

"Rotter!" The soldier dug the offender in the ribs. "I am going to have the Harrigans over for tea this afternoon. Come over! You'll like the family. The girl is charming; and the father is a sportsman to the back bone. Some silly fools laugh behind his back, but never before his face. And my word, I know rafts of gentlemen who are not fit to stand in his shoes."

"I should like to meet Mr. Harrigan." Courtlandt returned his gaze to the window once more.

"And his daughter?" said Abbott, curiously.

"Oh, surely!"

"I may count on you, then?" The colonel stowed away the offending brier. "And you can stay to dinner."

"I'll take the dinner end of the invitation," was the reply. "I've got to go over to Menaggio to see about some papers to be signed. If I can make the three o'clock boat in returning, you'll see me at tea. Dinner at all events. I'm off."

Courtlandt walked up the street leisurely, idly pausing now and then before the shop windows. Apparently he had neither object nor destination; yet his mind was busy, so busy in fact that he looked at the various curios without truly seeing them at all. A delicate situation, which needed the lightest handling, confronted him. He must wait for an overt act, then he might proceed as he pleased. How really helpless he was! He could not force her hand because she held all the cards and he none. Yet he was determined this time to play the game to the end, even if the task was equal to all those of Hercules rolled into one, and none of the gods on his side.

At the hotel he asked for his mail, and was given a formidable packet which, with a sigh of discontent, he slipped into a pocket, strolled out into the garden by the water, and sat down to read. To his surprise there was a note, without stamp or postmark. He opened it, mildly curious to learn who it was that had discovered his presence in Bellaggio so quickly. The envelope contained nothing more than a neatly folded bank note for one hundred francs. He eyed it stupidly. What might this mean? He unfolded it and smoothed it out across his knee, and the haze of puzzlement drifted away. Three bars from La Boheme. He laughed. So the little lady of the Taverne Royale was in Bellaggio!

CHAPTER VIII.

Marguerites and Emeralds.

By eleven o'clock Courtlandt had finished the reading of his mail, and was now ready to hunt for the little lady of the Taverne Royale. It was necessary to find her. The whereabouts of Flora Desimone was of vital importance. If she had not yet arrived, the presence of her friend presaged her ultimate arrival.

He rose and proceeded on his quest. Before the photographer's shop he saw a dachel wrathfully challenging a cat on the balcony of the adjoining building. The cat knew, and so did the puppy, that it was all buncombe on the puppy's part; the usual European war scare, in which one of the belligerent parties refused to come down because it wouldn't have been worth while, there being the usual powers ready to intervene. Courtlandt did not bother about the cat; the puppy claimed his attention. He was very fond of dogs. So he reached down suddenly and put an end to the sharp challenge. The dachel struggled valiantly, for this breed of dog does not make friends easily.

"I say, you little Dutchman, what's the row? I'm not going to hurt you. Funny little codger! To whom do you belong?" He turned the collar around, read the inscription, and gently put the puppy on the ground.

Nora Harrigan!

His immediate impulse was to walk on, but somehow this impulse refused to act on his sense of locomotion. He waited, dully wondering what was going to happen when she came out. He had left her room that night in Paris, vowing that he would never intrude on her again. With the recollection of that bullet whizzing past his ear, he had been convinced that the play was done. True, she had testified that it had been accidental, but never would he forget the look in her eyes. It was not pleasant to remember. And



"We'd Look Fine Drinking Tea, Wouldn't We, Old Scout?"

still, as the needle is drawn by the magnet, here he was, in Bellaggio. He cursed his weakness.

. . . Ah, voices! He stepped aside quickly.

"Fritz, Fritz; where are you?"

And a moment later she came out, followed by her mother . . . and the little lady of the Taverne Royale. Did Nora see him? It was impossible to tell. She simply stooped and gathered up the puppy, who struggled determinedly to lick her face. Courtlandt lifted his hat. It was in nowise offered as an act of recognition; it was merely the mechanical courtesy that a man generally pays to any woman in whose path he chances to be for the breath of a second. The three women in immaculate white, hatless, but with sunshades, passed on down the street.

"Nora, who was that?" asked Mrs. Harrigan.

"Who was who?" countered Nora, snuggling the wriggling dachel under her arm and throwing the sunshade across her shoulder.

"That fine-looking young man who stood by the door as we passed out. He raised his hat."

"Oh, bother! I was looking at Fritz."

Celeste searched her face keenly, but Nora looked on ahead serenely; not a quiver of an eyelid, not the slightest change in color or expression.

"She did not see him!" thought the musician, curiously stirred. She knew her friend tolerably well. It would have been impossible for her to have seen that man and not to have given evidence of the fact.

In short, Nora had spoken truthfully. She had seen a man dressed in white flannels and canvas shoes, but her eyes had not traveled so far as his face.

Mrs. Harrigan took the omnibus up to the villa. It was generally too much of a climb for her. Nora and Celeste preferred to walk.

"What am I going to do, Celeste? He is here, and over at Cadenabbia last night I had a terrible scene with him. In heaven's name, why can't they let me be?"

"Herr Rosen?"

"Yes."

"Why not speak to your father?"

"And have a fisticuff which would appear in every newspaper in the world? No, thank you. There is enough scandalous stuff being printed as it is, and I am helpless to prevent it."

As the climb starts off stiffly, there wasn't much inclination in either to talk. Celeste had come to one decision, and that was that Nora should find out Courtlandt's presence here in Bellaggio herself. When they arrived at the villa gates, Celeste offered a suggestion.

"You could easily stop all this rumor and annoyance."

"And, pray, how?"

"Marry."

"I prefer the rumor and annoyance. I hate men. Most of them are beasts."

"You are prejudiced."

If Celeste expected Nora to reply that she had reason, she was disappointed. Nora quickened her pace, that was all.

At luncheon Harrigan innocently threw a bomb into camp by inquiring: "Say, Nora, who's this chump Herr Rosen? He was up here last night and again this morning. I was going to offer him the cot on the balcony, but I thought I'd consult you first."

"Herr Rosen!" exclaimed Mrs. Harrigan, a flutter in her throat. "Why, that's . . ."

"A charming young man who wishes me to sign a contract to sing to him in perpetuity," interrupted Nora, pressing her mother's foot warningly.

"Well, why don't you marry him?" laughed Harrigan. "There's worse things than frankfurters and sauerkraut."

"Not that I can think of just now," returned Nora.

* * * * * * *

Harrigan declared that he would not go over to Caxley-Webster's to tea.

"But I've promised for you!" expostulated his wife. "And he admires you so."

"Bosh! You women can gad about as much as you please, but I'm in wrong when it comes to eating sponge cake and knuckling by [illegible] a dinky willow table."

The women departed at three, for there was to be tennis until five o'clock. When Harrigan was reasonably sure that they were half the distance to the colonel's villa, he put on his hat, whistled to the dachel, and together they took the path to the village.

"We'd look fine drinking tea, wouldn't we, old scout?" reaching down and tweaking the dog's velvet ears. "They don't understand, and it's no use trying to make 'em. Nora gone as near as possible. Herr Rosen. Now, where have I seen his phiz before? I wish I had a real man to talk to. Abbott sulks half the time, and the Barone can't get a joke unless it's driven in with a mallet. On, your way, old scout, or I'll step on you. Let's see if we can scoot it down to the village at a trot without taking the count."

He had but two errands to execute. The first was accomplished expeditiously in the little tobacconist's shop under the arcade, where the purchase of a box of Minghetti cigars promised later solace. The second errand took time and deliberation. He studied the long shelves of Tauchnitz. Having red corpuscles in superabundance, he naturally preferred them in his literature, in the same quantity.

"Ever read this?" asked a pleasant voice from behind, indicating "Rodney Stone" with the ferrule of a cane.

Harrigan looked up. "No. What's it about?"

"Best story of the London prize ring ever written. You're Mr. Harrigan, aren't you?"

"Yes," diffidently.

"My name is Edward Courtlandt. If I am not mistaken, you were a great friend of my father's."

"Are you Dick Courtlandt's boy?"

"I am."

"Well, say!" Harrigan held out his hand and was gratified to encounter a man's grasp. "So you're Edward Courtlandt? Now, what do you think of that! Why, your father was the best sportsman I ever met. Square as they make 'em. Not a kink anywhere in his make-up. He used to come to the bouts in his plug hat and dress suit; always had a seat by the ring. I could hear him tap with his cane when there happened to be a bit of pretty sparring. He was no slouch himself when it came to putting on the mitts. Many's the time I've had a round or two with him in my old gymnasium. Well, well! It's good to see a man again. I've seen your name in the papers, but I never knew you was Dick's boy. You've got an old grizzly's head in your dining room at home. Some day I'll tell you how it got there, when you're not in a hurry. I went out to Montana for a scrap, and your dad went along. After the mill was over, we went hunting. Come up to the villa and meet the folks. . . . Hang it, I forgot. They're up to Caxley-Webster's to tea; piffle water and sticky sponge cake. I want you to meet my wife and daughter."

"I should be very pleased to meet them." So this was Nora's father! "Won't you come along with me to the colonel's?" with sudden inspiration. Here was an opportunity not to be thrust aside lightly.

"Why, I just begged off. They won't be expecting me now."

"All the better. I'd rather have you introduce me to your family than to have the colonel. As a matter of fact, I told him I couldn't get up. But I changed my mind. Come along." The first rift in the storm-packed clouds; and to meet her through the kindly offices of this amiable man who was her father!

"But the pup and the cigar box?"

"Send them up."

Harrigan eyed his own spotless flannels and compared them with the other's. What was good enough for the son of a millionaire was certainly good enough for him. Besides, it would be a bully good joke on Nora and Molly.

"You're on!" he cried. Here was a lark. He turned the dog and the purchases over to the proprietor, who promised that they should arrive instantly at the villa.

Then the two men sought the quay to engage a boat. They walked shoulder to shoulder, flat-backed, with supple swinging limbs, tanned faces and clear animated eyes. Perhaps Harrigan was 10 or 15 pounds heavier, but the difference would have been noticeable only upon the scales.

* * * * * * *

"Padre, my shoe pinches," said Nora with a pucker between her eyes.

"My child," replied the padre, "never carry your vanity into a shoemaker's shop. The happiest man is he who walks in loose shoes."

"If they are his own, and not inherited," quickly.

To Be Continued.

CANAL READY, SAYS GOETHALS

In Dire Need During a War, It Could Now Be Used.

Colon, April 22.—A correspondent saw Governor Goethals and asked him whether or not the Panama canal could be used by the United States warships if necessary during the trouble with Mexico. Governor Goethals said that the canal was practically ready now, and if necessary 20,000 ton battleships could be sent through almost at once from the Atlantic to the Pacific. By the middle of May, he said, the canal could be ready to take the larger battleships.

Governor Goethals said that the fortifications of the canal were being made ready and would be in good shape soon, so that there was nothing to fear for the safety of the canal if the Mexican trouble involved us with other nations.

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VINDICATED

Story of a Man Who Was Believed a Thief

By WILLIAM CHANDLER

Among those who went to California when gold was discovered there in 1849 was Joseph Griffin. He was a married man with one child, a girl of ten.

Griffin decided to make the land journey. He went from Buffalo to St. Joseph, Mo., traveling most of the way by stage, and there outfitted with one of the "prairie schooners" of that day, a wagon with a canvas top, drawn by horses, which he filled with provisions, cooking utensils, bedding and such other articles as would be needed on the journey. When all was ready and



MR. GRIFFIN TOLD ZEB THEY MUST PART.

he was about to start a rawboned country boy stepped up to him and said:

"Say, mister, won't you take me along?"

"What's your name?" asked Griffin of the boy.

"Zeb."

"Zeb what?"

"I don't know. Father and mother were killed by Indians on the plains. I was picked up by buffalo hunters."

"Have you any home?"

"No."

Little Molly Griffin stood by the wagon listening to this dialogue, and her big blue eyes were filled with pity. She said nothing, but remained intent on what her father was saying.

"Have you no clothes but those you have on?" he asked the boy.

"No."

Griffin remained silent a few moments, deliberating. Then he said:

"I want a boy about your age to help with the horses and anything else there is to be done on the way. I'll give you your grub, but I've nothing else for you. If you want to go with us on those terms you may."

"I do."

"Well, come along with me. Those clothes wouldn't last you halfway. You'll need an overcoat when we get to the mountains, and I must have another blanket. Reckon we have buffalo robes enough."

Mrs. Griffin called her husband aside and expressed a doubt as to the propriety of taking with them a waif who was entirely unknown to them, but Griffin said he would need some one.

Zeb proved a valuable acquisition. He soon learned to harness and unharness the horses and was very useful in unloading and loading the wagons when the party camped under the stars. When Griffin was obliged to make repairs the boy proved very handy as an assistant. It was the first time in his life that he had been a member of a family, and he seemed delighted with the association, the duties and the experience of traveling all day and camping at night with the others.

A recital of the adventures of the party would fill a volume. There is only room here to say that after many mishaps and dangers they reached the mountains and after many more mishaps and dangers passed over them and finally struck the region of the gold diggings. By this time Zeb had become a fixture in the family. It would have been cruel to send him away; none of them wished to part with him.

Griffin had brought some money with him, which he invested in mines that had been partially developed. But for a long while none of these investments turned out to be very profitable. Meanwhile Zeb grew to be a young man and gave indications of having sprung from parents above the average in the social scale. He had outgrown doing chores for the Griffin family, but had not outgrown his interest in them. Mr. and Mrs. Griffin were the only parents he had ever known, and, as for Molly, he would at any time have given his head to gratify a whim of hers. But as he grew older he took his pick and shovel and started forth to try his luck as a prospector.

When Griffin had been in California six years he struck a bonanza. He bought a partly developed mine for a song and sold it for a fortune. The amount he received for it was 420 pounds of gold.

It must be remembered that California was still an inaccessible country. To reach the Atlantic coast by land the same perilous journey the Griffins had taken to reach the Pacific must be taken again. To go by sea meant something, though less dangerous, at any rate more tiresome. They desired to return to their home in New York state and carry their fortune with them, but dreaded either of these routes. After much deliberation it was decided that they would go southward by sea to Panama and there attempt to find transportation across the isthmus to Colon and thence by sea again to New York. They would avoid the necessity of a journey down the west coast and up the east coast of South America.

They made preparations for the journey, putting their gold in a box to take with them. It was carefully weighed, showing that there were exactly 420 pounds of gold, exclusive of the box. Just before the ship sailed on which they had taken passage, Mrs. Griffin was taken suddenly ill. After deliberation Mr. Griffin decided to send Zeb in advance with the treasure that he might investigate the means of getting across the isthmus. If he found it too difficult to warrant their going by that route he was to write the fact and they would make other arrangements. Zeb sailed on the ship that was to have taken the whole party and in due time reached Panama. He had been instructed by Griffin that if he found it best to turn in the gold at Panama and take a draft on New York he was to do so. As soon as he arrived he made inquiries as to crossing the isthmus and found it practicable, though dangerous, principally from the liability to contraction of disease.

He wrote Mr. Griffin the result of his inquiries, but the latter did not receive his letter, for Mrs. Griffin recovered as quickly as she had been taken ill, and, finding a ship about to sail that would touch at Panama, her husband, worrying about his gold, decided to follow Zeb to the isthmus.

When the party reached Panama they found Zeb in trouble. He had decided to buy a draft for the gold and had taken steps to do so. But on weighing the metal, instead of its weighing 420 pounds, it weighed 416. This was a sad blow to Zeb. So fearful had he been that some one might purloin some of it that he had had it placed in his stateroom on the ship and kept it there during the whole of the journey. He scrutinized the box to see if he could find a gimlet hole, a loose nail or any other evidence of an outlet for the gold, but none appeared, and his heart sank within him at the imputation that must necessarily rest upon him of having stolen the missing four pounds of gold himself.

When the Griffins arrived Zeb confessed the shortage which he was unable to account for. Loath as was Mr. Griffin to believe that Zeb had appropriated the missing four pounds of metal, he was forced to believe that the young man had lost the money gambling or in some other way and had been obliged to take the gold to save himself. Possibly he had hoped he might replace it. Mr. Griffin reverted to the time when they had taken Zeb in without any one to vouch for him and admitted that that had happened which might have been expected. Molly, now a girl of seventeen, was the only one of the three who in spite of the indisputable evidence believed in Zeb's innocence.

After a conference Mr. and Mrs. Griffin came to the conclusion that Zeb had been cornered in some way and had yielded to temptation. They cared little for the gold that was missing, but regretted that one they had grown fond of should have robbed them. Mr. Griffin told Zeb that they must part and handed him $500 for immediate use. Zeb declined to take the money.

Mr. Griffin decided to take his gold to New Orleans and succeeded in getting his family across the isthmus without one of them coming down with any of the fevers then prevalent in that region. On reaching the Crescent City he had the treasure carted to a bank and asked for a draft for its value on New York. The gold was counted and the draft made out. When Mr. Griffin saw it he remarked that there must be some mistake. He had figured the amount himself from the weight and had made it much less. The amount of the draft was the same as it would have been had the gold missed at Panama not been taken, whereupon he received the following statement:

"Gold sent from Washington to the mint at New Orleans has been found to weigh less at the latter than the former place. This is because New Orleans is nearer the equator than Washington, and the centrifugal force arising from the revolution of the earth is greater the nearer one approaches the equator, rendering objects lighter."

Here was an explanation of the missing four pounds of gold. Mr. Griffin hurried at once to his wife and daughter to announce that there had after all been no robbery. Zeb was communicated with and money sent to bring him to New Orleans. When he arrived he was received with open arms and from that time forward was a member of the Griffin family, taking their name in lieu of his own, which he never knew.

SHORT COATS.

They Are Attractive Features of New Spring Suits.



NEW CREPE SUIT.

Many coats for spring wear are cut on very abbreviated lines, like the one illustrated here. This chic little suit is of canton crepe with a very wide hip sash in satin, which is shown in all its amplitude by the very brief coat. The little straw hat in the shape of a cap has a very high trimming of gathered satin ribbon at one side.

The real straws pointing which way the winds of fashion will blow are the fabrics which are seen upon the shop counters.

If displays of this kind of merchandise are any indication we are to enjoy a season of beautiful modes.

The colors most frequently displayed in the shops appear to include the lighter tints of green, rose, orange, purple and red.

Somehow they suggest the soft artistic colors of the Roman stripes seen to best advantage in ribbons, shawls and sashes which are imported from Italy.

The most exclusive dry goods shops are displaying taffeta and bengaline silks. When arranged close together, representing the order of colors usually to be found in a Roman striped sash, such an effect is unusually lovely and especially decisive when seen against a background, provided by draped lengths of brilliantly colored Egyptian crapes, printed to reproduce old China and Indian flower and conventionalized motifs in bouquet and other forms.

Without doubt the vogue for taffetas of the better quality will be the most prominent feature of early spring fashions. But poplins, crapes and Shanghai silks will be tremendously demanded.

Poplins especially, either in brocaded, plain colored or printed styles, will be in excellent style for the spring. Brocaded homespuns, ratines and gaberdines will also be in demand.

For afternoon frocks and for semi-dress purposes the Egyptian crapes, either printed or embroidered, are destined to receive important consideration.

WHAT'S IN STYLE.

Sash draperies are shown on dresses and jackets.

Some of the spring coats are little more than boleros.

Many of the new blouses have peplums and coattails.

The expanse of tunic at hips is repeated in some of the coats which have godets.

Novelty cottons, taffetas, crapes, failles, gaberdines and serges are the spring fabrics.

Long stoles, soft and pliable, are wound about the figure in various ways, and fur turbans are trimmed with weird fantasies of plumage.

The new bustle effects promise ill for our old clothes of last season. The shoulder still droops, the waist is of goodly expanse, and narrowness draws in the ankles.

In collars the Japanese will last well into the summer, both in blouses and gowns. There will be a few hood effects also. Some flat ones will be draped. Soft, loose girdles with sash ends will be prominent.

Mending China.

Valuable china may be mended with the following mixture. When dry it will bear hot water and ordinary usage. Mix well a teaspoonful of alum and a tablespoonful of water. Place in the hot oven till quite transparent. Wash the broken pieces of china in hot water, dry and while still warm coat the broken edges thinly and quickly, as it sticks instantly with this mixture.

SMART ACCESSORIES.

Trinkets of Various Kinds Accepted Features of Modish Toilets.

Trinkets of all sorts may be worn with the fashionable afternoon gown. The handsome dress illustrated is clasped about the waist by a chatelaine belt in old silver and semiprecious stones.

This costume is of cedar green chiffon taffeta and is designed for afternoon wear. This gown offers excellent style points. The skirt shows a long panuier drapery, the several folds of which are weighted in order to control their position.

Plaits in the back are kept in place by means of the backs.

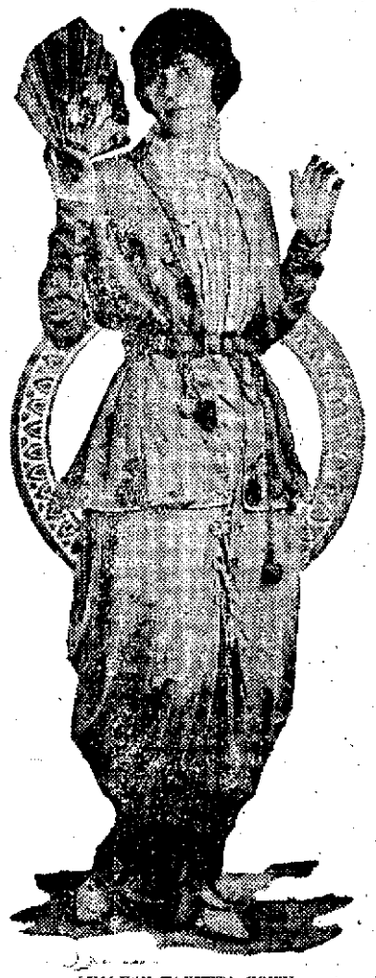
In the front the skirt folds are laced through green silk embroidered rings, with dark green cord, which ends in a heavy black and green beaded tassel.

An underskirt of dark green chiffon is worn with the gown.

The tunic opens over a plaited white net rest and is frilled with white net, picot edged.

Sleeves in two pieces are mousquetaire in effect and in one piece with the long waisted blouse.

Probably the cost of trying to make jewelry a part of the color scheme of the dress accounts to some extent for the fact that cheap beads, if only they



CHIFFON TAFFETA GOWN.

be of the right color, may be worn. Of course, these, like more costly beads, must be worn with discretion.

Some interesting new chains of beads are shown now, made to wear with silk waists. The beads are strung on a string about thirty inches long, and where the two ends are fastened together a long silk tassel is attached. When the chain is put about the neck the tassel hangs in the front, forming a deep V line of the beads.

Any woman can make such a chain. For use with a plaid taffeta waist of blue, green and brown, a chain made up of blue and green beads of dark shades, about as big as a pea, and of flat amber colored beads, each three-quarters of an inch long, would be handsome.

Three blue beads should be strung, then three green, then a yellow, then a green, then a yellow and then three blue again, and so on until the right length is made up. A little yellow silk tassel about four inches long is used.



Major General Wood.

Thrifty Paganini.

When Paganini was asked many years ago to play at Vauxhall Gardens he inquired how many persons the place would hold.

"That is impossible to say," said the manager. "It is a large, open space."

After some reflection the great violinist inquired, "How many will the space contain when quite full?"

"Perhaps 20,000."

"Ah, 20,000 people! And you ask how much?"

"Four shillings each."

"Four shillings each! Twenty thousand at 4 shillings make 80,000; 80,000 shillings, £4,000. Well, I will play in one concert for £3,000, and you may have the other thousand."

A Good Loser.

"Are you a good loser?" "I ought to be—I've had practice enough."—Town Topics.

WIN YOUR SPURS.

Young men talk of trusting to the spur of occasion. That trust is vain. Occasions cannot make spurs. If you expect to wear spurs you must win them. If you wish to use them you must buckle them to your own heels before you go into the fight. —James A. Garfield.

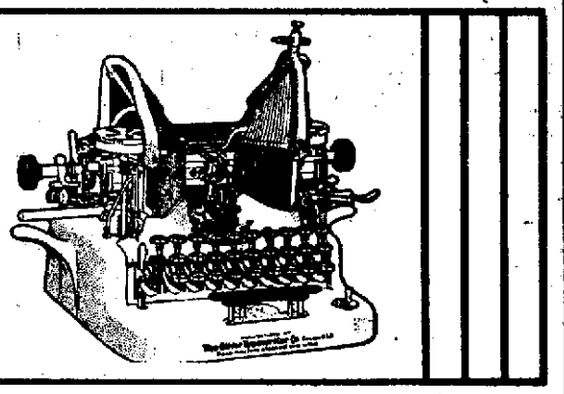
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SEGREGATION IS DENOUNCED

Continued from First page.

these amendments, the states which have enacted laws repugnant to their spirit and letter have sought circumvention by cunningly devised phrases and tricky contrivances. Every such revised constitution bears the stamp of righteous condemnation in its very phraseology.

The policy of social separation of the races, alleged in justification of the pending measure, is a matter with which the federal government has nothing to do. The intimate social and personal relationship of citizens do not fall within the scope or purview of the federal authority. Its concern is with the comprehensive relations of all citizens. Matters of minor detail are left to local and subordinate jurisdictions. The general government can not find warrant for such action in the example of the several states.

Discriminatory laws in the states are sought to be justified by some on the ground of the relative number of negroes in the general population. It is alleged that the great number of negroes are unprepared for participation in government, or for free intermingling with the whites without seriously lowering the tone, and standard of civilization. The federal government has absolutely no such basis or excuse. The negro represents at present less than 11 per cent. of the total population. This ratio is growing less with the passing of the decades. So far no state with so slight a negro population has deemed it necessary to adop a code of Jim Crow laws. If the general government should be inclined to follow the example of the states, it would more wisely follow the lead of the more numerous and populous states, rather than the smaller number involved in exceptional circumstances.

The negroes at present constitute less than 5 per cent. of the federal employes. There is no discernable indication of an increase in this ratio. For forty years the negro has entered the civil service of the government on the basis of his merit. The fact that he retains his hold shows that his work is satisfactory.

It is not claimed that the negro has up to the present time been exempt from prejudice or from discrimination in the public service. Neither is it fair to charge that the present administration is the author and finisher of segregation. But this is the first time that the race, as a whole, has been humiliated by the threat that the iniquitous legislation would be enacted into a law and come a fixed policy of the government.

I was for some years connected with the civil service as personal clerk to the president of the United States; this under a Democratic administration. The colored employes were then relatively more numerous than they are today. At that time no such law was deemed desirale or even dreamed of. The Negro since that time has made great progress, both in culture and the substantial basis of respectability.

During all of these years the public service has suffered no detriment, nor his fellow employes any reasonable hardship by reason of his presence. If there have been cases of individual impropriety, these should be dealt with on the basis of desert. The segregation of the races is as unnecessary as a practical expedient, as it is subversive of the spirit of free institutions. Separate but equal accommodation for both races is the slogan of Jim Crow legislation. Experience shows that this is impracticable, as reflection would show it to be impossible.

Identity is the essence of equality in all public functions. Two now interchangable parts can not long maintain their original party. If some of our sagacious statesmen succeed in having the enactment of a law providing that there should be different weights and measures for the two races, but the two yard-sticks shall have the same length and the pound weights shall contain the same number of ounces, provided that no Negro shall be accommodated by the white man's units of weight and measure, and vice versa, under heavy penalty; in the short process of time, human nature, remaining what we know it to be, the Negro would be receiving the lighter weights and the shorter measures.

The man who can not protect himself will become the victim in every issue where his interests are separate from those of the community at large. If there were two standards of coinage of the same weight and fineness, only that the one set of coins must forever circulate among negroes and the other among white people, the black man's coins would immediately depreciate in comparison. The parity could only be maintained by free interchangeability. The Negro has supreme confidence in the American dollar, because he knows that the same coin that is in his pocket to day will be in the white man's pock et tomorrow. And so it is with rights and privileges under the law. There can be no equality of rights, where identity of rights is denied. To the casual observer the assignment of space in a government building to a hand full of colored civil service employes would seem to be a matter of trival importance. But, closer inspection reveals a deeper significance It is but the thin blade of the wedge whose entrance threatens to split the log asunder. Should the national government adopt this seemingly simple provision it would thereby sanction all of the discriminating legislation on the statute books of the several states and would suggest and justify all such enactments in the future.

The present plight of the negro is a significant commentary on the doctrine that the white race is good enough to become the benificent governor of the Negro, without his consent or participation.

There are 10,000,000 Negros in the United States who are rapidly progressing in intelligence and in responsible power. He has no voice in making administering or interpreting the laws by which he is governed Men in the highest public places, whose positions rest upon the basis of a Negro constituency, denounce their black constituents in language not to be found in the lexicon of decency. There is no voice answering back. Legislation is proposed to humiliate and degrade the negro, such as no officer of the government would dare whisper concerning any other element of the nation. But the Negro's tongue is tied and his voice is hushed, because of political nullity.

In his helpless need, the Negro can only say to the nation, that he has been loyal and devoted to her standards and ideals with the hope that she is too fair to be unjust, even to the least of her citizens. But in the face of the current trend of things he can only indulge in the query: "Is this the reward of loyalty?"

Hamilton W. Mabie, in his article in the Outlook for August, on "Americans and the Far East", says: "Race differences must be clearly and frankly recognized. Economical differences must be candidly faced, but race hatred must be driven beyond the pale of civilization, it is the survival of barbarism, and it must go back where it belongs."

The great White Race will some day in its second sober thought recognize the truth of these words and will augment its greatness by emancipting itself from this detestible spirit of race hatred.

It cannot be that this great American people is always going to be content to prostrate itself before this mean and degrading spirit. It owes it to itself as well as to this black race and to all other races to free itself from debasing an influence. If it is to maintain its influence in the world under the ever-growing influence of Christianity, which knows neither Greek nor Jew, Barbarian, Scythian, bond or free, it can not hope to do so with race prejudice inscribed on its banner.

The white man may be strong enough to fight the black man in this county, but he is not strong enough to fight God Almighty and His eternal and inexorable lrws of Rightness and Brotherhood. These laws will ultimately remake him or break him as rubbish to the void.

Right forever on the scaffold;
Wrong forever on the throne;
But that scaffold sways the future,
And behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keepeth watch above His own.

TRACED THE LOOT

Horse and Wagon Found at Rockton Traced to Owner.

Wednesday Dan Brandon and Arthur McCall were taken to Madera by Constable Stoddard of that place, to answer to the charge of stealing a horse, harness, wagon, etc., from a resident of that town. The prisoners were remanded to jail and will have to answer the charge at the next term of court.

Brandon and McCall are the two men who were arrested on the charg of breaking into and robbing Kirk's mill at Rockton, and were lodged in jail to answer that charge. The horse and wagon they are supposed to have stolen at Madera was left at Rockton when the thieves fled from that place.

FARMER ARRESTED

Pleads Guilty to Violating Inter-State Cattle Law.

J. A. Christie, of near Reynoldsville, pleaded guilty to charges brought by the State Livestock Sanitary board for violating the interstate cattle law. Mr. Christie brought cattle into Pennsylvania from New York without being accompanied by the required health certificate.

When examined at Mr. Christie's farm by state agents, who were assisted by Dr. Frank A. Hamilton, of DuBois, most of the cattle were found to be badly diseased and were condemned and disposed of under state supervision.

MIXUP OF NAMES

Man Murdered at Cataract WasNamed Dunkle, Not Burfield.

Through some inexplainable mixup of names by those who reported the murder at Cataract the next day after the crime was committed, the name of the man who was killed by Clay Hoston was given as Burfield. It now transpires that the murdered man was James Dunkle, and that the information upon which Hoston was arrested was sworn to by Clyde Lanagans and Henry Burfield.

BROKE INTO CAR

Four Men Arrested on Charge of Entering Freight on the N. Y. C.

Four men were arrested in the New York Central railroad yards in Clearfield Wednesday evening, charged with having broken open a door in a freight train in the vicinity of Lock Haven. There were nine men in the gang at the start, but all but four left the train further down the River line.

The men were placed in the lockup here and will be taken to Lock Haven today.

Still Bigger Egg.

Alex Bell, of the West Side, says that when one of his hens read about the big egg a hen at Stone House farm laid his own hen got busy and laid an egg that measured 7 inches one way and 8 inches the other Some egg, that.

Mrs. Harry Forcey Stricken.

Mrs. Harry Forcey, of Second street, is lying seriously ill at her home suffering from a stroke of paralysis. Her recovery cannot be predicted at this time.

CONFINE ACTIVE OPERATIONS.

Vera Cruz and Tampico Scene—Campaign Against Huerta.

Washington, April 23.—It is the present intention of the administration to confine the bed of active operations in Mexico to the ports of Tampico and Vera Cruz and not to attempt to send forces into the interior to Mexico City unless the lives of the Americans and other foreigners now there are in danger.

A lull in active hostilities is looked for after the two ports are occupied. President Wilson has made it clear that the single point of attack in the whole campaign is Huerta and nobody but Huerta. The forces of the United States will be used to pull Huerta from power and for no other purpose.

While senators were calling for the subjugation of Mexico from Juarez to Yucatan the president told his advisers he will not order the army to act in territory held by the Constitutionalists. An army force, if sent, will detour northern Mexico in all its movements. This means that the two-thirds of Mexico held by Huerta will be the only fighting ground and that Chihuahua, Sonora, Coahuila and the city of Torreon will not be fighting ground as long as they are held by Villa and Carranza.

COAL FOR ARMY TRANSPORTS

Fuel Sent to Galveston and Ammunition Distributed Along Border.

New Orleans, April 23.—Heavy shipments of coal and ammunition were made by the United States quartermaster's department from here. One hundred and twenty-five cars of coal went direct to Galveston to be used for coaling transports.

Ten cars of ammunition went to points along the Mexican border. It is understood that other large shipments will follow.

PRESIDENT WILSON SORRY.

Disheartened by News of Shedding of Blood at Vera Cruz.

Washington, April 23.—"I'm sorry; terribly sorry," were President Wilson's words when news of loss of life in taking Vera Cruz first reached him.

The president was sad and disheartened. As he walked slowly to his office through the White House his head was bowed and his face a study of deep feeling and gravity.

Tolstoy's Handwriting.

In the Revue de Paris Count Elie Tolstoy describes his mother's experiences as his father's amanuensis:

"Being very shortsighted, my mother had to bring her eyes close to the paper to decipher my father's frightful scrawl. The work often took her the whole evening and kept her busy until long after the rest of the household had gone to bed. When she found a passage which was quite illegible she used to go to papa and ask him to explain it. But that seldom happened, for she was very reluctant to disturb him. When she did so he took the manuscript from her and asked, with evident irritation: 'Well, what is it you can't understand?' Then he began to read it himself, but when he arrived at the puzzling passage he was invariably pulled up and had the greatest difficulty in even guessing what he had written."

Count Elie Tolstoy adds that while the spelling was often very bad, the countess never failed to put it right.

Elephant Skin.

Elephant skin is very beautiful. Moreover it is durable. But it is hard to get.

The price of a live elephant is not small, and, besides that, elephants do not grow within a stone's throw of our front doors. So the leather manufacturer that contracted to furnish many elephant skin bags at a given time would probably find himself under a big burden. He must wait until some tame, pet elephant, so to speak, dies.

The unlimited Free Chi-Namel offer made on page 4 by Clearfield Hardware Co. during the special demonstration shows the extent of their confidence in the make-good quality of that brand of varnish.

April 23-2t.

Threat to Kill Charged.

Joseph Bilik is in jail charged with assault and battery and threatening to kill Frank Hoczik, at Carnwath. Both men are Slavs.

Funeral of Murdered Italian.

The funeral of the Italian who was murdered on the West Side Sunday was held this morning and was largely attended.

Sugar, Coffee and Butter Cheaper

We are glad to announce a reduction on the above staple groceries. We can now sell 100 lbs Granulated Sugar $4.40
White House Coffee, lb for 30c
3 lbs for $1.00
Excelsior Coffee, 1 lb for 30c
3-lb can for 85c.
We reduced Alba Butter to 30c

R. C. Shaw Grocery Co.

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Harry Tests, ...Curwensville
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Coats and Suits Before Easter

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$ 8.50 Suits, only		$ 5.75	$ 8.00 Coat or Suit		$ 5.98
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12.50	" "	9.00	12.50	" "	8.89
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18.00	" "	13.25	16.50	" "	10.75
20.00	" "	15.00	18.00	" "	12.75
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Shoes, Oxfords, Shirts, Hosiery, Hats, Etc., For Easter.

All the newest shades and styles
New Waists, Shoes, Oxfords and Hosiery
Big reduction on all Hats in the Millinery Dept.

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CLEARFIELD CURWENSVILLE



April 15 to July 31

This is the Trout Fishing Season, the time in which it is lawful to catch the Speckled Beauties. We have the Tackle that will help get the big ones

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Rods from 75c up
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